

You've Taken the Drug, Now See the Movie! History of Dope in Cinema, Part 1

High Times

March '77

\$1.75

**DOPE
DICTATORS**

**The Vietnamization of
Mexico, Jamaica,
Colombia and the
Third World**
By Robert Singer



**Tramp Freighters
Gil Scott-Heron
White Sugar**

By Andrew Weil

**Along the Nomad Trail
Splendor in the Grass
Furry Freak Brothers**



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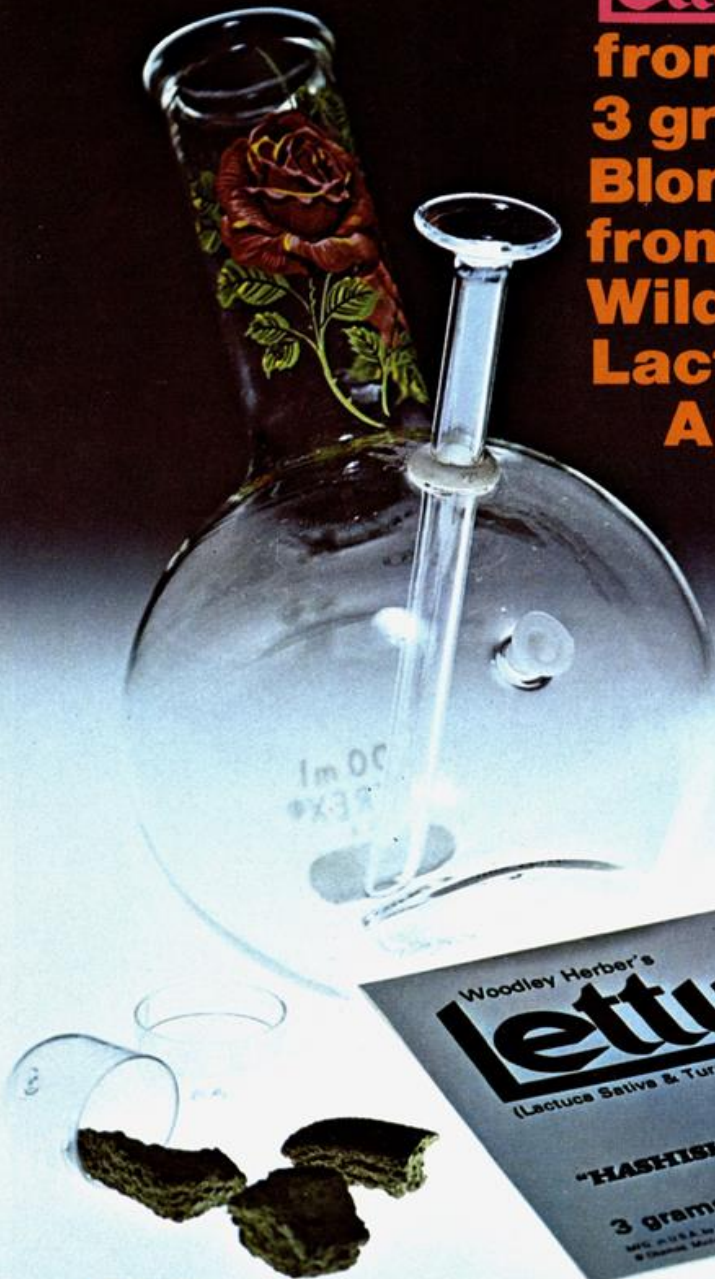
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High Times

THE MAGAZINE OF HIGH SOCIETY

March 1977

No. 19

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Cover by Chuck Wilkinson.

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RIZLA

THE ROLLING TEST

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e-z wider went around 3.9 times.

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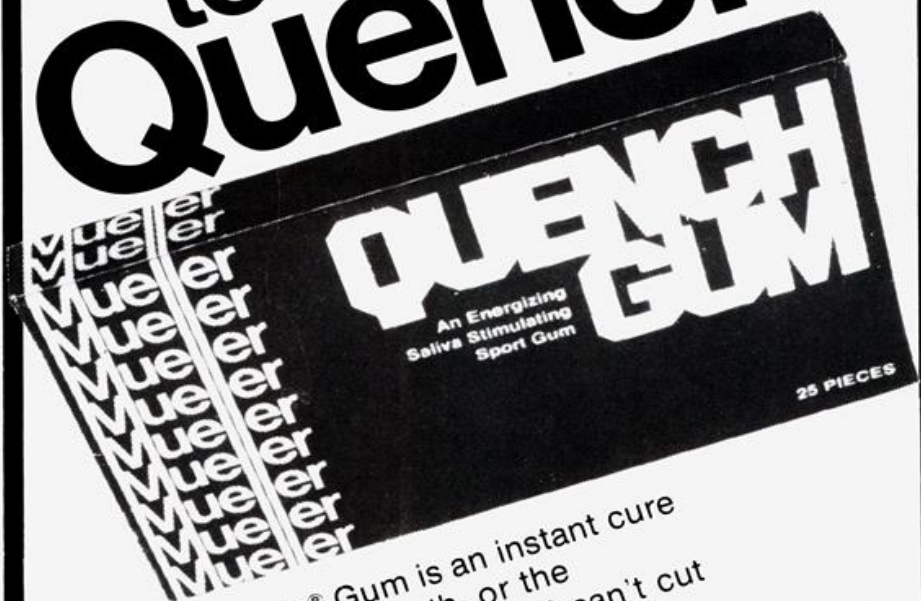
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Keep Your Guard Up

Please don't portray the Coast Guard only as a bunch of narcs enforcing antiquated laws. I speak for many Coasties who would much rather smoke what they confiscate than bust people. It's only a few of the officers who are living in the past. Guardsmen who joined to help rather than hurt risk their lives every day to save others. They maintain navigation markers, aid mariners in distress and open iced-in waterways. Not one life has been lost from collision with an iceberg since the USCG took over responsibility for them.

—The Coasters, Open Sea
We get many letters from friends in the Guard. The one published in our November issue expressed sorrow at being forced to destroy some fine seaborne Colombian, which they were able to photograph first.—Ed.

Bud of Paradise

Here's a close-up of a nearly seedless wonder bud from Hawaii. It weighed about



three grams and really did the job. By the way, that's a seagull skull in the background.

—R. B. S., Cupertino, Ca.

The Price Is Wrong

October's "Hophead Harvest" photos were wonderful, but the story brought me down. How can people claim to be getting back to the earth while ripping off their own smoking partners to the tune of \$2,000 a pound? —B. Harris, Santa Barbara, Ca. Our Big Sur friends gave away much of their herb, sold some for average domestic prices and auctioned off a portion to make up their living expenses. The \$2,000-a-pound was culled from the best tops and may have been the most potent smoke in the world that year.—Ed.

Wafer Madness

I recently found a way to get the last bit of smoke from your weed. Replace the filter of your pipe with a piece of communion wafer cut to size. Then when times get dry, smoke the filter. I may not be the first to eat the body of Jesus, but I may be the first to smoke him.

—Name withheld, Wildwood, N.J.

Ole Miss Oil Missing

Loved your article on Uncle Sam's pot farm [High Times, November '76], but security isn't as tight as ole Carlton let on. There were a few pounds of federal herb floating around campus last September. Didn't smell good, but a real happy high. Until a

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year ago, the pharmacy lab didn't even have an alarm. As a result, that Halloween we had laboratory-pure cocaine, THC and hash oil. Not a word has ever been written about the break-in, to my knowledge. Here's the hash oil label, so you know I'm not kidding.

—Anonymous, Columbia, Miss.

Army Incentive Program

The U.S. Army in Europe just halted its random urine tests for what it calls "drugs" and switched emphasis to an alcohol abuse program. We used to cover up for the urine test by getting a scrip for Valium at the dispensary—providing an excuse for the positive results. From basic in South Carolina to Ft. Ben, Indiana, to California, where Air Force pilots make regular runs to Thailand, dope is never too hard to get through Uncle Sam.

—Your Local Recruiter

Siamese Twins

These happy houris have heaps of high hemp to hustle for Golden brown, fresh



and hairy (the sticks, that is), they've made us forget the shortcomings of Indiana domestic.

—Names withheld, Gary, Ind.

Testing for Acid

Here's a list of telltale signs parents can use to see whether their kids are using psychedelics:

(1) Are they at peace with themselves, when a few weeks ago they were mad at the whole world?

(2) Do they talk about the vastness of the universe instead of the Washington Redskins?

(3) Do they no longer throw garbage anywhere they please?

(4) Do they show a desire to change things they feel are wrong?

(5) Do they now smile when they hear a baby cry, instead of getting annoyed?

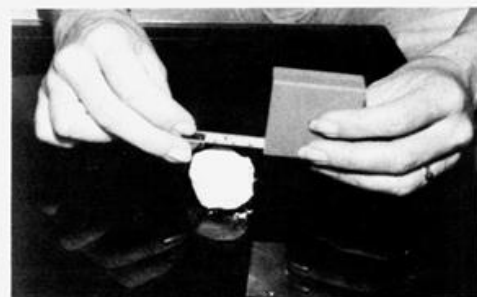
(6) Do they no longer fantasize about wealth and power?

If you answered yes to three or more of these questions, your child needs help and should see a psychiatrist right away.

—K. B., Whitestone, N.Y.

Rocky Road

Moon rock? Not quite, but still pretty far out. The lady's measuring a chunk of



Peruvian flake that weighed in at 27 grams.

—Abominable Snowman, Santa Ana, Ca.

Dog Daze

Those who travel clean could do a lot to foil the dope dogs. Tiny amounts of powdered pot or hash scattered about or smeared on luggage, letters, packages and clothing would create dozens of false leads for the K-9 corps to investigate. Enough mistakes on innocent cars, ships, planes and mail sacks could really put the DEA off the scent.

—High Rider, San Francisco, Ca.

Reefer Rocketry

Has anyone ever thought of launching their stash across the border? A hollow nose cone on a model rocket can carry an ounce or two of the best coke, hash or oil. You'd have to aim at a low angle, say 15 degrees, to cut down on your craft's visibility. Of course, if you could get your hands on an old Saturn booster...

—Prof. John Juan, New Paltz, N.Y.

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Second, we wanted a bong that was small enough to be portable, but big enough to be a real bong. So we made it a full 6 inches tall. And we put a beaded carburetor in the back, to insure fingertip control. Plus, we

put a nice big party bowl on each bong. Because we wanted you to have enough to smoke.

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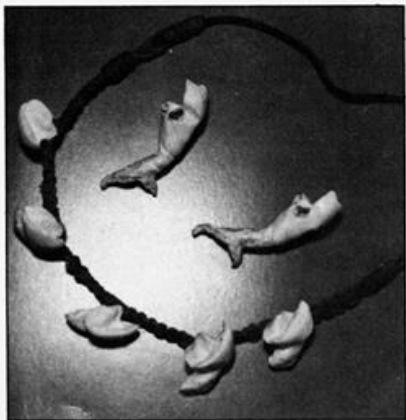
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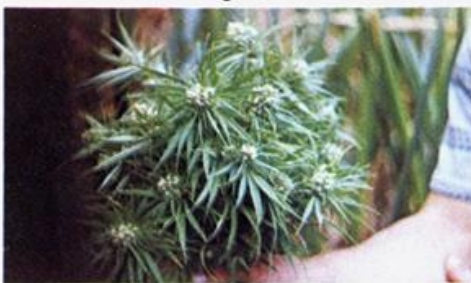
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Virgin Bertha

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main buds. We called her Big Bertha, and she really packs a wallop.

—J. J. & M. L., San Diego, Ca.

Spoon of Contention

Lester Grinspoon's February *High Times* interview reminds me that modesty, common sense and a willingness to believe the best available evidence are not characteristics of the drug expert species. He says "probably the most important" chronic effect of cocaine is "the induction of a paranoid state... very much like the paranoid psychosis with amphetamines, which, in turn, is all but clinically indistinguishable from acute paranoid schizophrenia." He then lets us know that having made such a judgment, he will stand by it, and the facts be damned: "We tried to locate some cocaine paranoid psychotics and couldn't. During the two years of our research on cocaine, we were unable to find a single case." Nor has anyone else these past 40 years and more.

His description of Andean Indian coca use is equally erroneous: he describes several two-hour coca breaks in the typical workday. Apart from the fact that the Indians can't afford such leisure, the statement is ludicrous on its face. Coca is a work drug. Its effects persist an hour or two, and the Indians take regular short breaks to prepare a fresh chew. Then back to work, not rest. Grinspoon assumes the authority of intimate acquaintance without, to my knowledge, any firsthand experience with either coca or cocaine. Hence his remark that the other alkaloids do not contribute to the coca high, despite evidence to the contrary by Andrew Weil, Richard Martin and coca's great historian W. Golden Mortimer.

There's not space enough to detail all Grinspoon's errors, but his remarks on nineteenth-century medicine should not be overlooked. He states, "The distinction between medicine and pleasure wasn't very precise." Only the most committed masochists had the slightest doubt about the distinction. People turned to patent medicines primarily because the medical practices of the period were so brutal. And doctors weren't likely to prescribe "euphoric patent medicines" since the patent medicine hawkers were their greatest rivals in the healing market.

—Richard Ashley, Woodstock, N.Y.

The Iceman Cometh

As another *Psilocybe* season is about to begin, I'd like to remind people of a cheap way to preserve the harvest. Boil and strain your mushroom broth as usual, add the Kool-Aid of your choice and freeze in popsicle molds.

—Jim Carpenter, Orlando, Fla.

Windy City Whopper

Two years ago I had two plants by my garage that reached seven feet before



someone stole them. Last year I kept this 13-footer safely in my backyard until harvest time.

—J. Woods, Chicago, Ill.

Keep On Trunkin'

I would like to extend my appreciation to whoever drove my mother's car from the West Coast to New York last year for a car transport service. While unpacking, you inadvertently(?) left two kilos of grass in the trunk. Thanks for saving all our friends and us from a dry summer.

—Howard and Alix, Bayside, N.Y.

Tops of the Pots

This insanely potent herb matured from Colombian seeds near the campus of



Stockton State. Sandy soil, hot humid weather and loving care grew the best domestic I've ever tasted.

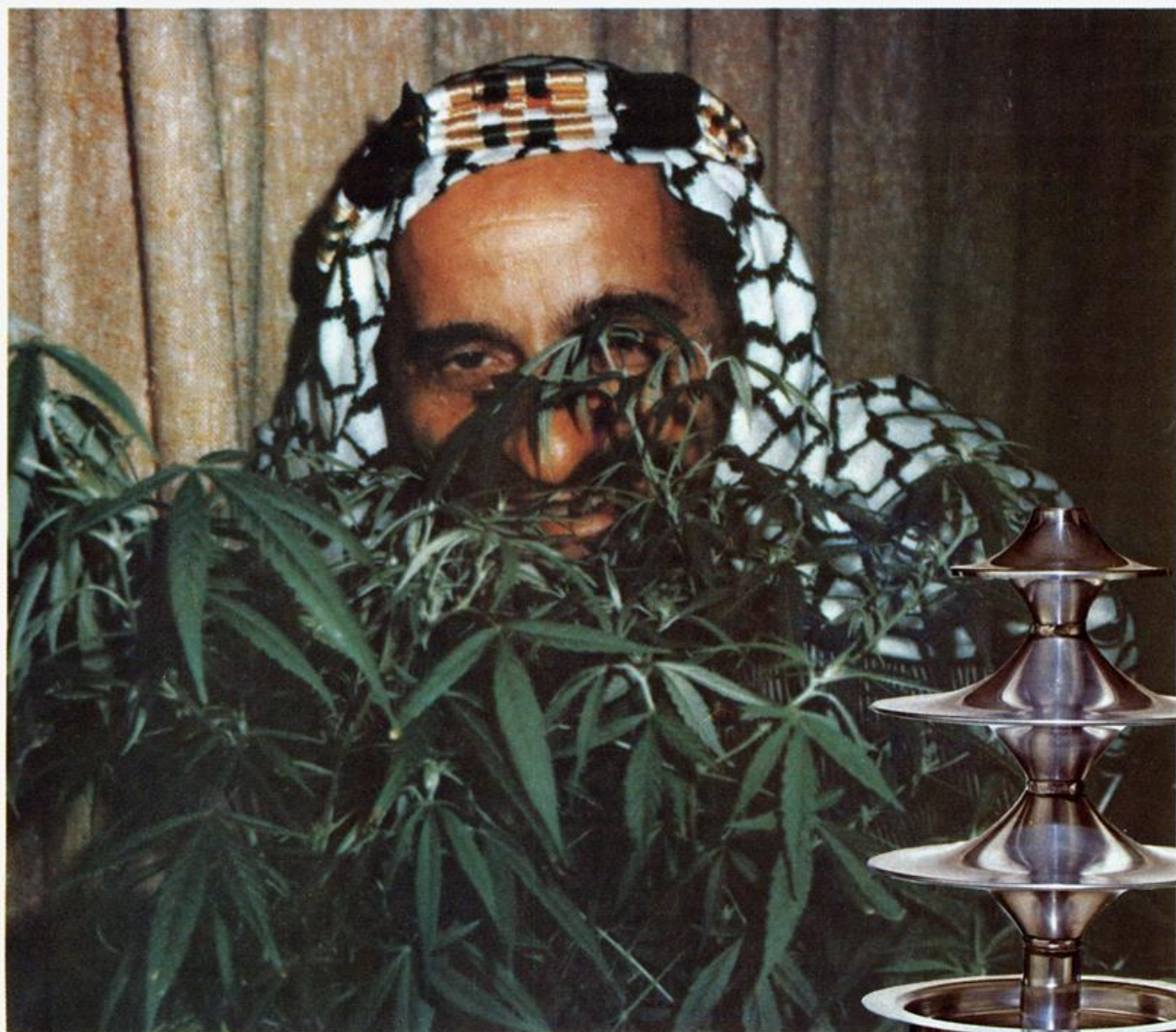
—Forest Fred, Pomona, N.J.

Arctic Agriculture

A letter from Thule in your September issue claims the record for northernmost weed growing. Well, ours is flourishing in a greenhouse in Eureka, Northwest Territories, Canada. That's latitude 80 degrees north—eight degrees higher than Thule.

—Names withheld, Eureka, Canada ☐

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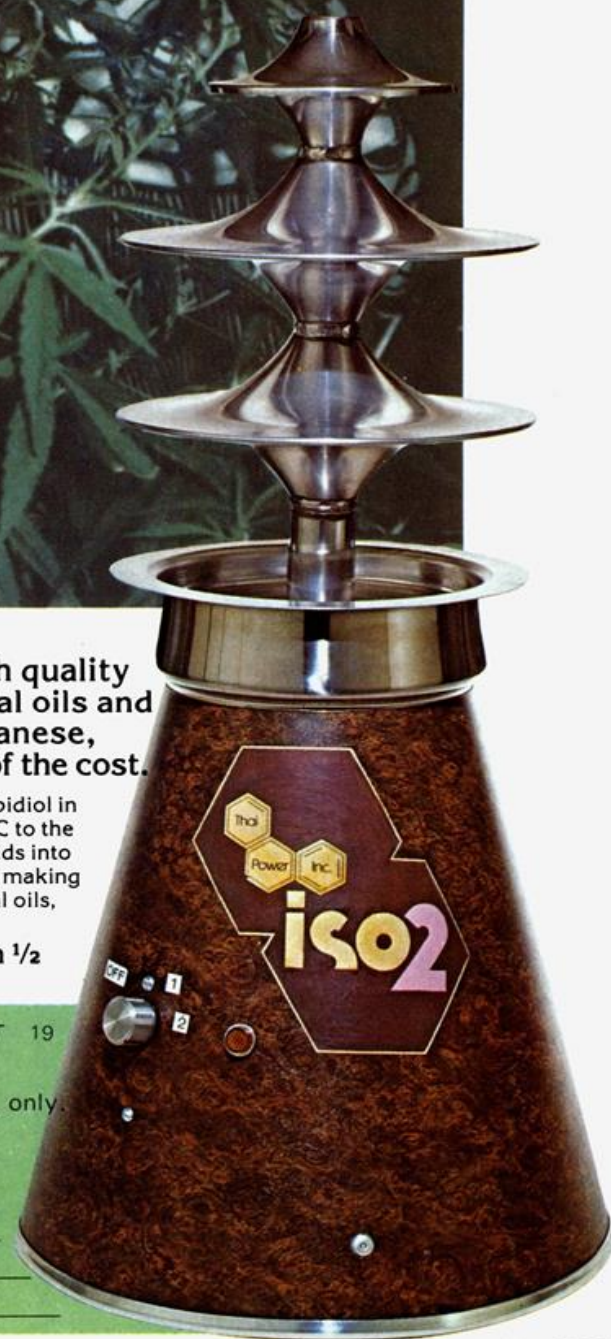
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Through the Looking-Glass Eye

Q: "THC Drops: High Through the Eyes" in the October "Health" column claims that THC eyedrops are the first eye high. Not so! I found years ago that a hit of windowpane acid on the eyeball is a really effective way to trip. But I've always wondered: can it harm the eye? By the way, the best route of all is an acid enema.

—Space Ranger, San Diego, Ca.

A: We do not recommend placing foreign substances (especially blotter paper) in the eyes. However, LSD does not irritate tissues, and ophthalmologists tell us it will not damage the eyeball.

If you plan to experiment, be certain to keep it away from the cornea (the clear covering over the iris and pupil), which is very easy to scratch. The best place to drop it is beneath the lower eyelid, where it is absorbed in two ways. Most enters the blood in minutes through the membranes around the eye. The rest dissolves in the tears and flows through the lachrymal ducts and down the throat to the stomach, where it's absorbed gradually. Liquid LSD is the form most easily absorbed, but even a piece of blotter would be destroyed by enzymes, causing no real damage—as long as it's clean.

High Times

Q: Maybe you can settle a friendly argument for us. What's the highest restaurant in the world? Is it in Katmandu or the Andes? —Mike and Shelley, Brooklyn, N.Y.



A: Several atlases list Aucanquilcha, Chile (17,500 feet), as the world's upmost town, but we've yet to find a Chilean who's heard of it, much less its restaurants. La Paz,

Bolivia, is tops among major cities. The highest menu there is found at the Las Vegas, called the "Top of La Paz," which offers an eleventh-floor view of the Andes.

The highest inns on earth used to be Katmandu's hash dens, visited in High Times no. 5. Antidote treaties pushed by America's international bring-down agencies have closed them, but plenty of eateries remain, and most have back rooms.

European honors are claimed by La Chaumière, near Mont Blanc in Briançon, France. But for sheer distance from the ground, none can top Windows on the World in New York's World Trade Center. At 1,310 feet, diners are above most of the air traffic, and the cityscape looks like a postcard.

Is It Ever Too Late?

Q: As a woman who'll have to be dragged kicking and screaming out of her own childhood, I've been putting off having kids for as long as possible. I want to, but not yet. "Yet" is 27, and I've heard a lot about mongolism and other birth defects in children born to women over 30. Do you have any facts on this?

—M. S., New York, N.Y.

A: Actually, the odds really begin to shorten only after age 35. Mothers over 35 account for 13 percent of all pregnancies but 50 percent of all cases of Down's syndrome (mongolism). The condition appears in only one of every 2,300 births to mothers aged 20 to 35 but increases rapidly to one in 100 in the 40 to 45 age group.

Genetic defects are rare at any age but can be reliably diagnosed after the twelfth or thirteenth week of pregnancy, in time for an elective abortion. In amniocentesis, some amniotic fluid is extracted from the womb. The chromosomes of stray cells from the fetus are then examined for any defects.

The chances of injury to mother or fetus are minimal, especially with the use of ultrasound to map the exact position of the infant and placenta. It costs about \$250, and about 5 percent of over-35 mothers have it performed.

Green Sugar

Q: I'm 16 and get stoned often. My family has a history of diabetes, usually beginning at age 20 to 25. I hope to be an exception, but if I'm not, is it safe to continue getting high? I've heard marijuana affects blood-sugar levels. —The Hermit, Teaneck, N.J.

A: As far as doctors now know, cannabis is safe for diabetics. No significant decrease in blood-sugar levels has ever been noted in test subjects. The "munchies" seem to be caused by pot's effect on the hypothalamus rather than by a change in sugar metabolism.

Wings Tips

Q: The cover of Paul McCartney's album *Band on the Run* has had me pondering for years. Who are the other familiar faces besides Paul, Linda and Denny?

—Marti Cunningham, Naples, Fla.



A: (1) Michael Parkinson, a BBC talk-show host, famous as one of the first Englishmen to get a vasectomy.

(2) Kenny Lynch, who combines his talents as a jazz trumpeter and songwriter with a career as a comedian.

(3) James Coburn—Our Man Flint and The President's Analyst.

(4) Clament Freud, Sigmund's grandson, who has turned his bassetlike visage into a gold mine from dog food commercials.

(5) Christopher Lee, who stakes his reputation on his first-rate vampire movies.

(6) John Conteh, Jamaican-born world lightweight champ, the first man in decades to bring a boxing title to England.

(7), (8), (9) Paul, Linda and Denny Laine—Wings, at the time.

Hyperventilation

Q: For years I've been hyperventilating to get high or augment the effects of pot. I breathe in and out deeply several times, then take a deep breath and hold it. The result is slight dizziness and exhilaration. Can this have any adverse effect on the brain by disrupting its oxygen supply?

—Harry Bananas, St. Paul, Minn.

A: Hyperventilation is not dangerous. The body automatically protects itself by forcing you to breathe again before oxygen starvation sets in. Yogis have been getting

high with similar breathing exercises for millennia. Relax when you do it, though. Some people get a headache when they strain to push the air in and out.

Fahrenheit 451 B.C.

Q: I recently read about the burning of a great ancient library in Alexandria, destroying much of the learning of Greece and Rome. Who burned these books?

—Mark Amarici, Venice, Ca.

A: At least four barbarians contributed to the destruction. Alexandria held the two largest libraries in the ancient world: a main library and museum in the Bruchium quarter and a smaller one in a temple called the Serapeum. In its prime, the larger held half a million volumes.

The Bruchium building was partially destroyed in A.D. 273 when the Roman emperor Aurelian quashed an Egyptian revolt. In 296, Diocletian crushed another rebellion in the same place by razing that section of the city and massacring its inhabitants.

Most of the Serapeum was taken care of by Theodosius I, who outlawed paganism and its books. Christians pillaged the temple in 390, but portions survived another couple of centuries.

After the Arabian caliph Omar I conquered Alexandria, he ordered the remnants of its books burned. To a scholar's request to spare the scrolls, Omar answered, "If those books contain the same doctrine as the Koran, they can be of no use, since the Koran contains all necessary truths; but if they contain anything contrary to that book, they ought to be destroyed." A contemporary account says the books heated the public baths for the next six months.

Paper Route

Q: I always save reasonably sized roaches. When my jar gets filled, the roaches get taken apart and rerolled. The resin-coated papers get thrown away. Is there any good way to get high from them?

—Name withheld, Ledyard, Conn.

A: Although the THC content will be low—most of it vaporizes during smoking—you can extract the resins with alcohol if you have enough papers, just as in making crude hash from grass. Carefully boil the papers in isopropyl or non-denatured ethyl alcohol, using an electric hot plate with a variable control set low enough so the alcohol won't catch fire. Remove the papers and evaporate as much of the alcohol as you can without charring the resinous residue. Put this in a low oven until the hash is fully dry.

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Forum," including all highs, sex, health, law, science and technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Be specific for most accurate responses. Anonymous queries are accepted. ☐

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Smokers Are Better Students

Students who start smoking pot in their early teens wind up with better college grades than late tokers, according to a survey at the University of Vermont in Burlington. Data on over 500 students revealed that women smoke as much as men, athletes as much as nonathletes, and that students with the highest grades had, on the average, begun using grass earliest.

Researchers speculate that the most adventurous children try hemp earliest, or that pot may stimulate curiosity. It certainly doesn't decrease intellectual motivation, according to the recent study.

Population Bomb Defused?

Population growth has slowed in both rich and poor nations throughout the world. The doubling expected between 1970 and 2000 may not occur after all, according to the UN-financed Worldwatch Research Institute. In 1970, the institute had warned that the world's population was increasing by 1.9 percent a year. According to the 1975 study, however, the annual growth had declined to 1.64 percent, or 64 million births in a total of 3.92 billion.

Although drought and famine in Africa, India and Bangladesh contributed to the slowdown, Worldwatch director Dr. Lester Brown attributes greater significance to better family planning.

Vitamin C Cures Crib Death Down Under

The world's highest rate of unexplained crib death has been reduced to zero by vitamin C, claims Australian doctor Archibides Kalokerinos. The doctor began administering high doses of vitamin C to babies in the aborigine area of Col-larenebr in 1967. "Before then," he said, "half the babies there were either found dead in their beds with no record of previous illness or in a state of shock in which they wouldn't respond to conventional treatments and soon died." Kalokerinos found the vitamin could reverse the shock stage in those already stricken and prevent the mysterious condition in others.

Public Halts Pollution by Cloud Seeding

A petition by local residents to the U.S. Department of Agriculture has forced an Oregon electric company to suspend its cloud-seeding program.

For two years, North American Weather Consultants, under contract to Portland General Electric Company, seeded clouds with silver iodide to increase rainfall. The

extra water raised output of dams and generating plants by two percent, yielding \$1.3 million on a \$60,000 investment.

Local residents oppose seeding for two reasons: gloomy weather and environmental hazards. Farmers have blamed the cold, wet summers for damage to wheat, mint and hay crops, as well as for a recent flash flood in the town of Ashwood.

Natives are also worried about the accumulation of silver compounds in soil and water. The U.S. Bureau of Reclamation states that effects of silver pollution "remain a question," although the substances are known to poison valuable soil bacteria. Ecologists also say food supplies for wildlife are decreased by the heavier snowfalls. Citizens plan to ask the state legislature to ban the practice for good.

THC Lowers High Blood Pressure in Rats

THC may someday be used by doctors for patients with high blood pressure. Recent work on hypertensive rats shows that injected delta-9-THC lowers blood pressure to normal and may also help reduce fevers. Medical use will probably have to wait, however, until chemists create highless THC analogs with the same effect on blood pressure as the real thing.

Cancer Doc Wants Low-Risk Butts

Redesign of cigarettes could dramatically reduce lung cancer within a generation, says National Cancer Institute scientist Dr. Gio B. Gori. He suggests that cigarettes be made of less tobacco and more filler to stay within "critical levels" of tar, nicotine and carbon monoxide. Gori says it's obvious people are not giving up smoking just because it's dangerous.

Responsible marketing, public education and legislation could lead smokers to "new patterns of acceptance," Gori maintains. He predicts that safety smokes could prevent 300,000 to 600,000 premature deaths each year by 2010. The NCI currently estimates that tobacco smoke causes 90 percent of all lung cancer, 75 percent of chronic bronchitis and 80 percent of emphysema.

FDA Fingers Lying Labs

Pharmaceutical-testing laboratories have repeatedly falsified test results on new drugs and food additives, according to the Food and Drug Administration. The FDA relies on outside labs in deciding whether to approve new products for human use.

A \$16-million investigation of 40 university, pharmaceutical and private-contract laboratories last year revealed many cases of incompetence and fabrication of results. Several companies will be pros-

ecuted, but no names have been released. The FDA says it has no evidence of collusion between pharmaceutical companies and testing firms.

Asbestos in Wine Uncorks Cancer

A bottle of cheap French wine often includes 40 million fibers of asbestos, a suspected carcinogen, according to a French consumer magazine. The residue derives from the filters used for poorer grades of red wine, particularly in cheaper types of Beaujolais Villages and Cotes du Rhone. The wine is subject to no U.S. import restrictions, even though asbestos filters have been banned from American wineries, breweries, distilleries and soft-drink factories.

The U.S. Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms was unaware of the problem in imports, admitted Randy Dyer of the bureau's laboratory. Two years ago, the agency commissioned a study of asbestos in domestic beverages by the Franklin Research Institute and the Food and Drug Administration. Results will be released within six months, he said. Dyer believes American processors are fully cooperating with ATF's asbestos ban, although several wine shipments were recalled last year.

Workers in asbestos plants risk stomach and bowel cancer due to irritation of the mucous membranes by the tiny fibers. The material has been studied as a water contaminant in Duluth, Minnesota.

A Sobering Pill to Take

The traditional "one for the road" may soon wash down an antialcohol tablet. Amethystic agents, such as L-dopa, ephedrine, apomorphine and aminophyllin work in much the same way as adrenalin: they increase the production of brain enzymes that neutralize alcohol by up to 50 percent in half an hour. The U. of California at Irvine project director, Ernest Noble, also expects the sobering agents to help save the lives of people who O.D. on a combination of booze and downs.

Pot Cools Human Hostility

Harvard Medical School researchers have found that cannabis does not increase animosity in social groups. They monitored 20 small groups of men, all strangers to each other, who met once a week to smoke either grass or placebo joints without knowledge of their contents. The subjects became friendlier when given real reefer.

The scientists also tested frustration levels by giving the men tasks to perform and then arbitrarily telling them their work was unacceptable and had to be redone. Stoned groups took the news calmer. ■

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Feds Slow Speed

After limiting medical use of amphetamines mainly to obesity several years ago, the Food and Drug Administration and Drug Enforcement Administration are asking a Senate subcommittee to disapprove that option. The agencies cited overprescription by doctors, diversion of pharmaceutical speed to the black market and "trivial benefits" in dieting before Senator Gaylord Nelson's Small Business Subcommittee. The legislators also heard testimony from Dr. Lester Grinspoon on possible fetal and brain cell damage resulting from overuse.

Glaucoma researcher Dr. Frederick M. Blanton protested that Nelson sought no advice from physicians who've written on the benefits of ups for some when used wisely. He outlined his own Project Groundstar 3 in telegrams to the senators and asked to be allowed to speak. Committee spokesman Ben Gordon said Blanton's request would be considered "if he can offer new information."

A 20-year survey of controlled use for increased productivity, Groundstar allows the patient to choose within a limited dose range. Subjects are 20 to 50 years old with stable lifestyles and previous speed experience. They are dropped from the program for any adverse reaction whatever. Of 300 people, only 7 percent were dropped. As Blanton said, "Citizens will do the mood-altering substance ... of choice with or without our help or hindrance. Can we do less than supply accurate information?"

Medical Marijuana Goes Legal

A Washington, D.C., judge dismissed pot possession and cultivation charges against Robert Randall last November because he needs the herb to save his sight. In allowing the "defense of necessity," superior court judge James Washington, Jr., opened the door for future cannabis defenses based on medical need.

Randall, a victim of advanced glaucoma, proved that grass controls his disease while legal medications are ineffective. The DEA, FDA and NIDA have set up a special research project so Randall can get federal smoke legally (see January's "Law").

But Island Court Thwarts Herbal Medication

A suit to allow medical use of marijuana has been denied by a Honolulu court. Judge Ronald Greig convicted Walter Bachman of possession after the defendant set up the test case to argue his right to

smoke under the right of privacy and for medical reasons.

With the encouragement of his doctor, Bachman has smoked pot for four years to improve his digestion, which had been impaired by a stomach operation. Physiologist Richard Smith testified that the herb decreases gut motility, allowing better absorption of nutrients.

Bachman received a suspended sentence for the misdemeanor. He and lawyer Chris Ferrara will appeal to the Hawaii Supreme Court.

Nose News Is Good News

A federal court in Tucson, Arizona, dismissed a weed case against Ronna K. Roberts when the defendant proved the dog that busted him commonly confused the smells of pot and plastic. Judge James Walsh ruled that canine informers must be at least as reliable as human pigeons, or their evidence will not be allowed in court. The dog, Apache, was confused by the training method of rewards for finding plastic baggies filled with pot.

Californian Sues Ma Bell for Taps

Charging malicious prosecution and illegal wiretapping, Harry Snegg has sued Pacific Telephone and Telegraph for over \$231 million. After a year of surveillance, Snegg was arrested in 1973 on suspicion of using a blue box to make free phone calls. Following three years in court, the criminal charges were dropped because of an illegal search warrant. It was the first case of alleged phone fraud the company ever lost. After Big Mother retaliated with a \$56,000 civil suit, Snegg countersued for invasion of privacy and harassment.

There's No Place Like a Motel

Using a clerk's passkey, D-men entered Dean Griffith's California motel room without a warrant and arrested him before searching the premises. Griffith was convicted of possessing marijuana, hashish and other undisclosed substances. On appeal, evidence was suppressed on grounds of illegal search and a new trial called for early in 1977.

The court referred to a precedent allowing warrantless searches after arrest only to keep the suspect from getting a weapon or destroying evidence. Since Griffith offered no resistance and was allowed to walk about the room to gather his clothing, the court reasoned these dangers were absent. It also ruled that a motel room is the

guest's home until check-out time. Thus a motel clerk cannot consent to police searches of customers' rooms.

Indian Birth Rate Lowered by Force

The Indian Health Service sterilized 3,400 native American women in the last four years without obtaining their consent, says South Dakota senator James Abourezk. He requested an investigation by Congress's General Accounting Office after receiving numerous complaints. He said that because the native population is so small, the figure would be the equivalent of sterilizing 452,000 non-Indian women.

Alaska Cries Rape

Unless prompt action is taken, miners, oilers and lumberjacks will descend on Alaska's 375 million acres when the law protecting the land expires in 1978. Friends of the Earth, the National Audubon Society, the Wilderness Society, the Sierra Club and several local groups have made Alaska lobbying their top priority.

The Department of the Interior has asked Congress to reserve 83 million acres as national parks, forests and wildlife refuges. But the plan would gerrymander the caribou from their natural breeding grounds and exclude the Brooks Range from protection because the mountains contain large oil fields. It would name only the peaks of mountains as parks while exposing the forested slopes—where the wildlife live—to lumbering.

Eco-lobbyists have submitted a bill of their own that would protect 120 million acres. Additional areas would be set aside to preserve major ecosystems intact.

N.Y. Court Frees Acid Search Victim

A Brooklyn, New York, man arrested for possession of LSD was set free last November 4 after serving 14 months of a life sentence. David Ramos was granted a new trial due to the incompetence of his original lawyer (see the November '76 "Law" column). Evidence was suppressed by Judge Nicolas Coffinas of the Supreme Court of Kings County on grounds of illegal search and seizure. Ramos's car was searched because police thought he looked "fairly young."

California Erases Arrest Records

Another 800,000 pot-arrest records, affecting about 450,000 people, can be erased on

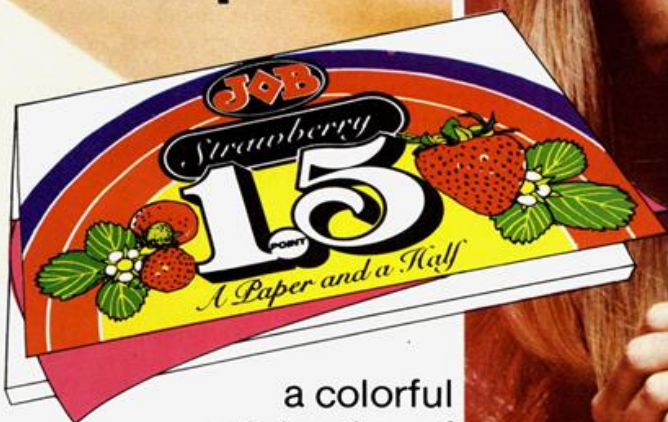
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request in California this year. The new law will also prevent prospective employers from learning of busts more than two years old.

L.A. Schools Weigh Junk Ban

The Los Angeles, California, school board may prohibit sales of snack foods, candy and soft drinks in cafeterias and student stores. A committee of parents, teachers and nutritional and financial consultants proposed the curb for health reasons, even though it would cost the district more than \$2.4 million a year. Reflecting on possible cutbacks in athletic and music programs paid for by junk-food sales, board member Kathy Brown Rice said, "It's a very complicated issue."

Environmental Agency Backs New Pollution

The Environmental Protection Agency decided last November to allow new industrial pollution in return for reductions in existing pollution. The policy was defended as a compromise between no economic growth and "excessive" air contamination. The EPA was created in 1970 to enforce compliance with federal air standards by 1975. Most of the 247 air quality regions are still in violation.

California Workers Keep Smoking

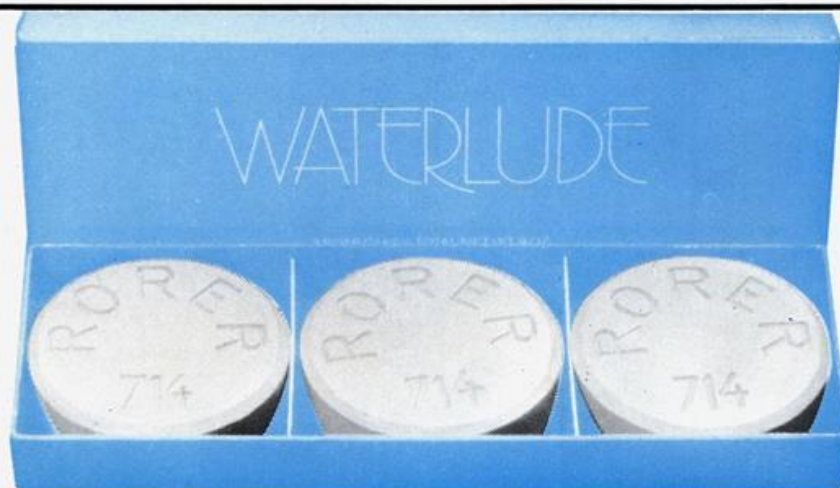
The California Occupational Safety and Health Standards Board has rejected a private citizen's request to ban smoking of tobacco and marijuana on the job because of health hazards to nonsmokers. The board said such danger had not been proved and refused to order employers to discriminate against smokers. Neither the petition nor the health board's statement mentioned that pot is still illegal.

UNESCO Shelves Media Control Plan

A motion to hold all governments "responsible for activities in the international sphere of all mass media under their jurisdiction" has been squelched by UNESCO for at least another year.

Critical members of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization felt the statement would encourage many nations to control news of political repression even more than at present. The Soviet Union, which endorsed the resolution at UNESCO's last conference, said the West had misinterpreted the move. A U.N. spokesperson said the declaration would probably be reintroduced in 1978.

Much of the case information in "Law" courtesy of Peter Meyers, NORML Legal Department. ☐



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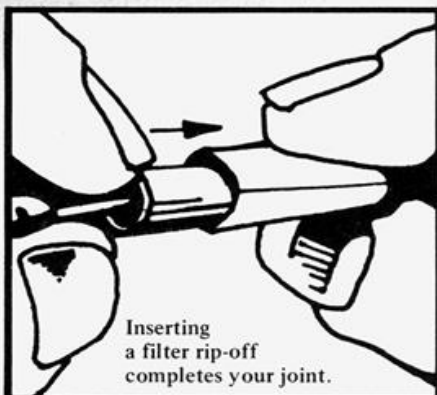
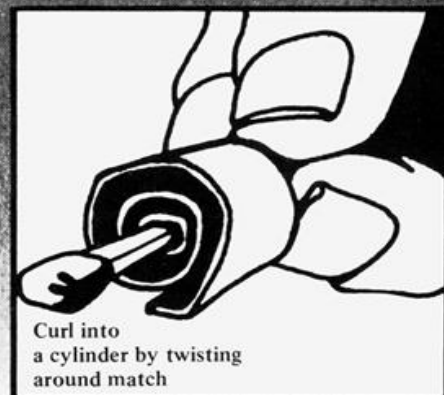
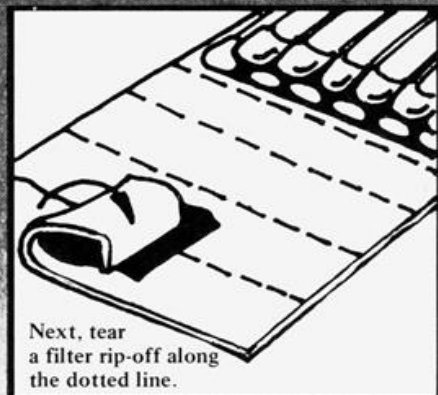
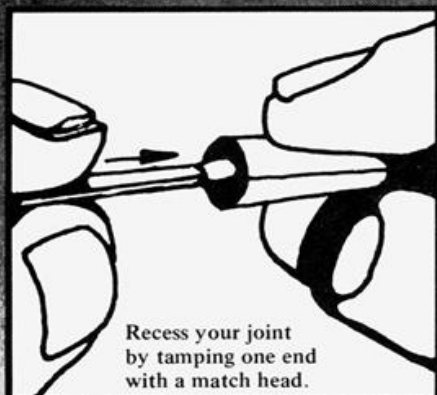
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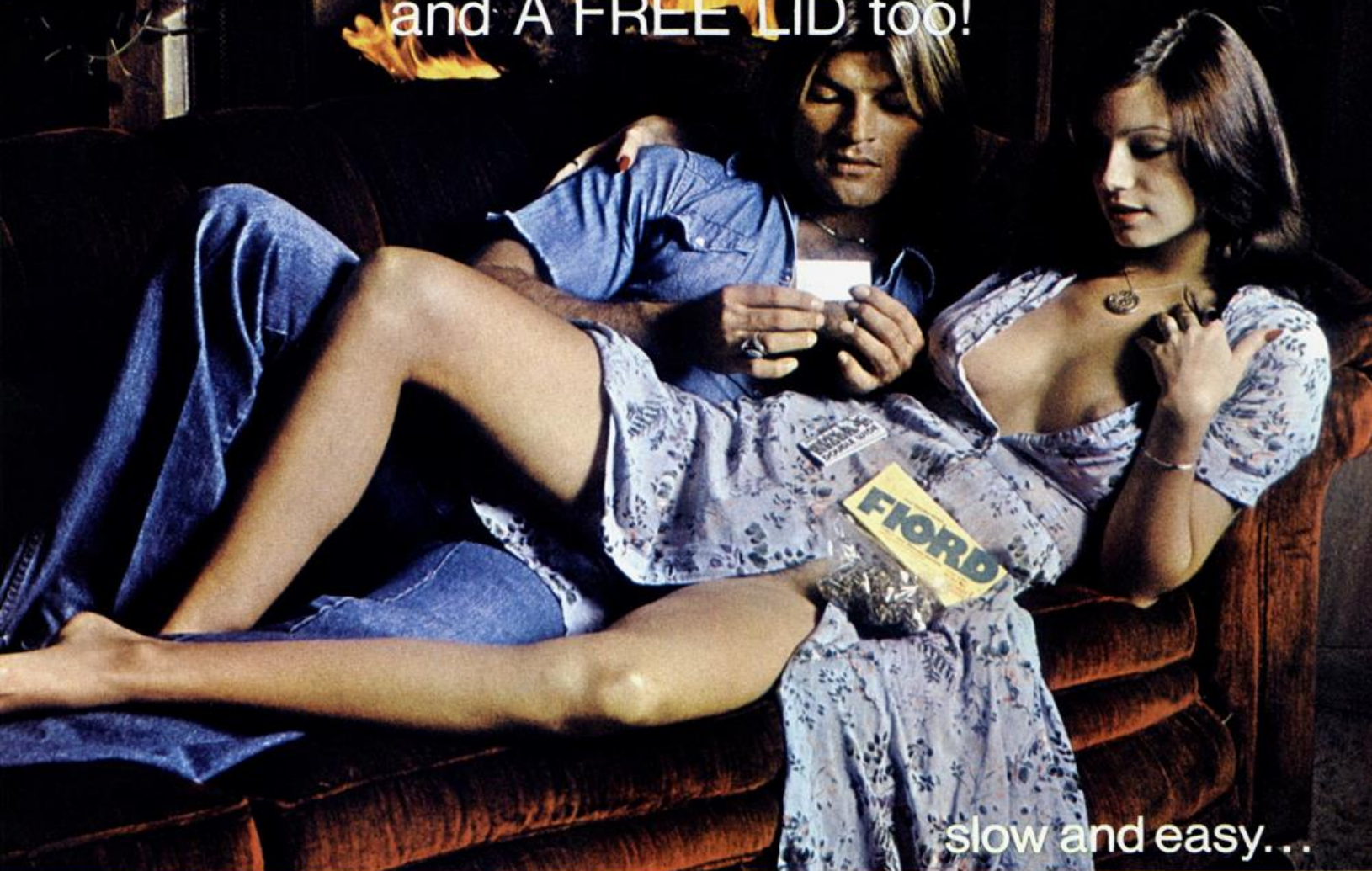
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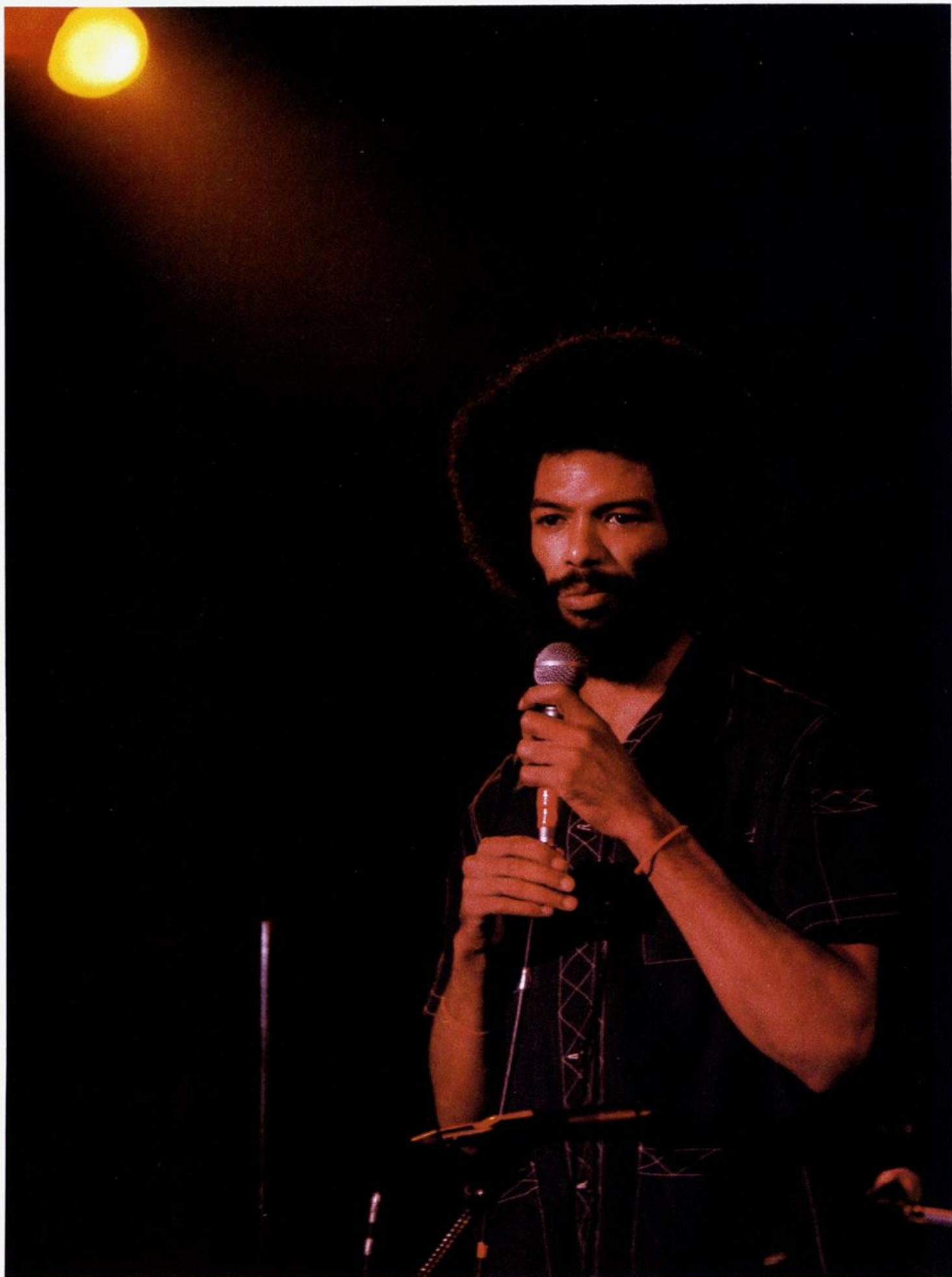
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Melanie Rogers

Gil Scott-Heron

By David Fenton

Gil Scott-Heron is a singer, songwriter and bandleader who is also a poet, philosopher, novelist and political revolutionary. First acclaimed for his composition "The Revolution Will Not Be Televised," he has recorded seven albums in the past six years—establishing himself as a star of urban jazz and R & B and at the same time as one of the most militant and politically incisive artists working any musical vein.

Gil Scott-Heron's nine-member "Midnight Band" (named "for the first minute of the new day") is a tight R & B rhythm machine that combines cool, mellow jazz with the explosive saxophone of Bilal Sunni-Ali, a soaring solo artist in the tradition of Albert Ayler, Archie Shepp and John Coltrane. The group is orchestrated by Brian Jackson. Gil Scott-Heron sings in a superb, raspy, deep-throat style. But the real star of the show is the message—a poetic, political message that hits you where you think and where you dance.

Gil doesn't sing about the same old things. Like any great soul artist, he sings about love, but he also sings about Watergate, nuclear power, black liberation, heroin. Gil shows that the way to deal with them is to keep on thinking while you keep on living. His angry songs—like "In the Bottle," about ghetto alcoholism, and "Johannesburg," an anthem of South African liberation—were R & B hits despite their headline stance. Gil's first career was as a novelist, and his first published work was *The Vulture*, a novel about a black man murdered while dealing pot and pills. Next came *The Nigger Factory* about an uprising at a black college campus. His volume of poetry, *Small Talk* at 125th and Lenox, is out of print but a new book of poems will be out soon.

Gil and the Midnight Band started out with Flying Dutchman Records, a jazz label, which released *Small Talk* at 125th and Lenox, *Pieces of a Man* and *Free Will*, all of which are still available. Then, Gil recorded an album called *Winter in America* for the nonprofit, artist-controlled Strata-East Records. Clive Davis was impressed enough to sign them as his first new act on the new label, Arista. Since then, Gil has released three albums: *First Minute of a New Day*, *From South Africa to South Carolina* and *It's Your World*.

A Midnight Band performance combines the words political and party in a new way—clenched-fisted dancers boogie-ing on tabletops.

High Times: As a musician and poet who draws much of his inspiration from social affairs, do you consider yourself part of the minstrel tradition?

Scott-Heron: We call it the Griot tradition. The Griot were African drummers and storytellers who walked from village to village carrying the news and history of what was happening, so they had a large impact on the affairs of the day.

High Times: What kind of impact do you think music can have?

Scott-Heron: It seems to me that music has changed—and is changing—the world. People whose medium is music are leaders of social thought and philosophy. Fela in Nigeria has become the number one folk hero of the Third World through his aggressive musical approach to the problems affecting the people of Nigeria. Bob Marley, of course, has become a leader in social thought and the revolution that's happening today. You probably won't ever have revolutions like they've had in the past.

Not to take it too far out, but to say where I'm coming from: Mao was a poet. Che Guevara was educated in the university. Martin Luther King was a poet, an orator. And just as sure as our band will tune up and I'll sing, they tuned up and sang. I think there was a certain music, if you can dig it, within all of that Southern Baptist, rhythmic, booming bass approach to speaking that could take Martin Luther King into an audience of 200,000 and have him come out with 200,000 followers. Because there was something beyond what he was saying. Even though he was well educated, he used simple terms and images. The same is true of Malcolm X and all great speakers. They're singers, they're poets, they're thespians, they're actors: they dramatize.

This stems from the Griot tradition, where the poet or bard would rap to the drums. We base our act around the drum and its effects. We introduce each set with the drum, and we more or less close out with it too. The drum is the first instrument. It's of wood and of goat- or muleskin. It is of nature. And everybody relates to rhythm—everybody's heart beats. Everybody has a center around which they flow, and the drum focuses on that.

You know, tribes from one section of the Nile could send messages up to 20 miles at a time on a drum called a *tumbau*. When black people came to this country, they took the drum from us, because they knew it helped start revolutions. You know what

the drum is communicating, but the man don't. All he knows is that you're playing drums, having a good time. So they took the drum when they learned.

High Times: If you look at the pop record charts this week you'll see white musicians like Boz Scaggs, James Taylor and the Bee Gees getting hit records by playing modified black rhythm and blues or "disco." Do you think black music is becoming more popular?

Scott-Heron: I think they always got to come back home. They go to England to get it, they go everywhere, but they always got to come right back down to 125th Street to find out what's happening and play that, you know. Boz's lick is a Buddy Miles thing, for example.

That whole phenomenon comes in waves. As soon as they get a white xerox copy of the original black groups, they slide them out there. So Chuck Berry disappeared when Elvis Presley did "Hound Dog." Little Richard disappeared when Tom Jones did "What's New, Pussycat?"—or was it "It's Not Unusual," or was that a medley? You know the Jackson Five almost got rubbed out by the Osmond Brothers. Double your pleasure, double your groups.

I notice that more of the hits that are making the white Top Ten are also in the black Top Ten. Like the Bee Gees are part of the white pop market, right? Well, now they're a part of the soul market. There are white groups that sound kind of black and black ones that sound kind of white, which is homogenizing the pop music scene. To a certain extent this helps break down racism, if only because you can't tell what color they are just by listening.

High Times: We notice on your latest album that you dedicate a song to John Coltrane. What kind of impact did Trane's music have on you?

Scott-Heron: Every facet of music has its innovators, people who step a little bit out ahead. Trane was a tremendous innovator, and I feel he had a large impact on people interested in avant garde music. Despite the fact that he is considered a true master of the tenor saxophone, Trane is still not that well known or appreciated.

Our Midnight Band has an appeal that is developing across several of the marketing lines looked at by the record companies, so we have an opportunity to talk to some people who might not otherwise have been exposed to avant garde music. We like to make sure that we educate as

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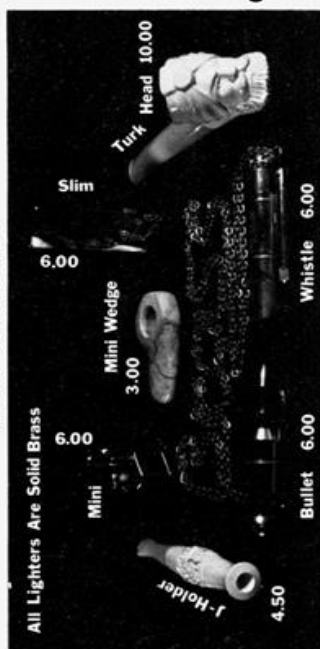
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well as perform and entertain and share vibrations. People don't really have the opportunity to hear Trane's music on commercial radio. There's not a lot of Trane or Miles or Diz programmed. People may be looking for progressive musicians and ideas, but they may not know where to find them.

High Times: Do you think John Coltrane made a distinct impression on the popular music of today?

Scott-Heron: Oh, sure. The whole texture of his horn was adopted. You can hear Trane-flavored horns and riffs on your disco jukebox.

High Times: What do you think of the state of radio today?

Scott-Heron: Well, the state of radio is generally like the state of the nation. Right now, stations are being run on the same old gamut of safe to safety in terms of what they play. I think people are less into radio right now, because they know they're going to hear pretty much the same set of tunes on whichever end of the dial they tune in. The play lists at the FM stations have shrunk over the past few years. But there are some good college stations.

You know, who owns radio stations? Check it out. That's the thing that people always need to be checking out on the bottom line: who owns it? Let's face it: most of American communications, transportation and power is owned by conservatives who have taken over many aspects of the media, strangled the First Amendment and are working on the rest of them. Information that is negative about corporate control of communications will not come through on their airwaves. They will not be the ones to sponsor getting that message across.

During the late Sixties and early Seventies a lot of the independent stations that came up in the ratings by doing radical things were bought by conservative investors who changed the format around. It's a conglomerate thing happening, man. You can see more and more of the world being eaten up by it and—well, I guess I'm like Woody Allen—I'm always aware of creeping fascism.

Another thing about radio is the ratings—the Arbitron and Pulse ratings services for radio stations. Generally they're extremely bogus. I mean, not only are they off percentages but they're off by months, in terms of what people are listening to. But whatever stations people are listening to, according to those numbers, that's where advertisers buy their commercial time. And that determines what they program. The tunes are cut to fit between the commercials.

High Times: Do you think the media is consciously manipulated?

Scott-Heron: See, the media was different ten years ago. They were taken by surprise when all that protest activity happened. Without meaning to, the media communicated to everybody that they were not the only ones who didn't dig what

was going down; look at those people demonstrating over there. It brought a lot of people who wouldn't otherwise know black people into educational contact, and they became sympathetic.

The media stirred things up back then. See, you were taught all this stuff in high school—George Washington, apple pie and Chevrolet. But then you forgot. Started hanging out with them niggers, smoking that reefer. But as the thing snowballed and more people got involved with social protest, America fought back. Now we've got to relearn you—so look at this picture, because here comes "Policewoman" and "The Rookies" and "The Sophomores" and "The Veterans" and "The Blue Knight" and "The White Nun." And they be coming at you with all them guns and SWAT teams and trucks and shit, and you say, "Oh, my God, I can't fight them."

See, the program now is total inertia. They're trying to freeze-dry everybody. Suspended animation. Because they know it was activism that brought about a lot of positive changes. The counterculture, the subculture—underground, or whatever—it still exists in America. It's as potent as ever, but right now, it's freeze-dried. There just have to be some new approaches. We have to get us some TV stations, I guess.

High Times: Your song "Winter in America" describes the lull in activism that has so far characterized the Seventies. Could you explain that concept?

Scott-Heron: Well, you know how they used to say, "The long hot summer's coming"? Well, when law and order came, and the cutbacks in social programs came, and assassinations and imprisonment and that kind of thing came, it brought about Winter in America. They killed King, they killed Kennedy; they whipped heads in Chicago, killed Fred Hampton and Mark Clark [members of the Black Panther Party]. They visited violence on white students for the first time at Kent State.

They gave everybody the news that to stand up from now on was going to cost you all the way to the max. And this brought about a disillusionment, a certain amount of discouraging news to Americans of the younger generation who had been committed more to the ideals of America than to the realities. It brought about a lesson in the now that connected them with the entire American past. Because America has always been a gangster organization.

You know, the English and the French had deals with the Indians. Once America broke its association with the mother country it no longer had to respect those deals; we could go and kill them if we wanted to. And the Indians were not hip. They couldn't believe, as much of this land as there was, that somebody would want to have it all. From day one they've had killers in this country. People who have no respect for human life—they'll take it from you. And a lot of people who approached America once felt that demonstrations by

masses of people would bring about the implementation of justice. But they forgot that justice doesn't work to the benefit of the rich.

This is a cold-blooded organization. We killed them Vietnamese people just yesterday, and if we had the wrong man at the top at the wrong time we'd be over there killing them Africans. I'm telling you, there was a whole lot of Indians. Beautiful people. You meet them now and their connections with their cultural ancestry will hip you to another dimension of living.

See, American is like Jekyll and Hyde. They got a half a hip thing and half an ugly thing. And they only want to stand with one part of their face to the mirror, so they always see Robert Redford instead of Lester Maddox as who they are. But they are Lester Maddox in their hearts and souls. There's two sides to America, and we only be looking most of the time at half of it. As a creator that cuts off half of his creative potential. There's ugly with beautiful, and we try to keep them both in perspective.

High Times: Will Winter in America thaw out eventually?

Scott-Heron: I think it will, because people are still concerned. But *the leaders* have been killed. People have been put to work for the rest of their lives paying court costs, thrown in jail or just assimilated through coercion, as well as through fatigue. There's a directionlessness, if you can dig it, because there are so many fronts. People don't know what to do first. It's like we say in the song, "Nobody's fighting because nobody knows what to say." But the people and the problems are still out there, and as long as they are, a response will eventually develop.

High Times: Now that the CIA and FBI's dirty tricks have been somewhat revealed, do you think the government has stopped that kind of activity?

Scott-Heron: They just don't do the kinds of things that can be so easily revealed anymore. Now they have a "do-not-write-it-down" kind of thing going, so it's your word against theirs. No evidence can be produced.

High Times: Certainly the government, through the CIA's Operation Chaos and the FBI's Cointelpro activities, moved to neutralize the movement. But didn't that movement also contribute to its own demise?

Scott-Heron: Of course. But you can't underscore enough how they effectively turned us against each other—the old "divide and conquer" routine. They had us shooting at one another. They wrote phony letters purportedly identifying activists as police agents, causing incredible suspicion and paranoia. They stopped a whole lot of people cold.

High Times: Don't you think at times the Left played into the government's hands with "kill-the-pig" rhetoric and endless internal bickering?

Scott-Heron: Sure. And another thing was
(continued on page 44)

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D-MAN OFFED IN BOGOTA



Station Chief Octavio Gonzalez.

— story on next page

DEA Backs Latin Death Squads



A Brazilian death squad led by Detective Gatulio Prado (arrow). details on page 29

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The DC-6 that was busted in Mt. Pocono, Pennsylvania, with eight tons of Colombian grass (above). Agent inspects grass aboard plane (right).

DEA Agent Slain After Latin Pot Bust

By A. Craig Copetas in New York
and Andreas Demas in Bogotá

The number one DEA agent outside the U.S. was killed recently inside DEA offices in Bogotá.

Octavio Gonzales, 38, chief of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration office in Colombia, was found shot to death in his office, three blocks from the U.S. embassy. The body of a second man, identified as Thomas Charles Cole of Wellsboro, Pennsylvania, was also found in the offices.

According to official sources, Cole, a 25-year-old Vietnam vet and sometime cocaine informant, went to the DEA office in December of last year, hoping to persuade Gonzales to buy information on coke-running operations. When Gonzales turned him down, Cole allegedly walked into the bathroom and returned firing from a .38 Smith and Wesson.

Hit in the head and chest, Gonzales died immediately. Armed with 30 rounds of shells, Cole reloaded and tried to escape, but on the way out he encountered Marine guards sent by the U.S. embassy in response to a radio SOS call from secretaries in the outer office. Unable to make a getaway, Cole put the gun in his mouth and pulled the trigger.

The Marine guards reported that they attempted to enter Gonzales's office after the shooting and were met with Cole's shouts of "Get out!" It was at this point that Cole shot himself.

Cole, who was under investigation in Philadelphia for murder and fraud with stolen credit cards, began his activities as an informant in November 1976 when he offered information on Colombian cocaine routes to the DEA in Philadelphia. He had been in Bogotá in October, and the Philadelphia DEA suggested he return and feed the Bogotá office. Informants are paid up to \$500 per kilo

of blow captured.

Cole returned to the Colombian capital in early December and met at least once with Gonzales in his semisecret offices on the nineteenth floor of the Edificio Ugi, a new office building near the U.S. embassy. The DEA offices are technically part of the embassy premises, and visitors can enter only after their identities are checked visually through a bulletproof glass door.

Operation Kitchen Connection

Gonzales, Cuban born and a cop for 13 years, had received death threats before, particularly while working on Operation Kitchen, a three-country anticoke campaign that puled in a ton of pure toot. There has been heavy speculation that the hit may have been ordered from on high and that Cole had been deliberately floated into the DEA to get Gonzales on what was obviously a suicide mission. Another rumor suggests that Gonzales was a CIA man as well.

Unofficial sources indicate that the official version of the killing is not accurate and that documents identifying Cole may be fakes. The DEA claims that Cole worked for Freuden Ade Colombia, an engineering firm in Bogotá. However, a check of the phone book and various engineering directories by *High Times's* Colum-

bian correspondent produced no such firm. The body is remaining in Bogotá for burial.

A team of special DEA investigators was immediately flown into Bogotá, but local police have complained of lack of cooperation from DEA and embassy officials.

An unofficial source in Pennsylvania claims that Gonzales's death is linked to the seizure of eight tons of Colombian grass in Mount Pocono, 100 miles northeast of Wellsboro, Cole's hometown. The Bogotá slayings occurred only hours after a combined Customs-DEA operation netted the grass from a DC-6 transport and arrested 11 persons. The Mount Pocono airstrip had been under surveillance by federal agents for six weeks prior to the bust.

Cole's brother, Allen Cole, 24, also of Wellsboro, told *High Times* that the family had not heard from Thomas since October 1976.

"I can't believe my brother would supply the DEA with information," said the younger Cole, "but it is possible that he was involved with smuggling pot into Pennsylvania."

The Gonzales murder is the first major incident at the Bogotá office since the Colombian DEA proved instrumental in busting 80 metric tons of marijuana in March 1976.

The DEA has offices in 58 countries and has trained more than 588 Colombian narcs in the past five years. Gonzales had been the Colombian office chief for four years.

Busts Blast Ecuador Highs

Cocaine busts for possession and trafficking now average 120 a month in Ecuador, a steady increase over previous months, officials in Quito report. A typical haul recently netted 300 grams of coke, 11,170 grams of cocaine base and 7 kilos of marijuana. In addition, two grass plantations, a coca farm and opium-poppy plantations were raided.

Among those nabbed were Michael Anthony Lasky, for possession of hashish, a .22 revolver with 250 rounds, a radio transceiver and a tear-gas spray can; and two Germans—Fred Wollnz, a teacher, and his wife Lilo, a biologist—for possession of 64 grams of coca leaves. The leaves had been bought legally in Peru for ten U.S. cents.

Hector Mendoza Rigail, former governor of Guayas province and one-time chargé d'affaires of Bogotá's Ecuadorian embassy, was arrested by Interpol agents in Guayaquil for allegedly holding 2.5 kilos of pure cocaine.

Two Colombian cocaine cooks were busted in southern Ecuador

in their sophisticated coke-purification kitchen, and in a joint Peru-Ecuador coke operation that was wiped out by Peruvian police, six people were arrested. Six chicken farms in Peru and a large wine- and champagne-production plant in Ecuador were used as fronts for the latter operation.

Congress Checks on DEA-Death Squad Link

WASHINGTON—The United States Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) is being investigated by Congress on charges that it is sponsoring paramilitary death squads throughout Latin America.

The DEA is alleged to be closely linked to the Argentine Anti-Communist Alliance. The alliance, known in Latin America as the Triple-A Death Squad, has been responsible for at least several thousand killings in the last two years, according to the Committee for Solidarity with the Argentine People.

John Salzberg, counsel to the House Subcommittee on International Organizations, which is investigating the DEA's involvement, told *High Times* that a strongly worded letter of inquiry has been sent to Secretary of State Kissinger. "We're not making a judgment," said Salzberg, "but we do intend to look seriously into the matter."

Although the letter to Kissinger is considered somewhat inoperative under the newly appointed Carter State Department, Salzberg hopes that the new administration will assist in the House investigation.



Latin American death squad victims.



Indonesia Indicts Pot Smokers

Indonesia, one of the world's four major coca-growing countries, has instituted new pot laws considered by foreign diplomats in Jakarta to be the harshest in the world.

Persons caught possessing, producing, trading, exporting or importing or buying weed without a government permit can now be sentenced to death, life imprisonment or 20 years or fined up to \$100,000. Anyone aware of such offenses who fails to report them can be sentenced to one year in jail and fined up to \$2,000.

Located in the Malay Archipelago, the island nation of 132

million people consists of five large and 13,662 lesser islands. The island of Bali, long a rendezvous for travelers to the Far East, has seen a number of large-scale busts recently. One such case involves an Australian pilot, Donald Tate, who may face the death sentence for allegedly possessing two-thirds of a ton of pot.

American pilot David A. Riffe has been sentenced in Jakarta to 17 years in prison for transporting 1,320 pounds of marijuana to the island of Bali. Riffe, whose hometown in the U.S. is not known, was also fined \$60,225.

Mex. Prisoner Swap Called Charade

By Patrick Lanzing

SACRAMENTO—Calling the U.S.-Mexico prisoner swap treaty a "charade," NORML West Coast coordinator Gordon Brownell and other concerned Californians refuse to be placated. "The fact that so many Americans are locked up in Mexico is as much the result of our DEA's active involvement as it is the work of the Mexican authorities," says Brownell.

The treaty, recently ratified by the Mexican Senate, awaits approval in the U.S. Nearly two-thirds of the 600 U.S. citizens in Mexican prisons list California residency; 450 are jailed on dope-related charges.

If the treaty is ratified and adopted, U.S. citizens jailed in Mexico and the estimated 1,000 Mexicans in U.S. federal prisons could individually request transfer to prisons near their homes in their native countries. Prisoner requests would require the approval of both nations.

Returning Americans could apply for parole under U.S. laws, but sources say the treaty contains no clear provision for freeing prisoners whose convictions resulted from frame-ups or forced confessions.

Sources say the proposed treaty contains an agreement by the U.S. State Department to return to Mexican custody any American exchange prisoner who is released

"prematurely" by a U.S. court.

In addition, California congressman Fortney Stark, who champions the prisoner issue on Capitol Hill, points out that the treaty will apply only to those prisoners jailed before ratification. Americans convicted and sentenced after ratification would not be eligible.

The treaty announcement has also drawn resistance from some U.S. citizens serving time in Mexico. The El Paso, Texas, Herald-Post reported that many of these prisoners, if given the choice, would elect to stay where they are.

Although Mexican jail conditions are hard, many inmates said they have benefits not available in U.S. prisons.



(Left to right): Dr. Peter Bourne, adviser to President Carter, Harvard professor Dr. Norman Zinberg and High Times contributing editor Dr. Andrew Weil.

NORML Parlay Knocks Decrim Stroup, Bourne Pledge Continued Support

WASHINGTON— The concept of marijuana decriminalization came under fire during the fifth annual conference of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) held here recently.

Many of the 300 conferees, some of whom came from as far away as the Virgin Islands and Australia, pressed NORML to concern itself less with decrim and more with legalization, particularly in the fields of grass distribution and regulation.

"Decrim is a great myth word," said one conferee from Colorado. "An act is either legal or illegal, and decrim or no decrim, smoking marijuana is clearly an illegal act."

NORML, which for the past five years has stressed decrim—the removal of criminal penalties for possession of small quantities of grass—pledged to continue state and federal decrim efforts in Congress and the courts.

"I'm concerned about the potentially exploitive movements of big business," said NORML director Keith Stroup in response to criticisms that large corporations are actively pursuing legalization, "but I would not like to see grass legalized tomorrow because it would be based on an alcohol model of distribution and regulation. I'm looking for a safe marketplace where consumers can be assured of protective devices."

In a speech before the conference, Dr. Peter G. Bourne, adviser to President Carter on drug abuse and mental health, echoed the importance of decrim as a prelude to legalization. "Thousands of people are serving unjust jail sentences for possession of marijuana," said Bourne. "These



NORML Director Keith Stroup (left) confers with writer Hunter Thompson and California dope lawyer Michael Stepanian.

people need to be gotten out of jail as rapidly as possible."

Bourne, who told the conference that he was representing himself and not the Carter Administration, blasted federal drug policy for the past 50 years as being at the mercy of economic considerations. "Exemptions to drug policy are either based on economic need or impossibility of control," said Bourne. "Policy was

never based on health hazards."

Responding to questions about toxic defoliants that are used on Mexican marijuana later shipped to the U.S. for consumption, Bourne said that the administration "will investigate" the situation. NORML also plans to investigate the use of harmful herbicides on Mexican pot.

According to sources close to NORML, Bourne has pledged to



High Times publisher Andrew Kowal, the newest member of the NORML Advisory Board, addresses the conference on the possibilities of marketing marijuana in the free-enterprise system.

do everything in his power to promote decrim.

"The concept of legalization is still a future goal, but let's not get ahead of ourselves," cautioned Stroup. "Decrim takes the consumer out of the criminal justice system, and right now that's the top priority."

California Pushes Home-Grow Law

by Patrick Lanzing

SACRAMENTO—Home-growers in California will inhale easier if a bill reducing penalties for grass cultivation is passed this year.

California assemblyman Willie Brown has introduced a proposal that would slap growers of plots "not in excess of one square yard" with a misdemeanor citation and \$100 fine. Current California law makes no distinction between cultivation for personal use and intent to sell, and conviction on charges of growing any amount carries the possibility of a life sentence.

Brown's bill would retain felony penalties for large-scale cultivation, but reduce to three years the maximum prison sentence for a pot farmer.

"Now is the time to push this bill," said Brown. "It's not an election year." He expects that many newly elected state legislators will support the bill; some lawmakers who have taken antipot stands did not win reelection last November.

"If you want to eliminate the dealers," Brown said, "you have to figure a way for people to get it on the same penalty basis as for possession. And the only way to do it is to cultivate."

First, however, the proposal will be sent to the legislature's Criminal Justice Committee where it could change or die altogether.

Gordon Brownell, NORML's West Coast coordinator and chief author of the proposal, thinks home grow will win the support of many legislators concerned with stopping "black market" traffic.

"We hope to reach them by pointing out that if they're not going to provide an incentive for

people to grow their own marijuana, the effect will be to increase the amount of marijuana that is bought and sold commercially in the underground market," said Brownell.

"We at NORML continue to support reducing penalties for people who sell marijuana," he continued, "but we feel individuals should have the option of growing their own, just as they should have the option to buy it. Legislators are becoming aware that countless Californians are growing marijuana for their personal use."

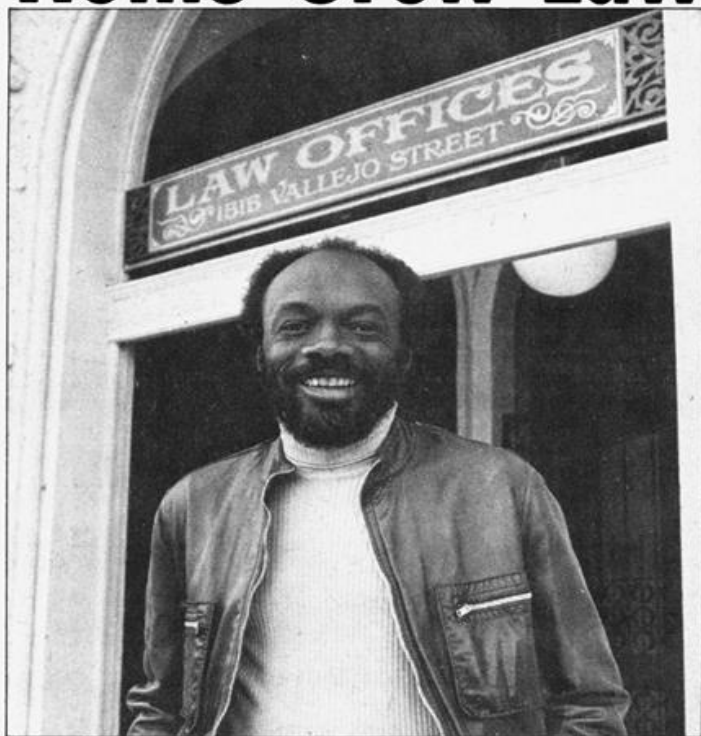
Brownell concedes that the new cultivation proposal is "only a first step," noting that it does retain criminal penalties. Gardens larger than one square yard but smaller than a square rod (30¼ square yards) could earn their growers a \$500 fine, a 6-month jail sentence or both. Farmers whose fields measure more than one square rod would face prison terms of 16 months, 2 years or 3 years. But cultivators with plots under a square yard would be liable for only a \$100 fine.

The law would apply the same penalties for harvesting, drying or processing of weed, according to the size of the planting area.

The major organized opposition to Brown's cultivation measure is expected to come from the California Peace Officers' Association, which fought adoption of the successful Moscone Bill on possession. Though some liberal police officials, such as Chief Wes Pomeroy of Berkeley and Chief Charles Gain of San Francisco, are expected to back the measure, most California lawmen remain opposed to easing pot penalties.

Brownell says he prepared the bill with the help of "attorneys and cultivation experts. We tried to come up with a bill that would be legally sound, politically feasible and also provide a means by which to obtain a usable supply."

By his estimates, a growing surface of one square yard "will produce a good amount of marijuana," as many as six mature plants in a 1-by-9-foot planter.



Willie Brown: proposer of California's home-grow bill.

Dave Patrick

Pot Partisans Clamor for Reform

"You know, it's too bad," the young man lamented as he rolled a joint. "It's been ten years since the big push for marijuana reform began, and not a thing has changed."

"Aw bullshit," a military analyst replied, motioning to an immense building across the street. "Here you are smoking pot at Stewart Mott's mansion, across the street from the U.S. Justice Department, along with Hunter Thompson, Christie Hefner, Peter Bourne, Paul Soglin and a dozen other bigshots, and you say nothing has changed? Bullshit."

So ran the cocktail chatter at the opening of the Fifth Annual NORML Convention; it was a fitting prelude for the confusing confrontations that followed. More than 300 people from across the U.S. attended the three-day affair at D.C.'s posh Hyatt Regency, and each of them had different ideas concerning the legal future of pot.

An ideological eruption between lawyers and smoke zealots threw the conference into heated debate over whether NORML should pursue decrim or outright legalization.

Several people, spearheaded by Hunter Thompson, attacked the current strategy of decriminalized pot as "another trick." NORML chief Keith Stroup, a decrim supporter, opposed legalization "for

three years or so," in favor of a current push toward decriminalization until a consumer-based distribution system could be arranged. Stroup argued that corporate giants would devour and destroy the dope market.

Madison, Wisconsin, mayor Paul Soglin exhorted the gathering to push for community acceptance of pot through any methods. "And I don't mean just the electoral process," the ex-SDS'er added.

Satellite organizations taking bows were the Future Kentucky Marijuana Growers Association, the Australia Institute of Cannabis Research and two politicians running for state offices on a promarijuana platform. "Hopefully, it won't be an issue by then," said one of the politicians.

Animal Psychics Predict Quakes

Chimps, chickens and catfish can predict earthquakes, suggest Stanford University zoologists. On a hunch, Seymour Levine and Helen Kramer began checking chimpanzee behavior records kept at the school's primate study center near the San Andreas fault. The animals showed behavior changes during a five-day quake period last June. They were "more restless than usual. They spent more time on the ground than on their climbing structures and nesting areas."

Reports from China, Japan and Italy record similar changes in birds, catfish and livestock before tremors. Levine and Kramer propose placing animal-watch stations in major quake areas.

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SEE PAGE 100

Panthers Sue FBI, CIA

WASHINGTON—The Black Panthers have filed a \$100-million damage suit against the FBI and CIA, claiming that the two agencies violated the civil rights of its members through murder, break-ins and surveillance.

The Panthers, whose Oakland headquarters was broken into at least 15 times in 1976, filed the suit in a Washington district court. The Panther challenge is the second major attempt to hold government agencies responsible for illegal break-ins and investigations. The government has admitted to widespread buggings and break-ins of the Socialist Workers Party.

Panther chairwoman Elaine Brown charged that an FBI informant played a role in the planning that led to a violent police gun-battle with Panther Fred Hampton, who was slain by 28 police bullets in Chicago in 1968. Brown also claims that the murder of Panther Alex Rackley was masterminded by the CIA. So far, no government agent has been indicted in the suit.

In Chicago, the Panthers launched yet another suit—this time for a whopping \$47.7 million—against the FBI and Chicago

police, claiming that the two agencies helped provoke the rift between their organization and the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) in 1969. Panther attorneys base their allegations on an FBI document filed by federal informant William O'Neal stating that O'Neal and an SDS informant were "alerted to the possible rift developing between the BPP and SDS and instructed to take reasonable action to help keep this dispute in the forefront and to prevent any possible reconciliation between them."



Wide World

Black Panther leader Fred Hampton who was slain in a Chicago gun battle in 1969.

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Global Pot Talks Head for South Africa

The antipot-oriented Committee for Adverse Reaction of the South African Control Council is planning to gather at least eight marijuana experts for a conference in Capetown sometime this year in the hopes of bringing government officials and scientists up to date on the latest pot research. The pot-gathering will be the first of its kind in South Africa, where possession can net up to 30 years in prison.

One of the members of the committee, Professor Harry Grant-Whyte, returned recently from a three-week visit to the United States, where he met with U.S. pot farm director Dr. Carlton Turner in Mississippi. The farm grows various strains of marijuana—including five from South Africa—from seeds gathered from all over the world (see *High Times*, November 1976).

"Professor Whyte has been very helpful in facilitating the transport of South African seeds to the garden," said Dr. Turner, one of the experts Dr. Grant-Whyte hopes to woo to the pot conference.

"It was rather interesting to stand in this garden with tremendous dagga plants growing well over my head," said the professor upon his return to Capetown.



Pot farm director Dr. Carlton Turner.

Japs Mum on Germ War

Japanese germ warfare experiments during World War II killed at least 3,000 Chinese prisoners, but the medical researchers who performed the experiments escaped prosecution after giving their bacteriological findings to the U.S. Defense Department, according to a film by TV reporter Haruko Yoshinga. The film includes eyewitness reports by 20 former members of the germ warfare unit.

The experiments took place at a high-security camp in Japanese-

occupied Manchuria between 1941 and 1945 under the command of General Shiro Ishii, a high-ranking Army surgeon. The project, known as 731, allegedly involved the deaths of thousands of prisoners from plague, cholera, anthrax and typhoid.

Yoshinga's film claims that General Ishii ordered the construction of a microbe bomb in 1941 and quotes witnesses as saying that prisoners were tied to trees while the bombs were exploded all around them.

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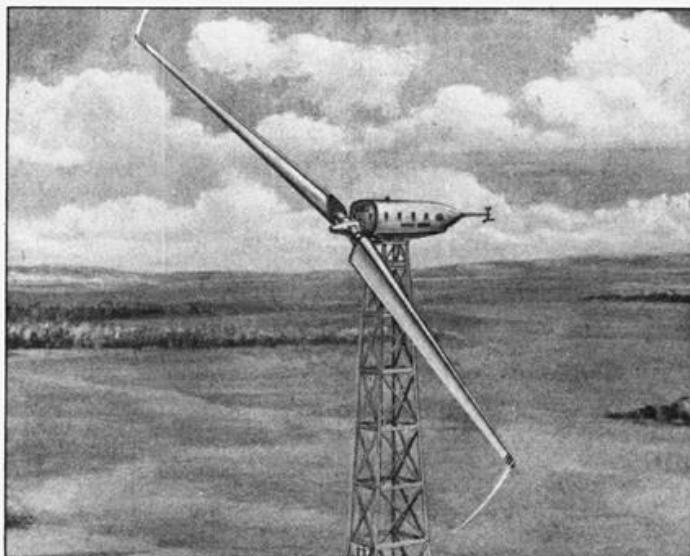
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G.E. Grabs \$10-Million Windmill Contract

The Energy Research and Development Administration (ERDA) has awarded the General Electric Company a \$10-million contract to build the world's two largest windmills, ERDA sources report. The two structures are planned to be operating on sites selected by ERDA and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Lewis Research Center by mid-1978.

The 1,500-kilowatt wind-turbine electric generating systems will each be 150 feet high with 200-foot blades to capture the wind. The space-age windmills will be sited where winds average 18 miles per hour. Each windmill will be able to produce enough energy annually to supply more than 500 homes with electricity.

One major innovation of the windmills will be their fiberglass composite blades, manufactured by the Hamilton Standard Division of United Technologies Corporation. The new blades are stronger and more flexible than metal blades and will ultimately reduce the cost of manufacturing. Engineers have estimated that about 55,000 square miles in the U.S. experience sufficiently strong and constant winds to make windmills practical.



The world's largest windmill: 150 feet high, with fiberglass blades 200 feet in diameter.

APS Celebrates 10th Anniversary



Alternative Press Syndicate consultant Rex Weiner among various APS publications at the New York headquarters.

NEW YORK—The Alternative Press Syndicate (APS) celebrated its tenth anniversary last December with a healthy subscriber list of over 225 members world-wide.

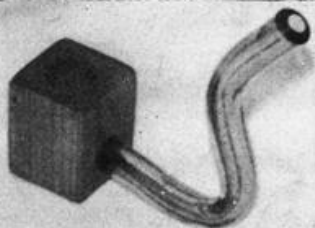
APS was formed in December 1966 by the editors of five "underground" newspapers as the Underground Press Syndicate. The name was changed in 1972.

The syndicate has seen major changes in the last five years. With the end of the Vietnam War, the papers have turned increasingly to local issues, community services and consumer and environmental problems.

But APS retains its gadfly character, adhering to the late A. Joseph Liebling's principle: "Freedom of the press is guaranteed only to those who own one."

Carrie Borel

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Fallout Pelts U.S.

The Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) and the Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) have refused to implement any safety procedures to counteract recent radioactivity over the United States.

The latest case of fallout over the U.S. was carried here by high-altitude winds from an aboveground atomic test in China. The cloud first appeared over Washington and proceeded southeasterly across the country to Pennsylvania, eventually blowing out to sea off the New Jersey coast.

Scientists feared that the radioactivity would pollute the air and poison water and food supplies. Contaminated cow's milk was seen as one of the chief potential dangers, and Pennsylvania farmers were warned to keep their cattle out of open pastures.

Richard Pollock of the Aviation Consumer Action Project, a Ralph Nader spin-off group in Mas-

sachusetts, also urged the FAA and the EPA to safeguard airplanes.

"Any aircraft determined to have been contaminated should be quarantined until decontamination procedures have been completed," declared Pollock.

More fallout alerts are expected as the Chinese continue their aboveground experiments.

Oct. 2



Oct. 4



Oct. 6



Weather Bureau satellite photos showing movement of radioactive clouds over the continental United States.

Super Dick Dorked in Montana

Private investigator Lake Headley, 46, the ebullient P.I. for the Wounded Knee Legal Defense/Offense Committee, was recently busted here for allegedly growing several acres of pot, a felony in Montana.

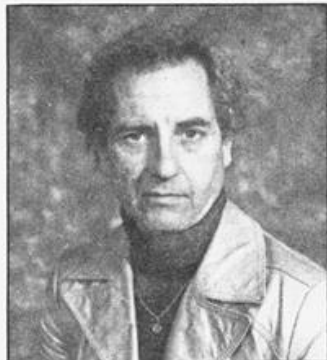
Headley claims that his "left-wing" stance was a factor in his arrest. His court defense will state that although police discovered remnants of pot plants on his farm, an extensive search failed to turn up any grass growing.

A brief filed by Headley's attorney, Frank Kampfe, states that police did discover "approximately 6 joints," but possession of small amounts of marijuana is a misdemeanor in Montana.

Headley's reputation as a super dick began in Japan, where he investigated "fragging," a Viet-

nam War game in which enlisted men hurled hand grenades into officers' tents. The detective later collected evidence in the shoot-out between the Symbionese Liberation Army and L.A. police.

Also arrested were Headley's son Lake Headley III, 23, and his wife Elizabeth Schmidt, 25.



Detective Lake Headley



Elizabeth Schmidt



Site of the alleged marijuana patch.

DEA Actor Plays Widmark in Colorado Con Job

A 35-year-old man claiming to be the son of actor Richard Widmark and operating as a covert agent for the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) is responsible for the arrest and conviction of at least 17 people in Colorado, sources in Colorado report.

According to the same sources, Alfred Gunner Dahlbeck (a.k.a. Richard Widmark, Jr.), who bears a striking resemblance to actor Richard Widmark, always wanted to be an actor. When his acting talents proved inadequate for the stage, he opted to use them as an undercover D-man.



Photo Trends

Actor Richard Widmark is reportedly angry with a DEA agent who is posing as his son and making cocaine busts around the country.

In his first known role, "Widmark" moved to the community of Nederland, Colorado, rented a house and proceeded to infiltrate the community and set up coke dealers. The DEA paid \$300 for every successful bust.

The three other agents who worked with "Widmark" were amazed at the way Nederland residents welcomed the self-made celebrity into their homes. "Widmark" always had generous amounts of coke to pass around, although it was noted that he never did any himself.

The DEA agent's thespian activities netted two ounces of toot and a body count of 17. Although defendants claimed entrapment, the court threw out the motion.

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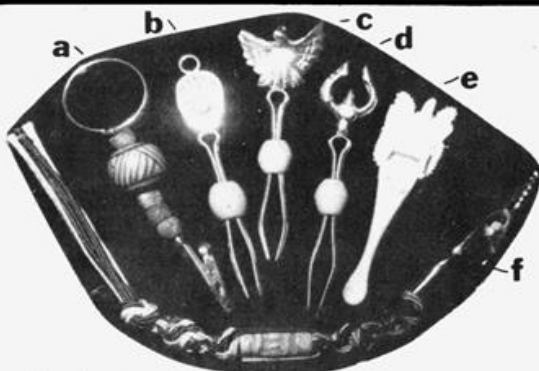
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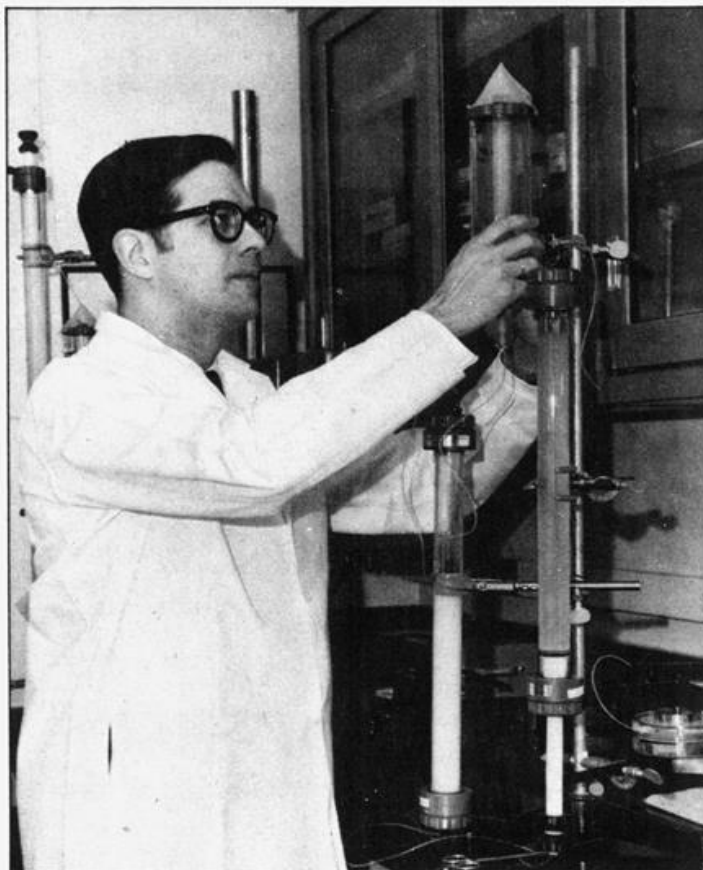
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Doc Seeks Lead on Philly Fever

By Gary Stimeling



Dr. William Sunderman: molecular sleuth vs. "Legionnaires' Disease."

Secret service agents are investigating an anonymous letter that may shed light on last year's outbreak of "Legionnaires' disease," says New York congressman John Murphy. The letter was sent some time after the convention—but before the illnesses occurred—to Dr. William Sunderman, Jr., a University of Connecticut pathologist and the world's foremost authority on nickel carbonyl poisoning.

According to Sunderman, the letter contained no direct threats but heaped abuse on the FBI, the CIA, the military, doctors and lawyers. Several poisons were mentioned, including vinyl chloride, which contains nickel carbonyl.

Although Sunderman admits that there is no direct proof for the nickel carbonyl theory, the symptoms are those of that poison more than of any other known toxin or disease. And he believes that 200 poisonings by nickel carbonyl cannot have been accidental.

Once the letter had been turned over to Connecticut's FBI office in Hartford, it took weeks before it was investigated. The secret serv-

ice learned of it only after then-president Gerald Ford visited the convention hotel last summer.

Art Kosatka, a spokesman for Congressman Murphy, said he has unconfirmed reports that the White House received similar correspondence. Secret service agents have traced the writer to an undisclosed location in upstate New York, but as yet there is no direct evidence.

Laws Drift Out to Sea

The fifth annual U.N. Law of the Sea Conference has failed to reach concrete results in the question of a 200-mile exclusive economic zone. "Much more work remains to be done before the nations of the earth can sit down to sign a treaty on the sea," said a delegate to the conference, which lasted almost three months.

The future of the exclusive economic zone, which would add a sea area of 188 miles to present 12-mile limits, now rests with the U.N.'s negotiating groups nos. 3 and 4. The two groups intend to study the exclusive economic zone question and define rules for the passage of ships through international straits.

Shippers the world over will continue to endure violations of international law until the United Nations acts.



Jeff Carter in front of pop's headquarters in Plains, Georgia.

Carter Kid Favors Farm Pot

First son Jeff Carter, 27, an admitted doper, believes that American farmers should take the lead in cannabis agriculture. The move would prevent the public from spending millions on foreign imports, Carter told Gatewood Galbraith on a campaign swing through Kentucky last October.

Galbraith, 29, is president and founder of the Future Kentucky Marijuana Growers Association (FKMGA), a group devoted to organizing and promoting full-scale cannabiculture throughout the United States.

During their brief meeting, the pair discussed the legalization of

the cash crop, citing tax revenues as a major justification. Reported Galbraith, "Carter agreed with our position on domestic cultivation and said legalization was 'necessary.'" Galbraith intends to "go right to the White House" with a proposal for a domestic pot-farming lobby.

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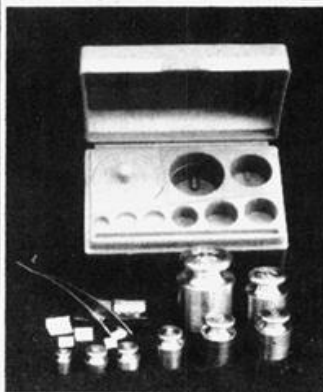
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The fishermen use the porpoises to locate yellowfin tuna—the kind called light meat in the cans—and then set their nets around both the tuna and the porpoise in order to catch the tuna.

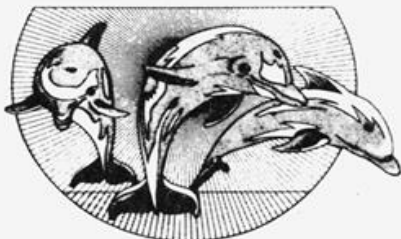
In 1972, the Marine Mammal Protection Act was passed to stop the killing of porpoises and other marine mammals. But the act has never been adequately enforced, and during last year's fishing season an estimated 130 thousand porpoises were killed in the nets.

Make a resolution for a porpoise. Read the label. Boycott light meat tuna and save a life.

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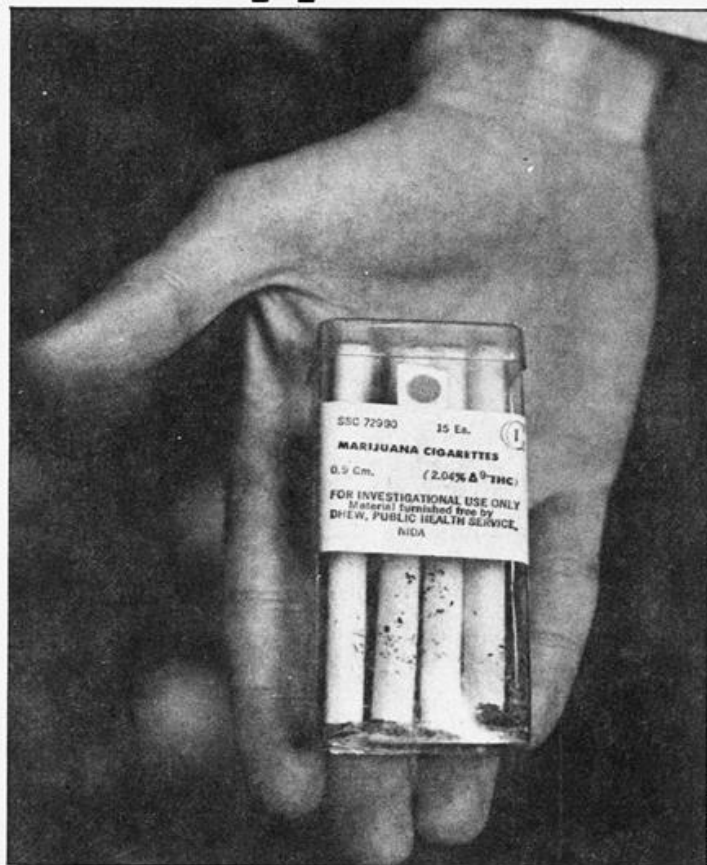


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Bob Randall, the only person in the U.S. with government permission to get high on pot, holds a 15-joint pack of Uncle Sam's personal stash, grown at the government pot farm in Mississippi and containing 2.04 percent THC. Randall smokes a pack a week since a judge ruled that he needs the weed in the treatment of his glaucoma (see "Law," page 16).

Wisconsin Dumps \$10 Million on Pot Bust

Grass arrest figures for the Dairy State indicate that \$10.7 million was spent on busting Wisconsin tokers in 1975. There were 7,974 pot arrests—80 percent of all "drug-related" busts.

Faced with Wisconsin's record enforcement figure, Governor Patrick Lucey said he would support "some form of decriminaliza-

tion that penalizes use with a fine rather than with a jail sentence or probation."

Dr. Andrew Kane, state coordinator for the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), estimates that there are 280,000 regular smokers in the state and an additional 500,000 who have tried the weed.

Scooter Scats Carter-Allman Immunity Rap

Capricorn Records president Phil Walden did not post the \$100,000 bail for former Allman Brothers aide John "Scooter" Herring as was reported in the November *High Times*. The bail that freed Herring to pursue his various appeals was posted by the Stuyvesant Insurance Company, by "good friends of mine in the music business who believed in me," Herring told *High Times*.

Herring, who was convicted for dealing cocaine to Atlanta musicians and was sentenced to 75 years in prison, was the subject of

an intense investigation by the Drug Enforcement Administration and state and local police.

Responding to continued speculation that Jimmy Carter, pal of Greg Allman, was instrumental in getting Allman immunity in return for testimony leading to 33 dope indictments in the Macon area, Herring said, "I don't see how that could have been—and, quite frankly, I don't believe it."

Herring, now awaiting an appeal hearing, is employed by the Great Southern Corporation, a Georgia T-shirt firm.

SO YA SAW A PLANE
CROSS THE BORDER—
WHO SAYS IT
WAS US?



Customs Indians Patrol Southwest

Five Papago Indians have joined the U.S. Customs Service southwestern border patrol, bringing the number of Indian scouts tracking grass importers to 15.

Customs considers the Papago Indians invaluable, since they can communicate by radio in their native tongue, an unwritten language difficult for outsiders to learn. Indian languages were also used during World War II to confound eavesdropping enemies.

Last year, Customs Indians seized more than eight tons of pot, 48 vehicles and 16 horses and made 45 arrests.



Papago Indian mounts his horse white man style.

Papago Indian scouts, now patrolling the 60 miles of U.S.-Mexico border near Sells, Arizona, for the Customs Bureau.

Peso Panic in Mexico

Campesinos Cry for More Land

By A. Craig Copetas

Mexico's 4 million landless peasants are threatening the regime of President José Lopez Portillo. On the eve of Portillo's inauguration, four explosions ripped through buildings in Mexico City. The blasts, believed related to the peasants' call for land, occurred at a branch of Banco Nacional de México, Johnson & Johnson Laboratories, the National Confederation of Chambers of Commerce and the Camino Real Hotel.

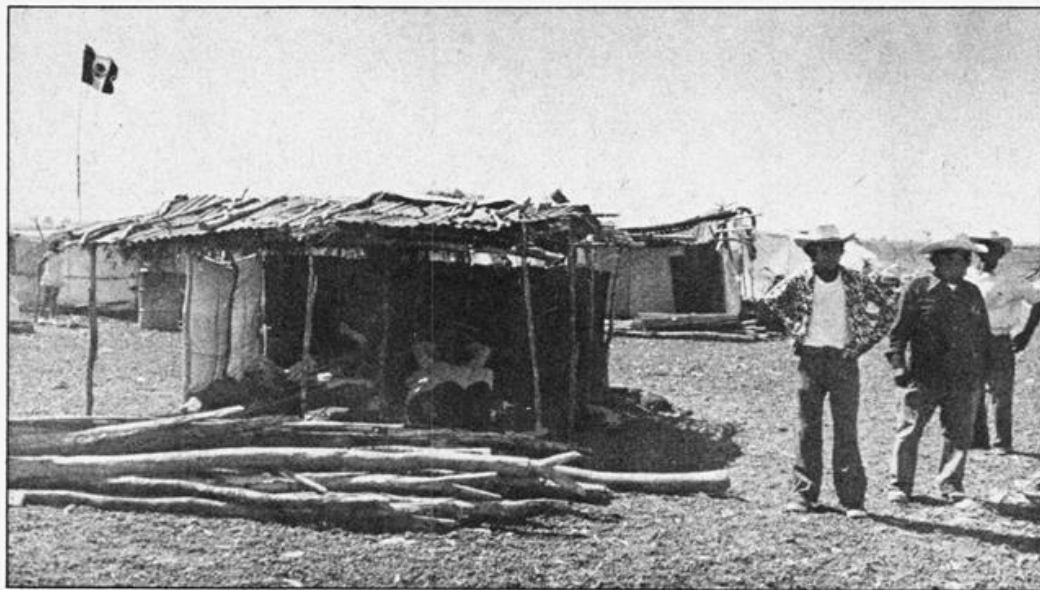
Days before the former finance minister began his six-year term last December, lame-duck president Luis Echeverría ordered the expropriation of 222,000 acres of estate land in the Yaqui Valley to 25,000 landless peasants, sparking unrest among the 3.8 million peasants who had not shared in the distribution. However, six days after Portillo took office, a federal judge overturned Echeverría's land expropriation in Sonora and ordered the land returned to its former owners.

Observers in Mexico feel that Echeverría, who as interior minister ordered the massacre that ended in the deaths of more than 100 students on the eve of the 1968 Olympics, released the land to build a power base among the peasants and to enhance his chances of being elected secretary general of the United Nations.

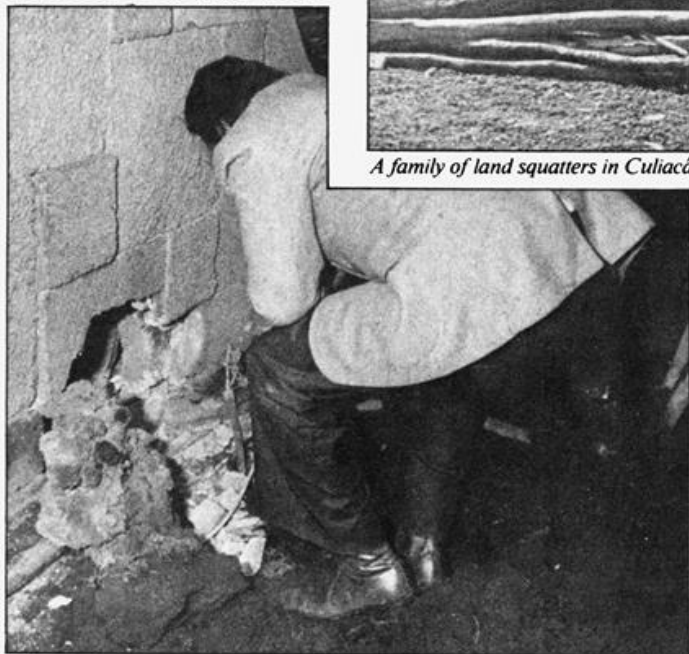
Echeverría's land expropriation touched nerves in at least one dope-growing area, when 1,200 landless peasants staged a camp-out protest in front of the governor's palace in Culiacán, Sonora. Groups in non-grass-producing areas took to invading private



Mexican President José Lopez Portillo (center) on the campaign trail in the state of Chiapas where campesinos are demanding more land.



A family of land squatters in Culiacán awaits word from Mexico City on their demands for more land.



Mexican government agents study bomb damage after explosion at the Johnson and Johnson offices in Mexico City the day before Portillo's inauguration.

land. Violence was averted when wealthy farmers donated 30,000 acres in northwestern Mexico and government troops made sure to avoid an armed band of over 800 peasants.

The gravity of Portillo's situation has been intensified by the disastrous state of the economy. Echeverría left office with a national debt of \$24 million. The value of the peso was halved without any indication that the lowered price for the country's exports would encourage bargain-hunting buyers. The exports include Mexico's popular commercial strains of marijuana, which over the past two years have been competing heavily with comparable Colombian grass.

"Many exporters are losing their asses because they invested in pesos to keep the grass running out of Mexico," says one Texas importer. "When all the exporters ran to the Mexican banks to get pesos changed back into dollars, the economic reality of grass became very apparent. Hell, with the DEA and the Mexican government trying to wipe out the commercial supply and the peso slashed in half, Mexican pot is bound to go up in cost. The value of border money cannot be underestimated."

Whether the situation south of the border will lead to a new era in which grass exporters work solely with American dollars remains to be seen.

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* Marty Balin's real name is Marty Buchwald.

* Grace Slick got married to Skip Johnson.

* The NRPS have their own rolling papers.

Gil Scott-Heron

(continued from page 25)

going on TV every time we had an idea. That's why I wrote "The Revolution Will Not Be Televised." We talked ourselves into a hole, overpromising this and that, because the TV nationalism appealed to our egos. We made all our speeches at press conferences and lost contact with the folks we were supposed to be the leaders of.

High Times: You were once quoted as saying, "I want to interpret politics in terms of cash." What do you mean?

Scott-Heron: That's all politics is: money, like on the bottom line. New York City has been robbed blind. But we're blaming the victim instead of the criminals. It's like you see somebody get raped and you run up and say, "Why didn't you defend yourself? Didn't you see the man was about to rape you?" New York City's been mugged by a whole lot of different people who've run off with the money. So now the money's not here to pay the bills. The 8 million people who are here suffering are not the people who committed the crime; therefore, they shouldn't have to pay for it. They shouldn't have all these services knocked out of the budget because of these corporate crooks who made all the interest and the politicians who mismanaged the money to the point where they can't pay the bills. I'm saying cancel a few of them bonds and pay the motherfucking bills!

This is what you got to do in your life, and in your country. You've got to cancel some F14s and put them to work building houses. If the money ain't here, we know it was here once, so they should check out whoever has those houses in the Alps and the bank accounts in the Bahamas—or is it the other way around?

High Times: You penned and popularized the song "Johannesburg," which predicted the Soweto uprisings in South Africa two years before the fact. What do you think of the situation in Africa today?

Scott-Heron: Africa is going to be a continent to be dealt with. The American government is starting to wake up to it, but it took them a long time. You know, in Rhodesia they were saying we'll turn this nation over to black people in two years, as long as there's no guerrilla activity. That's giving the South Africans two more years to shore up their thing so that the Rhodesians can fall back across the border. Then together they'll try and hold onto that tip of Africa forever. And South Africa has nuclear weapons, which they say they'll use.

That's one thing about them: they be down front. These South Africans are Nazis, you understand. Vorster is a Nazi. This is what disappointed me about him getting down with Rabin. [Yitzhak Rabin, the president of Israel, recently allied with Prime Minister Vorster of South Africa.] That's coldblooded, Jim. That's irony for your ass. But it isn't that far away from the Central Intelligence Agency, which kills

people and poisons them and assassinates them and makes them fight wars against one another all for the advantage of United States corporations.

See, I'm not trying to create drama by saying all this. I'm just trying to say *face it*, man. *Face* the kind of things they be doing. Face John Foster Dulles. Face Dean Rusk. Face Henry Kissinger. Robert McNamara.

High Times: Are you ever optimistic?

Scott-Heron: The thing that keeps me alive, I suppose, is the fact that I don't really believe people want it to be that way. I don't believe they want it at the expense of all those lives and the chaos that is created in their names in all those other countries. And sooner or later we got to pay heavy dues. The sins of the fathers fall on the heads of the children—*karma*.

You see, I don't think I'm that clever, that I'm the only one to think this. You know, it is the right, it is the duty of the American people to overthrow the government. You look it up: this isn't something I made up. It's in the Declaration of Independence. All people are created equal. Justice, liberty and equality. It's in the rules, and we read the rules. They should never have written that shit down. The only one who can't forget is Sam Ervin, and I think he was around when they put the shit together.

High Times: Being a Southerner by birth, what do you think of Jimmy Carter?

Scott-Heron: I don't think he means much. He doesn't represent a symbol of justice to me. Again—justice, liberty and equality. I didn't make this slogan up. I read it somewhere. We don't have that in this country.

High Times: You say it doesn't mean much, but can't the president affect things in some ways, like Supreme Court appointments? Certainly Carter is popular in the black communities.

Scott-Heron: Compared to what? Ain't but two running, and he's the only one who came. He was popular compared to who? Oatmeal Ford?

High Times: What about his being a Southerner?

Scott-Heron: I believe that there's a voice in the South that speaks to justice. People in the South have come to learn things the hard way, and now they have the potential to teach the rest of the country, so they won't have to go through it. But what I'm saying is that on the bottom line the economic relationships won't change because of Carter. I do believe the Democrats have a certain obligation to their constituency, which resides in many of the Northern industrial areas, to push through something extreme in order to correct previous mistakes. And at least under Kennedy and Johnson it became possible to dig upon the possibility of change—they raised our expectations.

High Times: On the album *From South Africa to South Carolina*, you have a song about the perils of nuclear power related to a waste storage facility. How did you come to write that?



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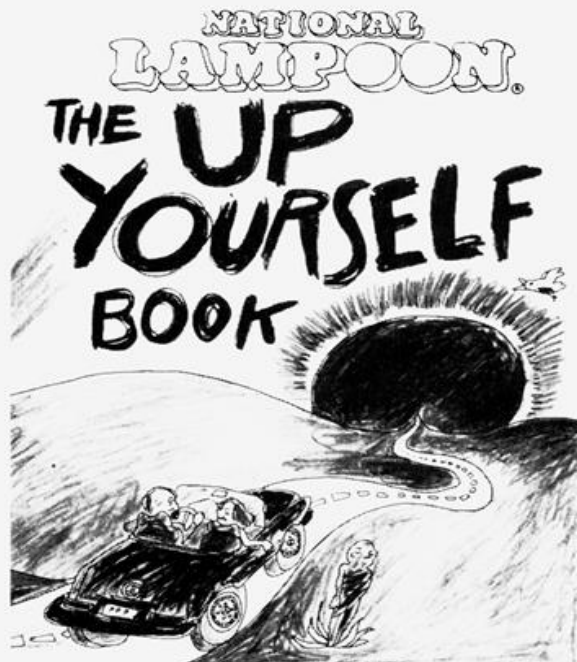


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Scott-Heron: It's a plant in Banwell, South Carolina, on the Savannah River. There's about 40 million gallons of radioactive waste material there and they're checking out other areas where to put these things, and they should put them away. They should quit playing with that shit, because this stuff lives forever and we don't. And we won't live as long as we would have. This is dangerous. You see, it sounds like goddamn crazy talk. This is why I usually don't talk, you know. Because it sounds so dramatic, and people today would rather not deal with no drama.

High Times: Some cynical writers and critics say that you're a relic. How do you react to that?

Scott-Heron: To say that songs of social discontent or social content are part of the Sixties is to say that social injustice is a part of the Sixties and not a part of the Seventies. If it was only a part of the Sixties, I guess I'd be on the Golden Oldies circuit. These writers resent that I should still be around saying this kind of shit because it reminds them of the commitment they used to have. See, we're still talking about dealing with the problems that exist. They're trying to ignore the problems. It's the old troublemaker rap.

I feel as though what I'm doing is continuing a school of thought and a tradition that has existed for ages, and that I'm no more responsible for the things I have to talk about than they are. There's a saying in the Bible: "The guilty fleeth when no man pursueth."

High Times: We've talked a good deal about politics because you're so identified with that. But you've written and performed songs of love, relationships and personal experiences, too.

Scott-Heron: Yeah, and they hardly ever ask me about those at interviews, you know? I feel that part is the less dramatic. I have fun doing tunes. I've written novels, plays and poems. I've been a lot of places. I lived down South and up in New York. I was born in Chicago, have roots in Jamaica. I've been fortunate. The experiences I've written about have covered 360 degrees.

High Times: As a black artist with white sales, how do you relate to the white part of your audience?

Scott-Heron: I relate to the black experience. That's who I am. You know what I mean? Like when Bobby Vinton sang "My Polish Lullaby," nobody asked, "Why is he singing a Polish lullaby?" We present things that approach the intellectual sensitivity of a mature black audience. And a lot of people are still not willing to admit that that exists.

We're saying that with the black community there is a sensitivity to all of the problems that affect humankind, including the political problems. It does stem from the ideas and concepts of some young black men, you know, and it's being presented in a masculine fashion, and it's being presented out front, you know. In other words, we're not scratching our

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heads and apologizing about a mother-fucking thing. We are not guilty. We have not done anything to hold back America from the millennium. We have pushed it, and we continue to push it. We continue to represent the conscience of America. And for the media that exists nowadays that want their freedoms and their progressive ideas maintained, they should be pushing us harder than they've pushed anything since hula hoops.

High Times: Do you have any special message for the audience of *High Times*?

Scott-Heron: I enjoy *High Times*. Do I smoke? Of course. I don't shoot smack, I don't trip—up, down, sideways. I don't do a lot of booze. But the highest I get is when I'm playing. There's a feeling there that relates to an energy that takes me out there and brings me back. It's the communication that goes on between me and the audience and the band. Collectively, we become more sensitive to each other.

I've taken psychedelics and they've played a role, but I personally don't do that anymore, because I found that I'd be exhausted afterward and not agreeable to nothin'. That shit is serious. I can do without, and I do. As far as my songwriting goes, the only thing I'm so specific on is heroin, like on "Home Is Where the Hatred Lies." Because heroin is the most deadly thing out on the streets.

High Times: Do you support the movement to legalize heroin for addicts to cut down on crime and paranoia in urban areas?

Scott-Heron: Well, I think it could possibly reduce the black-market impact on the community and some of the crime that is usually associated with that, which would be a good thing. Would I support it? As opposed to what? As opposed to damn near anything happening today? Yeah. I support things that help people, but methadone is worse.

I've been asked why I don't get more specific about drugs than just saying that smack is out. I feel as though we're trying to direct people, trying to advise them in the proper direction. We're not trying to make up their minds; we're trying to show them some pictures or some negative things that happen in certain situations.

And it would take far more time than you get on a record to go into all the different brands and all the different concepts about the difference between grass and coke and smack and hash. So just say what you can say for sure. That's why we're very definite about smack, you know, and we're very negative on people drinking more than they should. I'm saying most people know when they're drinking more than they should. Their body is like a Chinese fire drill.

High Times: Like a what?

Scott-Heron: A Chinese fire drill—everything going everywhere. Like you get warned, you know, about all of these things. Your body is very hip—it has itself together and tries to keep you with it. ☐

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SOUNDWAVE

The readable hi-fi magazine.

The Rise of the DOPE

How the Dope War replaced the Cold War



JIMMY CARTER

United States



JOSÉ LOPEZ PORTILLO

"All nations of the world—
friend and
adversary alike—
must understand
that America considers
the illegal
export of opium
to the country a
threat to our
national security."
—Gerald Ford



COLONEL ARTURO
ARMANDO MOLINA



GENERAL
OMAR TORRIJOS



ALFONSO
LÓPEZ
MICHELSEN



GENERAL FRANCISCO
MORALES BERMUDEZ



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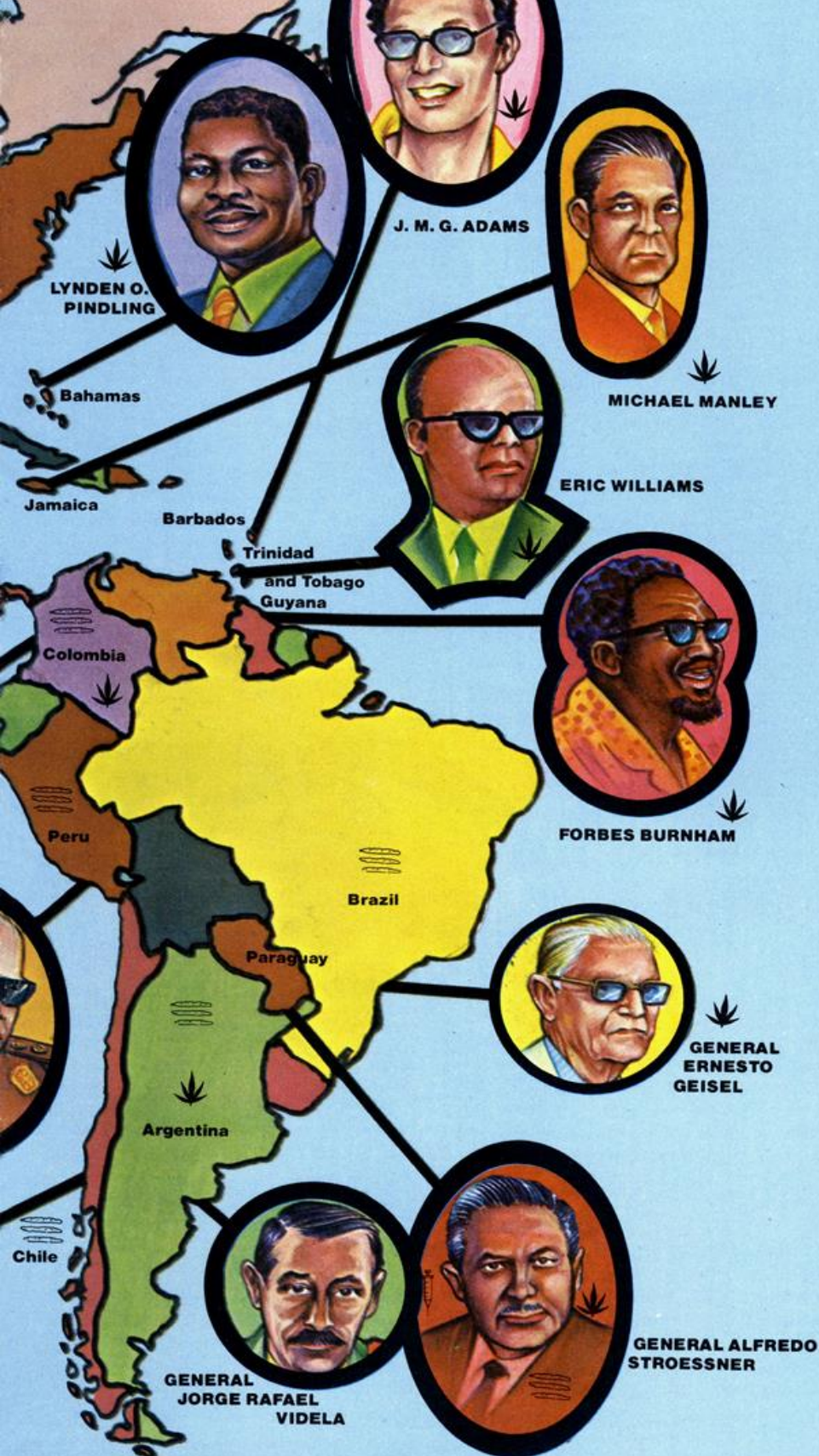
Flying over Jamaica today, you see that about a fifth of the island paradise is brown—burned to the ground. On desert stretches of Mexico, the bones of people and the hulls of fallen aircraft lie bleaching in the sun. On the poppy fields of Turkey, bullet-riddled farmers lie face down

in the snow that came too soon this year, blanketing the unharvested opium crop. These are a few snapshots from the Dope War—an undeclared U.S. offensive against liberation movements throughout the Third World, disguised as a war on narcotics.

ICTATORS

By Robert Singer

in U.S. Foreign Policy



America's drug laws are actually a secret plot to control the world—just as you always suspected. The plot is the secret weapon of the Nixon Doctrine: the basis of defense against hijackers, kidnappers, terrorists, guerrillas, dissident intellectuals, leftist labor unions, militant peasants and national liberation movements in the Third World in the post-anticommunist era. In the years to come, the rhetoric of Dope War will replace the rhetoric of Cold War as the justification for foreign military intervention. Instead of sending in the Marines, Washington will send in the narcs.

Jamaica, Thailand, Turkey, the Philippines, Bolivia and Chile are all in various stages of Vietnam-style "stabilization" by narcotics actions, and Mexico in particular is taking on the dimensions of another Vietnam—complete with massive military actions, deforestations, herbicides that cause birth defects and the financing by the U.S. of a corrupt puppet government and its incompetent army against a popular revolution nearly 150 years old.

The plotters include Nixon, Kissinger, Rockefeller, Ford, G. Gordon Liddy, Egil Krogh, CIA Director George Bush, past and present Drug Enforcement Administration chiefs John Bartels and Peter Bensinger and approximately 30 foreign heads of state. Apart from them and their intimates, perhaps a few dozen people in the world understand the meaning of the Dope War, or even suspect that it is being waged. Most Americans learn about drugs from "Kojak," and to follow the tangled skein of drug legislation and law enforcement, let alone the backstage economics of foreign policy, is more than the news media will demand of their audience.

Even dopers are dim in their understanding of the drug laws. To most of us, they are no more than an arbitrary travesty of the laws of God—the prevailing theory among drug users being that the drug laws exist to protect the jobs of narcs, a bureaucratic non sequitur perpetuating itself despite millions of tons of personal testimony and scientific evidence on the benign potential of a few flowers and herbs whose Maker apparently intended us to enjoy. In the 1960s, the drug laws seemed like a simple meaningless relic of puritanism, an obscene legacy of the 1950s, like fins on cars or Neil Sedaka. But of course the history of drugs and drug laws are the secret history of America, the history they don't teach you in school.

Since the sixteenth century, from the Cold War to the Dope War, industrialized nations got their cheap labor and raw materials and guaranteed markets for their own manufactures from Latin America, Asia and Africa. But World War II left the colonial powers exhausted, unable to salvage their empires from the prairie fires of nationalism that swept the

underdeveloped world in the postwar era.

The Soviet Union, too, was shattered by the war, with 40 million dead and all its major cities destroyed. At the Yalta Conference of 1945, the Big Three (Britain, Russia and America) drew up the battle lines for the Cold War: Stalin demanded Eastern Europe as a buffer zone against the capitalist allies; Britain received carte blanche to repatch its sundered colonies (Churchill little dreaming that the first postwar election would sweep Clement Atlee's socialist Labour Party into power to dismantle that Empire). America's military power was intact, backed up by nuclear weapons and America's overheated economy. Poised to expand, loan, invest, develop and take over, America would build the greatest neocolonial empire the world had ever seen.

The world, of course, was hungry for American aid but hardly ready to see the British, French, Dutch and Portuguese sahibs replaced by simply another set of white faces. Thus in 1947 Winston Churchill "officially" launched the Cold War with his "Iron Curtain" speech in Fulton, Missouri. Harry Truman was on the speaker's platform and in full accord.

The Western investors—the multinational corporations of today—found new partners in the ruling classes of the emerging nations. Latin America was already the first neocolonial empire, thanks to the Monroe Doctrine of 1823. Africa and Asia accepted U.S. financing and technology on whatever terms they were to be had. The terms were participation in the Cold War, suppression of their internal dissidents and acceptance of the U.S. as "world policeman" against communist totalitarianism.

In effect, the local power brokers replaced the colonial powers. The colonies of yesterday became the banana republics of today. Japan was fostered and tolerated as a junior partner in the neocolonial structure as a sop to Third World nationalism; West Germany was welcomed back as an ally against the Soviets. The great disappointments of postwar nationalism smoldered in periodic revolutions, but the U.S. was pretty effective in shoring up its new Cold War allies—"any government friendly to the U.S. and hostile to communism"—against their own populations.

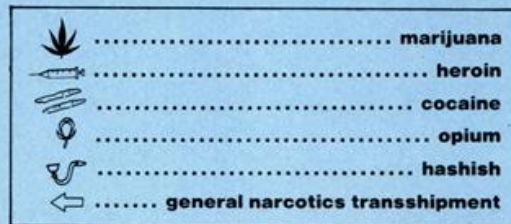
The CIA began to maintain our "necessary presence," if not with the consent of the governed, then at the urgent need of the governors—the Trujillos, Papa Docs, Diems and countless others who without the CIA would be (and often were) swiftly out of power. And if an ally should prove reluctant to embrace the articles of faith, the CIA took care of that, too.

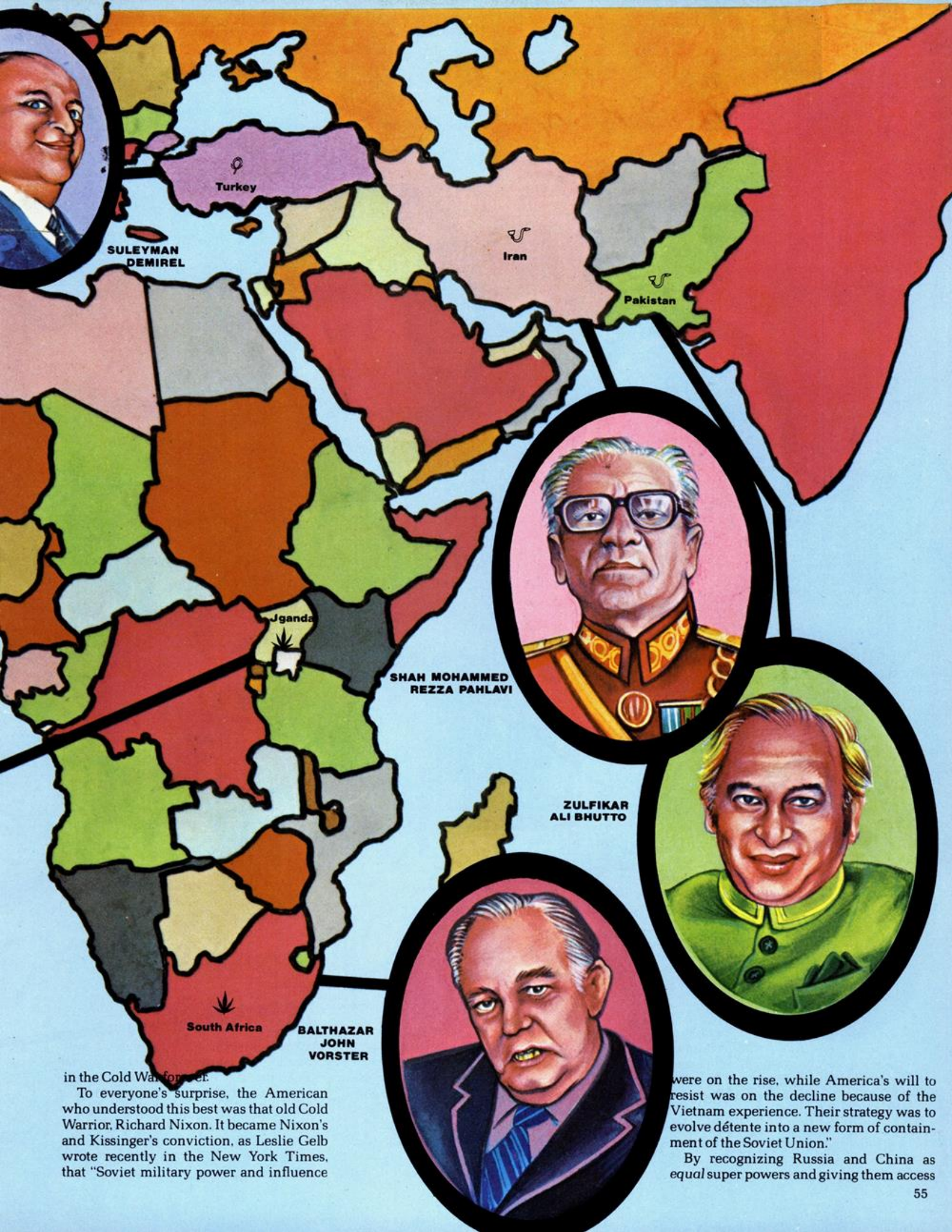
The Cold War worked very well for a long while. The Soviet Union was in terrible shape, thanks to Hitler; the Chinese,

especially after the Mao-Khrushchev split, were isolationist to the point of paranoia until well into the 1960s. Everywhere else, the opposition was nothing but a few hundred million backward peasants armed with sticks and mud.

The first turning point was Cuba. The

realization that those people *needed* a revolution, that the U.S. was willing to underwrite the most corrupt dictator in the world in his "whorehouse of the Caribbean," began to break up the Cold War consensus at home in the United States. Ten years later, Vietnam broke America's faith





**SULEYMAN
DEMIREL**

Turkey

Iran

Pakistan

Uganda

**SHAH MOHAMMED
REZZA PAHLAVI**

**ZULFIKAR
ALI BHUTTO**

South Africa

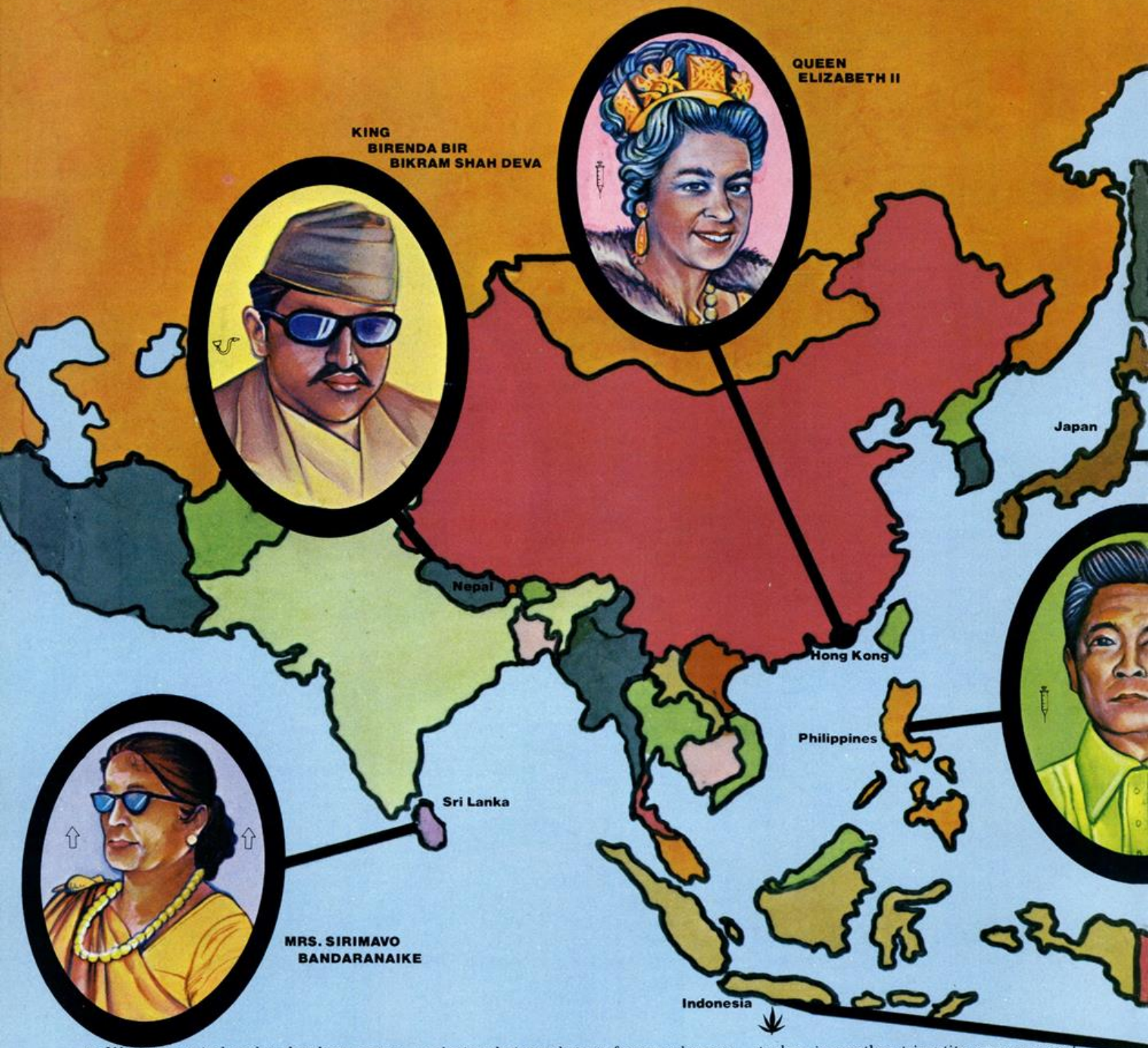
**BALTHAZAR
JOHN
VORSTER**

in the Cold War for real.

To everyone's surprise, the American who understood this best was that old Cold Warrior, Richard Nixon. It became Nixon's and Kissinger's conviction, as Leslie Gelb wrote recently in the *New York Times*, that "Soviet military power and influence

were on the rise, while America's will to resist was on the decline because of the Vietnam experience. Their strategy was to evolve détente into a new form of containment of the Soviet Union."

By recognizing Russia and China as equal super powers and giving them access



**KING
BIRENDA BIR
BIKRAM SHAH DEVA**

**QUEEN
ELIZABETH II**

**MRS. SIRIMAVO
BANDARANAIKE**

to Western capital and technology, not to mention U.S. grain. America could "draw the Soviet Union into a web of incentives and penalties" and give Mao his first steps on the capitalist road.

With détente, Nixon and Kissinger sought to establish a new balance of power that would inexorably lure the communists into the joys of economic growth.

replacing their crude taste for armed aggression with a stake in the neocolonial game and sharing the cheap labor, raw materials and markets with them as our rightful partners in the superpower structure.

But even as they prepared to drop the curtain of détente on the last act of the Cold War, Nixon and Kissinger knew that the Third World would not be a willing

turkey in another tripartite carve-up and that the old demons of leftwing nationalism and land reform and the new cacophony of Third World Unity would leave America's old allies without a straw to clutch. The puppet governments would be driven to nationalize foreign corporations, levy protective tariffs, permit labor unions to flourish and take other anti-American



steps if they were not to be eaten by their own constituents.

As Robert Scheer wrote recently, "The death of anticommunism as the binding force of American rule here and abroad opened a Pandora's box. When the Arab oil producers became uppity, we could no longer land the Special Advisers Forces to save freedom."¹ Vietnam convinced even Nixon that the Cold War was over—and he realized this as early as the mid-1960s, when he began building the law-and-order/peace-with-honor platform that swept him into the White House in the 1968 election.

EMPEROR
HIROHITO



GENERAL
FERDINAND E.
MARCOS



GENERAL
SUHARTO

The Dope War initially emerged with no apparent relation to the foreign policy that Nixon and Kissinger were then hammering out. The first Nixon Administration brought G. Gordon Liddy, a New York State assistant D.A. notorious for setting up Tim Leary's first acid bust, to the Treasury Department as a special law enforcement adviser. There he began to work with Egil Krogh, the White House narcotics law enforcement coordinator, and Krogh and Liddy soon arranged the first big strike in the Dope War, Operation Intercept.

Operation Intercept—the Mexican border blockade that led to the great grass famine of the summer and fall of '69—was a crude precursor to later twists in Dope War strategy. It was a project typical of the Neanderthal White House plumber types and a point of sure contention in their bitter rivalry with Henry Kissinger. Where Kissinger would later seek to export drug law enforcement as an adjunct of foreign policy, the proto-plumbers merely sought a visible reduction of the volume of imported drugs; i.e., a publicity-worthy fulfillment of the law-and-order campaign of 1968.

But judged even by that standard, Operation Intercept was a dismal failure. It too obviously drove tens of thousands of younger pot smokers to heroin while merely increasing the hunger for pot. Intrepid smugglers soon explored the fertile fields of Jamaica and Colombia for the first time. Yet, in the long run, Operation Intercept was a necessary first step in the Dope War, in effect ensuring that millions of Americans would come to feel so threatened by the "heroin epidemic" that they would endorse whatever steps Nixon might take.

The dreaded "heroin epidemic" of 1969 and 1970, along with the rise of recreational drug use throughout the 1960s, drove millions of voters into the law-and-order camp by giving them a bogeyman far more virulent, despicable and immediate than the classical godless communist of yore: the pusher.

An ironic footnote to the Operation In-

tercept fiasco was the scandal that broke in 1975, when it became known that Nixon's "drug superagency," the DEA, had failed to investigate charges that Nixon's favorite financier Robert Vesco had been involved in heroin trafficking, possibly throughout both Nixon administrations.

It seems thinkable that Nixon had a vested interest in seeing the U.S. addict population soar. But it would be naive to overemphasize Nixon's peccadilloes of personal corruption—his superfluous paranoia that led to Watergate; the COINTELPRO surveillance of radicals; and his enemies list.

The turning point of the Dope War came in 1971, when Henry Kissinger began to replace John Mitchell as the intellectual of the Nixon junta. Until then, Mitchell, Krogh and Liddy had run the Dope War as a domestic vendetta against radicals while permitting the "heroin epidemic" to run amok. By early '71, Kissinger's ascendancy was being demonstrated by the Paris peace talks, the Vietnam troop withdrawals and the press's growing enthusiasm for détente. By June 17, 1971, when Nixon's Message to the Congress declared drug abuse to be "the nation's number one noneconomic problem," the Dope War had hit its stride as the heir to Vietnam. It was the answer to a central dilemma: the exhaustion of the Cold War.

The grand aim of the Dope War was to serve as rationale for sending American troops overseas when the Red Menace could no longer be believed. But the Dope War served several other purposes. It revolutionized the sprawling narcotics-law enforcement bureaucracies that had grown up since the 1930s as a sort of social security program for incompetent cops and federally funded researchers.

The various drug agencies were reorganized into one centralized bureau, the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA). It transferred responsibility for narcotics from the Justice and Treasury departments to the president, giving Nixon another private police force and placing the political spoils of the Dope War completely in his hands, as was other foreign policy. By staffing the DEA with CIA personnel, Nixon expanded the CIA's capacity for domestic spying and laid the groundwork for the era when the DEA would supplant the CIA as the primary instrument of foreign military adventures.

With Kissinger's diplomatic showmanship persuading voters that the war would soon be over, the new emphasis on the Dope War provided the means of pushing Vietnam into the past entirely, a Cold War relic and *fait accompli* making law-and-order the Nixon issue in the 1972 election.

By 1971, there were close to one million

1. Robert Scheer, *America After Nixon: The Age of the Multinationals*, New York: McGraw-Hill, 1974. Scheer's book is the best analysis of détente, but Scheer lacked Nixon's insight that a replacement for the Special Advisers would have to be found.

heroin addicts in the U.S. The dread "epidemic" had spread to 50 percent of the troops in Vietnam—and the "emerging Republican majority" made no distinction between junkies and the additional millions of pot blowers, acid heads, et al., who threatened all that was still sacred in American life. While George McGovern campaigned against himself, Nixon beat him by running against the smack dealer on the corner.

Now the Dope War began in earnest. Its pusher-bogeymen shouldered aside the senile Cold War commies. The war fused with détente to form the army of the Nixon Doctrine—rushing to the aid of America's "stable and friendly" allies of yesteryear—the new old breed of Dope Dictators.

The head of almost every Third World state is now a potential Dope Dictator. The reason is that some form of "drug abuse" is practiced to a greater or lesser degree in almost every nation in Latin America, Africa and Asia. And wherever the hardy cannabis and poppy flowers thrive, the natives have come to terms with them, incorporating their herbal powers into thousands of years of folk life and legend. For millions of peasants today, the mind-altering plants are the only cash crop that stands between them and starvation. On the political map of the world these peasant plantations are the cradle of both the international drug traffic and the nationalist liberation movements. Thus by cooperating with U.S. narcotics officials in policing the drug traffic, the adroit Dope Dictator can effectively contain revolutionary movements.

In an era when being "friendly" and anticommunist ensured American economic and military support, the dictators of the Third World could afford to modify democracy to their own needs and ignore, suppress or participate in the narcotics trade according to their own inclinations. After Vietnam, it is crucial that the Dope Dictators embrace the American Dope War if they are to rely on American power to shore up their own positions; they must provide the U.S. with an excuse to back up the investments of the multinationals.

Here then are the paradoxes of the Dope War in action. The U.S. helps stamp out the drug traffic in order to support friendly dictators. The dictators need the drug traffic in order to receive U.S. support in order to stamp out popular revolution in order to remain dictators. The U.S. needs the drug traffic in order to support the friendly dictators. Hence the Dope War is being waged both to terminate and stimulate the drug traffic—"drug traffic" being understood in the same sense as "communist subversion," is any threat to U.S. economic or political or military interests in the country in question. It was in this spirit that Gerald Ford escalated "the illicit export of opium to this country" from "the nation's number one noneconomic problem" to "a threat to our national security."

Ah, national security. As Daniel Ellsberg said of the Pentagon Papers, you can read them till you turn blue looking for an action being taken on behalf of honor, democracy, human decency, common sense or any other ideal, but the only motivation you'll ever see mentioned is the only one the Pentagon takes seriously: National Security, used to justify everything from assassinations to My Lai. Fightin' words.

The commander-in-chief of the Dope War Game is the president. The general staff is the Cabinet Committee on International Narcotics Control. The CCINC was established by Nixon on September 7, 1971, and included many notorious Watergate era names: Attorney General John Mitchell, Treasury Secretary John Connally, Defense Secretary Melvin Laird, CIA Director Richard Helms, United Nations Representative George Bush (who became CIA director after Ford appointed Helms ambassador to Iran),² Clifford Hardin and Secretary of State William Rogers. Kissinger sat in as Nixon's special adviser on foreign affairs, taking over the chair

In the years to come, the rhetoric of Dope War will replace the rhetoric of Cold War as the justification for foreign military intervention. Instead of sending in the marines, Washington will send in the narcs.

from Rogers when Dr. K. became secretary of state in the second Nixon cabinet. The chairman of the White House working group within CCINC, directing the activities of Nixon's various drug agencies and eventually the DEA, was Egil Krogh.

CCINC was the first step in fortifying the politics of détente with the power of Dope War. As a war council, CCINC dictated policy to domestic local narcs, Customs and the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs (BNDD), which Lyndon Johnson had created as one of his last acts of office. The purpose of BNDD was to streamline the old Federal Bureau of Narcotics to deal with accelerating hippie and housewife drug consumption in the Sixties, but its capacities had been so far outstripped by the realities of the drug scene that it had barely managed Operation Intercept, and had botched that.

Therefore CCINC spawned a series of new agencies to streamline BNDD—the first being SAODAP, which had so little effect that it isn't worth spelling out. It was absorbed along with BNDD into the new Office of Drug Abuse Law Enforcement,

organized by Egil Krogh. ODALE suffered from the unsubtle tactics of the Chief Plumber, compounded by the "Dragnet" mentality of its director, former Customs Commissioner Myles Ambrose. ODALE sent several hundred narcs into 33 cities to expedite ongoing grand jury investigations. The ODALE agents turned out to be amateurish Gestapo types who broke down the doors of many innocent citizens, as a result of which many lawsuits arose. ODALE was exploring Gordon Liddy's proposed antidealer death squad when the Watergate scandal broke and ODALE was absorbed into the DEA.

These shenanigans were anathema to Henry Kissinger, who desired a discreet dope agency and not a bunch of drunken southern sheriffs to enforce the business end of détente. At Kissinger's behest, two more agencies were created by CCINC in 1972 to give a little State Department finesse to the domestic Dope War—the Office of the Senior Adviser to the Undersecretary of State for Narcotics and the Office of National Narcotics Intelligence (ONNI). Finally, in March 1973, all previous agencies were either merged into, or came under the control of, the DEA, the drug superagency that would coordinate the Dope War at home and abroad.

Even then, Krogh, who never liked Kissinger, seemed not to understand the delicacy Kissinger desired when he said, "Anyone who opposes us [DEA] we'll destroy. As a matter of fact, anyone who doesn't support us we'll destroy." Under Ford, Kissinger was able to restrain the DEA from what he called the "My Lai syndrome" in drug law enforcement. For the time being, he accepted that compromise gracefully, as one should in a free society.

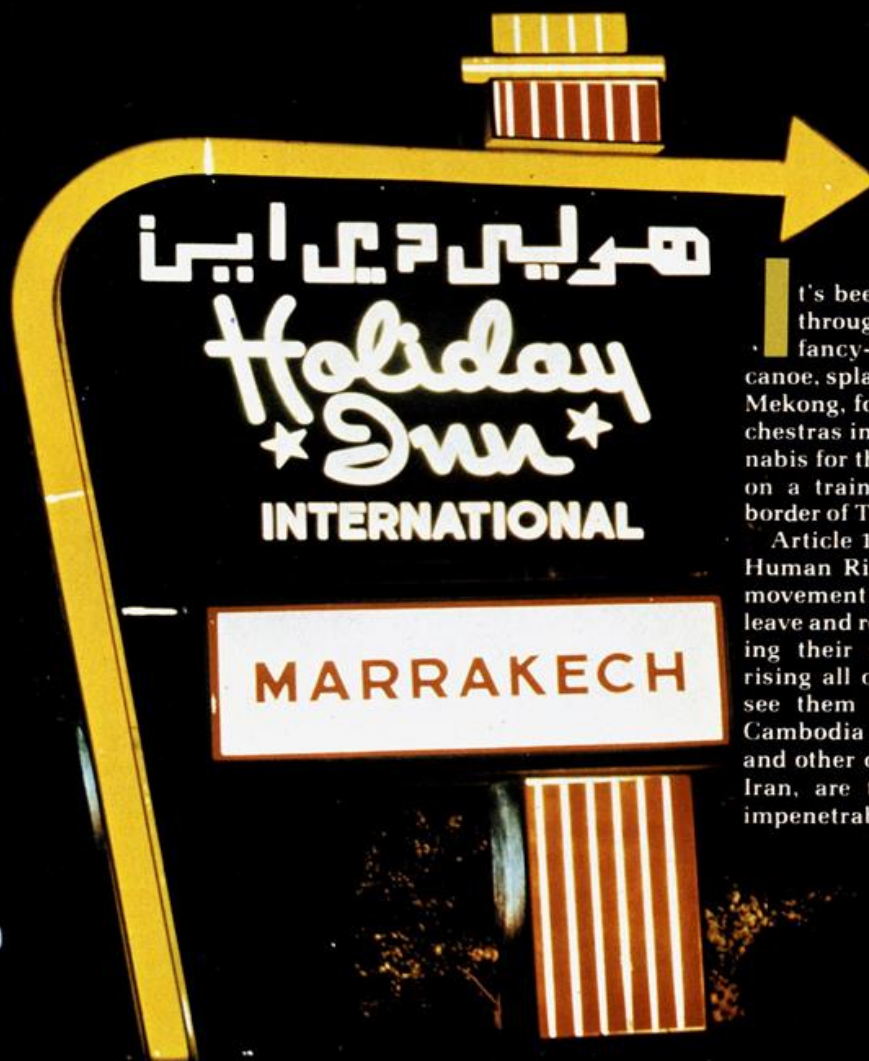
It would be superfluous here to recount the two Senate probes and the three still secret Justice Department investigations of the DEA. These revealed the DEA's almost consistent brutality and corruption: its tendency to use murder and blackmail as tools of law enforcement, its habit of reselling confiscated drugs, its Bill of Rights violations, its war with the Customs serv-

2. At the U.N., Bush led another charge in the Dope War: to have the Convention of Psychotropic Substances of 1971 and the Protocol Amending the Single Convention on Narcotic Drugs of 1972 adopted by 104 countries. These treaties strengthened the International Narcotics Control Board of the U.N. considerably, and gave the U.S. vaster influence over the U.N. Fund for Drug Abuse Control, to which the U.S. has donated \$10 million of \$13.5 million the Fund has received since it was founded (also during Bush's tenure). The Fund and the Board are both advisory agencies that help governments develop antinarcotics and crop-substitution programs; essentially they are diplomatic go-betweens for the Dope Dictators and the DEA. See Larry Simonberg, "The U.N.'s Secret Vendetta Against Dope," *High Times*, March 1976; and also "International Objectives," *Drug Enforcement* (the journal of the DEA), Winter 1975-76.

(continued on page 83)

ALONG THE NOMAD TRAIL

BY RICHARD NEVILLE



It's been ten years since I traveled through Asia overland, on foot and fancy-free, by bus, truck, train and canoe, splashing along the banks of the Mekong, fox-trotting to Palm Court orchestras in Rangoon and savoring cannabis for the first time in a sleeping car on a train from Phnom Penh to the border of Thailand.

Article 13 of the U.N. Declaration of Human Rights guarantees freedom of movement and the right of people to leave and return to any country, including their own. But the barriers are rising all over the world. We may not see them fall again in our lifetime. Cambodia and Laos are closed now, and other countries, such as India and Iran, are trembling on the brink of impenetrability.

In the context of the daily rigors of local peoples, peregrinations such as my own seem sometimes an obscene privilege of the mindless Western middle classes. But they also make clear to the traveler the ostentatious waste and injustice that are accepted as the norm in the West. They create a respect for the poor that can never come from books; many of those who have bummed around the pot trails of the Third World must now wonder, as they pile up their cartons of fake food at the supermarket, whether the twain of obesity and starvation can ever be reconciled without bloodshed. In return for the privilege of sitting around now stuffed and stoned, what do future incarnations have in store for us?

Despite the pleas on lavatory walls to "bring back the Sixties," the spirit seems deadlier than ever. Recently I wondered, when a quirk of scheduling landed me back in Bangkok a decade after first hitting

it as a bustling junction along the dope trail, whether the army of overland wanderers had also disappeared with that sizzling era.

So I set out to find the Thai Song Greet Hotel, an erstwhile cradle of hippy depravity that I remembered with affection for its dollar-a-night rooms and eccentric notices: "No gambolling, making of phlegm or the eating of hash or what have we." Every Thai to whom I spoke said that it had long been closed. "Police, drugs, hippies, bang-bang" was the general refrain. After two days lost in the wayward back alleys of Bangkok, I couldn't even find the spot at which it once had stood.

Then, on the third day, eureka! There it was: grubby, laid back and business-as-usual, with the same family-owners, their children now grown, and the identical chow mein. Spread throughout the foyer were groups of hairy roaders looking exactly as I must have years

ago. I joined a table.

Eerily, the talk was exactly the same

...of forged student cards, cheap drugs and flights to Burma. It was an oriental wax-works, with sound effects.

Random eavesdropping revealed that the trail was now a highway and the jostlings at some borders reminiscent of department store sales. There is a lengthy queue from Afghanistan to Iran; all vehicles are now searched automatically. The walls of the patrol post are lined with grim snapshots of unfortunate arrestees. In the old days, it was customary to share a pipe with such officials. For those who make it into Iran, any deviation from the main highway is now met with a posse of secret police and an escort to the next big town.

Morocco, too, is a state where people disappear in the middle of the night and everybody fears the authorities. Here was another hot spot from the past that I was able to revisit briefly. The trail had thinned, probably due to the policy of incarcerating dopers, with the help of informers, and torturing them.

Christmas '68 in Marrakech was one enormous acid trip, organized by an ambassador from California's Brotherhood of Eternal Love, with hundreds of freaks and local look-alikes dancing in the gutters and



the Jefferson Airplane amplified to the puzzled throng.

It's quieter these days. The seedy street hustlers who hassle tourists with incessant offers of hashish have usually had their teeth knocked out at the local police station; yet they seem starved for the company of tripped-out acidheads and eager to revivify their Woodstock patois.

A respected Moroccan author, Mohammed Soukri, has published an essay on the impact of hippies on local culture and credits them with the long overdue easing of the war between the sexes. That such unkempt, barefooted Western men could be seen with scores of beautiful women friends reduced the agony of the poor young Moroccan male's self-image. A habit of social informality has caught on since then.

Live music still abounds in Morocco, fighting rear-guard skirmishes against Western cassettes and the star system. One night, dining at a friend's house, I heard a distant sound through the back door. The Djellala had arrived—five swirling, swaying percussion bandsmen drumming up a storm, entering the dining room in a crescendo of wild, irresistible rhythms, with huge steel castanets, skin-covered kettle drums and a fife swaying and pointing to the sky. After personal greetings, plenty of kif pipes and a feast of couscous and wine, more music maddened the night. These are the famous trance sounds: when the beat without matches the rhythm within, the chosen ones are powerless and drawn to the floor in a trance until sunrise. Such happenings mean that Morocco will never lose its attraction to rootless explorers.

No more the free-for-all international port throbbing with Gestapo officers, British spies and male brothels, Tangier has been absorbed within the martial state of Morocco since 1956, and the famous expatriate community is slowly withering away. Instead of decadence, there is merely decay. Decay writ large on the landscape and deep in the empty dress-circle mansions of former colonial nabobs that surround the town in crumbling melancholic elegance. Decay, most of all, wrapped around the frames of the dwindling foreign community—the ones left over from the days of drugs, thugs, buggery and Sidney Greenstreet; the ones who remember it all and sit out their afternoons in the Café de Paris waiting for Godot and for *café au lait*.

Still in Tangier and outlasting the freaks is the wickedest man in the world, as he is often dubbed: George Greaves, former journalist and superspy. I heard of him first through his connection with the "rubber bag brigade" at the end of World War II. George was responsible for classifying the corpses of soldiers and forwarding them to their families.

Scrupulously, he would ensure that the bones of felled Germans were posted to bereaved British families and that dead Britishers had good grave sites back in Düsseldorf. A spy during the war—no one quite knows for which side—he still spins astonishing tales of famous agents frolicking in brothels with little boys. "I can remember young Burgess at the Café de Paris," he says of the notorious British spy who later defected to Russia. "He was sloshed and singing that well-known ditty: 'Little boys are cheap today, cheaper than they were yesterday ... but the butcher's boy is two and six ... because he's got a bigger prick.' An American colonel at a nearby table complained. Burgess just fluttered his old school tie at him, explaining it was the Eton boating song."

Older gays still talk with tears in their eyes of the days when little boys sat on brothel floors with shafts of wood in their hands—the various sizes matching the shafts up their various buns. The legacy of those times persists to this day. Not one of the public baths in Tangier will accept custom from a European.

The essence of happy traveling is to keep moving and to avoid setting one's fantasies in cement, for daydreams that come true can kill. The author of *The Greening of Zen*, Robert Pirsig, once confided that when he at last achieved the romantic ideal in a Bohemian enclave in Mexico, writing poetry and building a boat, "I was never so bored in my life." It's like those later acid trips: despondently searching for downers amidst glorious sunsets.

The island of Ios is a shimmering jewel in the Aegean sea, tiny and frozen in time with one little village and no roads. One beach is adorned with a few villas, owned mainly by French film celebrities. Far away from these, at the other end of the island, alone and remote, is a huge Hollywood villa overlooking a private beach. Abandoned and dilapidated, it is reached only by a determined five-mile walk along a crude trail beneath the gaunt overhead telephone wires, weaving through herb bushes and puffing over headlands past ancient stone threshing circles.

Suddenly it strikes you: this battered castle in the sun on the edge of the blue, grand and alone, is one of the world's most beautiful spots, gazing into the waters of antiquity.

It belongs to an American botanist, now vanished. Ten years ago he arrived with his wife and built, at enormous expense and inconvenience, his Xanadu. He lined the walls with luxurious paintings and books, installed modern plumbing and a push-button kitchen. Then he settled down to be what he always wanted to be—a writer.

But the dream curdled and began to suffocate him. Soon he hit the grog. On the

night of his wife's labor pains he set off for the village to fetch help. After this trudge along the bush track, he dallied at the first sign of life, a *taverna*. It was three days before he sobered up and remembered his mission. When the midwives finally arrived, mother and daughter were doing fine—although bloody and unsevered. At the first opportunity the mother and the baby escaped from the island. The botanist hung about awhile in alcoholic brood, and then he too disappeared. He has not since been traced, and the Greek government must legally wait another ten years before confiscating the mansion.

So it stands, this tattered-icing cake to romantic middle-class folly, now a holiday home for indigent wanderers. The bric-a-brac's gone, and the ceilings ache with graffiti. In summer it's wall-to-wall sleeping bags; rats roam the kitchen and freaks wrestle on the balcony for the last tin of food. No one talks about utopias anymore.

On my last night in Tangier, I realized how premature our billowing nostalgia for that oversold era of our youth was, how really unendurable we all turned out to be, how plastic and pathetic when compared to the refugees of a time in its more vicious encroachment on human liberties.

It began with a faint neon sign in an out-of-the-way alcove: Trudy's Bar. As you enter the smallish room, you are faced with an elderly woman seated at a lounge piano with the facade of a grand piano sculpted around it. Stools skirt the rim, where you sit watching Trudy play "The Third Man." Behind Trudy is a tiny bar with a single customer, a deaf-mute regular gesticulating in animated conversation with a white-coated Moroccan. Trudy acknowledges your presence with a frown she takes to be a smile and moves on to "I Cover the Waterfront." Apart from cognacs, the only objects on top of the piano are two tomes cross-indexed to every song in the world gone by. Trudy can play them all. A Viennese refugee from the Nazis, in town since the Thirties, she's belting out "Ain't Misbehaving" like an overwrought music box, two notes weirdly out of key. "There are no piano tuners in Tangier," she rasps without apology.

Inviolable, untouchable and faithful to her own era sits Trudy, shaped by the spirit of her own time, indifferent to the ebbs and tugs of trendy taste makers, a stone in a cauldron and cons apart from the vampires of vogue.

I talk to one of the few other customers. He points to the low, sagging ceiling. "It's false," he says. "It contains a secret room." And in it, he continues, is an imprisoned person who is inspected annually by a local family. "On some nights," he confides, "you can hear the thumping."

Could be. Sometimes you have to leave town without all the answers. □



W
S

T. EVANS

WHITE SUGAR

Is White Sugar More Dangerous Than Heroin?

By Andrew Weil

In 1970, at a "drug" symposium in Michigan, I heard a remark that seemed outrageous. A long-haired representative of the counterculture, arguing against the value judgments society has made about some substances, told an audience of public school teachers that he and his friends thought white sugar was "addicting and more dangerous than heroin." Of course, it is not possible to compare the two: one is an intoxicant, the other a food (or nonfood, to some); one is put into the nose, lungs or veins; the other, into the mouth and stomach. But let us see if there is anything to learn from an analogy drawn between two pure chemicals that are far

removed from their natural sources.

Heroin is a synthetic derivative of morphine, which itself is only one of 22 alkaloids in the latex of the opium poppy. Its relationship to opium as an intoxicant does have something in common with the relationship between white sugar and *panela*, the raw brown sugar of Latin America. In both cases the pure white powders are the results of attempts to separate out and isolate a single component of something that is complex in nature. The motivation for this process is the craving for a more pleasurable experience: for better sweetness in the sugar eater, for a better rush in the addict. But heroin is not as good a thing

to be involved with as opium. Its use tends to get out of hand because it is too easy to use too much of it too much of the time. Opium is a gummy dark resin that cannot be injected because it is "impure"; heroin can be pumped into veins as fast as one can buy it. White sugar too is easily abused.

Sugar cane is a constant feature of American tropical landscapes. The most direct and natural way to eat cane sugar is to cut a length of the fresh stalk, peel it and chew on it, sucking the sweet juice and spitting out the fiber. Children in the hot country of Latin America are avid gnawers of cane. For my taste, the reward of the fresh juice does not quite make up for the

unpalatability of a mouthful of fiber, and I prefer to get my sugar in other forms. In Cuernavaca, Mexico, a popular juice bar sells fresh *jugo de caña* (pressed from the stalks and dispensed from a Jet-Spray Cooler) as a health drink, advertising it as "rich in minerals and vitamins." In other places I have seen sidewalk vendors with portable presses sell glasses of the same freshly pressed juice. It is a grayish-green, watery liquid, sweet and best with a squeeze of fresh lime.

If cane juice sits around in a warm place for a day or two, it turns brown, tangy and alcoholic; it is then *guarapo*, a popular drink of workers at cane-processing plants and a home brew of hot-country Indians, but little known in the cities. At its best *guarapo* is like a good hard cider, slightly sparkling, sweet and refreshing. But I am more interested in unfermented sugar and want to describe what happens to the fresh juice of sugar cane on its way to becoming the pure white powder with which we are all familiar.

The first step in the process is concentration; that is, the juice is boiled down (often in large copper-lined vessels over open wood fires) to drive off excess water as steam. As the juice reduces in volume, it darkens and acquires a very strong characteristic flavor. When it is concentrated to a syrup of the proper density, it is poured into molds where it quickly crystallizes into blocks of raw brown sugar — *panela*.

Panela bears little resemblance to anything Americans know as "brown" or "raw" sugar. What is sold as "light brown" and "dark brown" sugar in U.S. grocery stores is really refined white sugar colored and flavored by the addition of molasses. The "raw" sugars sold at such high prices by health food stores are prepared in the same way; that is, they are processed one step further than white sugar.

Panela is the true and only raw sugar, and it is sold all over tropical Latin America, in supermarkets as well as Indian markets. It comes in a variety of shapes, from blocks the size of building bricks to large hemispheres and cones ("sugar loaves"), and in a variety of colors from dark brown to russet. But although *panela* is widely available and widely consumed in Latin America, it is probably only a runner-up to white sugar in total sales and uses. Even most cane workers and Indians seem to prefer to use white sugar as their ordinary sweetener, saving *panela* for special things like certain pastries, candies and beverages. In the same way, most North Americans have come to rely on white sugar for ordinary uses, saving brown sugar for special dishes where its different flavor is desired.

The best way I can think of to describe the taste of *panela* is to say that its dissimilarity to white sugar is much more pronounced. Many persons who try *panela* for the first time do not like it. And even people who do like it prefer it in things

where its flavor is diffused and modified. Sometimes I like a taste of straight *panela*, especially out of a mold where it is cooling, but I never care to eat more than a lick from the end of a finger. Further processing removes the disagreeable flavors that accompany the sweetness of *panela*.

If raw sugar is dissolved in fresh water, boiled down to a syrup again and cooled, it crystallizes out lighter in color and flavor than the liquor left behind. This liquor, when concentrated, is molasses. It contains the "impurities" that color and flavor cane syrup along with some sugar. By a series of recrystallizations, sugar can be made completely free of these additional compounds. Various grades of molasses are collected as by-products, ranging in taste from those that are useful as distinctive sweeteners in their own right to those so strong that they appeal to very few palates. (Much molasses is fermented and distilled into rum.)

White sugar, then, is the pure, sweet principle isolated from the natural context of flavors in which it occurs in cane juice. And those flavors, concentrated and minus most of the sweet principle, do not taste very good. Because of its nonnaturalness, white sugar is shunned by Americans who follow diets rich in natural foods. Some advocates of natural foods cannot talk about sugar without becoming irate. Here, for example, is the opening paragraph of a tract called *The Sugar Story*, currently being distributed in U.S. health food stores: "No organic merchant sells white sugar or any products containing white sugar, because it is a foodless food. It is 99.95 percent sucrose and when taken into the human body in this form is potentially dangerous. It is touted as an energy food, but such propaganda is misleading for there is ample evidence that white sugar robs the body of B vitamins, disrupts calcium metabolism and has a deleterious effect on the human nervous system."

The author also goes on to denounce brown and raw sugars as "phony": "Having done a thorough personal investigation, I can assure you that brown sugar is nothing more than white sugar wearing a mask."

He also paints grim pictures of sugar refineries, conjuring up images of huge filtration units "filled with charred beef bones" that are certain to horrify patrons of health food stores. "A representative from one of the sugar companies who came to see me to answer some questions from a letter I had written said the burned beef bones were to give the white sugar a more pleasing 'esthetic' effect. He explained that burned beef bones make white sugar whiter. Of course, it's purely personal opinion, but I say, God save us from such 'esthetics' as these."

I find it difficult to evaluate this sort of polemic because I am of two minds on the subject. On the one hand I do not know of

"ample evidence" that white sugar robs the body of B vitamins, disrupts calcium metabolism, harms the nervous system or does anything else of comparable harm. At the same time I am in sympathy with the idea that more natural substances are inherently less dangerous than less natural substances.

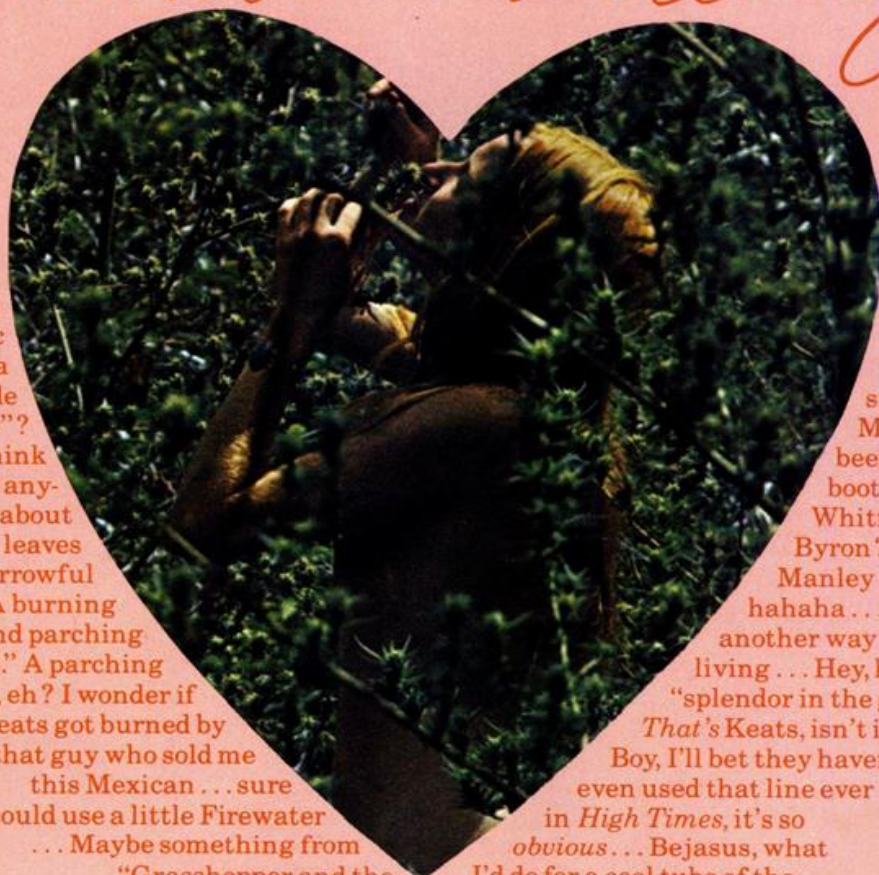
I do not know of any specific adverse medical effects of white sugar. But I do think that as a people we consume far too much sugar in general and that this dietary excess is an important factor in our national tendencies toward dental caries, obesity and cardiovascular disease. I also think there is some evidence that premature deposition of cholesterol in human arteries is correlated with a disorder of sugar metabolism rather than one of fat or cholesterol metabolism. And I am certain that people would eat far less sugar if the only cane product they could get were *panela*. It is much easier to be a regular, heavy consumer of the refined product, just as it is much easier to get hooked on heroin than opium.

Perhaps, then, the problem with refining natural substances into white powders is that in the process we lose certain signs that advise us how to use potentially harmful things. The disagreeable taste that builds up as cane juice is boiled down might be a clue telling us not to seek sweetness in concentrated form beyond a certain point. I think poppy lovers would be better off eating opium instead of shooting heroin. And I think sugar addicts would be better off eating more *panela* (and thereby less sugar).

Because the process of refining, if carried too far, leads to the creation of pure substances that may be much harder to control than their natural sources, some people seek to do away with processing altogether, urging us to consume nothing that is not in a wild state. I believe that humans can improve on nature and should not cease trying to make natural things better. The cultivation of fruits and vegetables to produce superior varieties is an example of good tampering with nature (provided the qualities selected for development are goodness and flavor rather than uniformity of size and resistance to shipping). Similarly, the preparation of foods for eating can enhance natural qualities without destroying them.

There must be a middle ground between the synthetic "foodlike" products that occupy more and more space in supermarkets and the faddist's diet of raw fruits and vegetables. In my own diet I use honey, some molasses and maple syrup and a little white sugar when I want neutral sweetness without a special flavor. I do not avoid white sugar as a poison or a nonfood, but I do regard it as something more liable to abuse than any other sweetener. And I look forward to being again in areas of the world where I can buy *panela*, the true raw sugar of the tropics. ■

Splendor in the Grass



Let's see... Kowalski
says he wants poetic
copy... I could use a
drink... parody of "Ode
on a Grecian Urn"?

Let's see... I don't think
there's actually any-
thing in there about
dope, per se... "It leaves

a heart high-sorrowful
and cloyed, / A burning
forehead, and parching

tongue." A parching
tongue, eh? I wonder if

Keats got burned by

that guy who sold me
this Mexican... sure

could use a little Firewater
... Maybe something from

"Grasshopper and the
Cricket"? ... "When tired out

with fun / He rests at ease
beneath some peaceful

weed." Half in love with
easeful meth, that boy

... I dunno, some of
these lines

might have a kind of low
recognition factor in

Peoria... Will they
smoke it in Peoria? ...

Mother of God, I'd drink
beer out of a policeman's
boot... Maybe Walt

Whitman? ... No...

Byron? ... No... Gerard

Manley Hophead...

hahaha... Must be

another way to earn a

living... Hey, how about

"splendor in the grass"?

That's Keats, isn't it?

Boy, I'll bet they haven't

even used that line ever

in *High Times*, it's so

obvious... Bejasus, what

I'd do for a cool tube of the

frosty amber fluid... "And
thou beside me, toking in the

wilderness...?" What the
hell, might as well hand it

in... Nobody ever

reads this shit

anyway. ■







DOPE

DOPE'S



Her First Cigarette (1903)

Photos courtesy of Michael Starks.

IN THE CINEMA BY JOE KANE

DEBUT ON THE SILVER SCREEN



High
on the Range (1929)



In the beginning was the Image: the motion picture image. Not far behind was the first dope film.

In 1894, five years after the birth of the moving picture, penny-arcade kinetoscopes across the land were showing a 30-second flick variously billed as *Chinese Opium Den*, *The Opium Smokers*, *Opium Den* and *Opium Joint*. It was not only the first film to deal with dope, but one of the first commercial films of any kind. The opus W. K. L. Dickson directed for Thomas Edison was a minor hit and inspired other fledgling filmmakers to knock off several opium mini-epics during the next two decades.

The opium den was a cinematic natural. Still open and legal in most American cities, opium dens drew public attention like Barnum & Bailey's sideshows. No one knew or cared that the Chinese penchant for the pipe of dreams actually stemmed from the strategy of nineteenth century Britain and America to foster a demand they would happily and profitably supply. By the time the Chinese arrived here in force, the occidental mind believed that not only were they the present purveyors but also the original architects of that soulless vice. Opium-puffing "Chinks" were as insidious a threat to the purity of White Womanhood as the infamous "coke-crazed Negroes."

An item appearing in the May 2, 1891, edition of the *Police Gazette*, the *National Enquirer* of its day, describes the Chinese opium den in no uncertain terms:

GIRLS IN CHINESE OPIUM DENS

**Found In New York's Pest Hole
Opium's Young Victims**

A squad of policemen gave Chinatown a raking over on Sunday night last. They scooped in 39 pretty girls, none over 23 years of age, and the youngest 18. The prisoners had all been smoking opium, their associates being Chinamen and tough young men. One girl, not over 18 years of age, was found lying on one of the bunks, partly disrobed, sucking from a poisonous pipe, an ugly-looking Chinaman beside her. Someone gave a signal and the Chinamen all escaped.

The girls were crowded into cells at the station house, half a dozen or more in each. Some of the younger prisoners clung to the bars and cried for mercy, but their more hardened companions jeered at them. Ribald songs were sung and the night was made hideous.

This item was followed by an editorial, beginning "The Chinese must go" and proceeding to catalog the crimes against society perpetrated by that race of "moral lepers."

But though the yellow press and theatrical melodramas of the day—like M. E. Hanley's *Slaves of Opium* and John Oliver's *The Opium Smugglers of San Francisco*, or *The Crimes of a Beautiful Opium Fiend*—took a harsh view of the opium trade, the cinema more often regarded the dream pipe as a relatively mild human foible akin to a taste for alcohol—unworthy of condemnation, celebration or, for that matter, much comment at all.

In fact, the appeal of opium

to the cinema was the excuse the subject afforded early auteurs to display their primitive but inventive array of special effects.

Typical was French movie magician and lunar fetishist Georges Melies's *Dream of an Opium Fiend* (1908), which featured such arcane imagery as a glass of beer flying to the moon. A contemporary critic in *Moving Picture World*, a popular movie magazine of the day, describes the rest: "The moon . . . drinks the beer and the empty glass is returned to its owner by Diana, who rides below on her crescent moon. The opium fiend tries many times to embrace her, but she always disappears from her original position; and once, when he almost gets her, she has changed into a most ugly creature. He hurls at this hideous transformation everything within his reach. The scene then changes, showing the fiend, awake, throwing the different things at the Chinaman attendant of the opium den."

While most of the early opium movies were less anti-drug than racist, a few exhibited a grudging respect for the Oriental's "wily ways." Take Biograph's *Deceived Slumming Party* (1908), a film that, to the delight of its mainly working-class audience, poked fun at a trio of aristocrats who get taken off. Ezra and Matilda Perkins, accompanied by their "English gentleman friend" Reginald Oliver Churchill Wittington, repair to a Bowery opium joint—for a lark, just a lark—where a girl in the den's employ stages a mock suicide.

COMING NEXT WEEK
CHAPTER II
"YAKIMA TURNS
DOPE FIEND!"

High
on the Range



High on the Range

Rather than risk the scandal of appearing at a coroner's inquest, the gullible swells are persuaded to "give up handsomely" to the proprietors. After more misadventures among the "Chinks" (as the Moving Picture World reviewer persisted in calling them), the slumming swells retreat to polite society, vowing "Never again."

Not all early films took opium so lightly. *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* (1909) was a British adaptation of Dickens's unfinished portrait of an opiated assassin, and France's *The Vengeance of Edgar Poe* (1912) showed the troubled poet attempting to quiet his raging sensory overload with unwise quantities of the drug. But neither film took place in a contemporary setting, and their approach to opium use was not unduly alarmist.

Other early opiated products of the dream factory included *L'Pipe d'Opium* (France, 1912), *Opium Halan* (Sweden, 1914), *Opiums-drommen* (Denmark, 1914) and *The Opium Cigarettes* (Britain, 1915). The last, and most elaborate, silent film to

concern itself almost exclusively with opium visions was Germany's *Opium* (1919). Part of that nation's postwar decadence trend, which gave us such offerings as *Women Engulfed by the Abyss* and *Hyenas of Lust*, *Opium* starred Conrad Veidt and Werner Krauss, a team later renowned as Cesare the Somnambulist and his keeper Dr. Caligari in the expressionist classic *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*.

While the opium den would furnish an alternately sinister or comic (and ever-exotic) *mise en scène* for the duration of the silent period, it was cocaine that was singled out for attack in the first overtly propagandistic American antidrug film. D.W. Griffith's *For His Son* (1912) reflected the ever-hot controversies over the licit sale of coca-based products in general and of soft drinks in particular.

Griffith tells of a ruthless soft-drink baron who, in order to raise the money for his son's upcoming wedding, spikes his elixir with cocaine, relabels it "Dopocoke" and

soon finds it selling like hot cakes. But the crass capitalist's karma returns to haunt him when that same son raids the old man's pure coke stash, elopes with his secretary, devolves into a hopeless "hophead" and dies writhing on a coil-sprung couch in a squalid slum apartment.

Consumers seen earlier knocking back glass after glass of Dopocoke wised up and survived. (The film was obviously designed to discourage the hardcore "coke fiend" more than the soft-drink swiller. Coca-Cola had replaced the real thing with caffeine six years earlier.) But *For His Son* established a basic story line that would be repeated, with a relentlessness only the most impoverished imaginations could sustain, in dope films that spanned the next half-century.

The first concentrated antidrug movie campaign followed the 1913 issuance of a white slavery report sponsored by the Rockefeller Commission, as in John D. Within weeks of the report, plays and films were rushed into production; the public loved the tawdry topic.

The earliest and grandest of the slavers was *Traffic in Souls*, a 6-reel extravaganza lensed at Universal in four weeks. Promising "the most thrilling scene ever staged, the smashing of the Vice Trust," George Loane Tucker's scare story played to packed houses at 28 New York City theaters simultaneously and returned a boffo \$250,000 on an initial investment of \$5,700. It was with this earliest exploitation film that Hollywood hit upon the enduring formula of depicting unsavory activities, hawking them in the most lurid manner its flacks could devise, wagging a condemnatory finger and then tsk-tsk-ing all the way to the bank. After *Traffic in Souls'* unprecedented box-office triumph, there followed in breathless succession such titillating white slavery "exposés" as *Smashing the Vice Trust*, *Serpent of the Slums* and *Thorns of the Great White Way*.

But chemicals weren't prominent among the inventory of evils in the early ex-

ploitation outings until *The Inside of the White Slave Traffic* (1913), a 4-reeler produced by the Moral Feature Film Company and scripted by Samuel H. London, the former Secret Service agent who had headed the Rockefeller Commission's investigative staff. Purporting to be a "dramatized documentary," the film told of a typical pretty girl who dates a cad in gent's clothing, devours "the inevitable drugged dinner" and takes her first downward step on a path that leads to New Orleans, ruin and the equally inevitable pauper's grave.

To satisfy an audience that craved "naked truths" cloaked in moral mufti—at a time when pressures were mounting for federal antidrug legislation—filmmakers began shooting dope exposés as corollaries to their profitable white slave ventures. The earliest was the 3-reel *Slaves of Morphine*, unleashed in November 1913, and quickly trailed the same year by Feature Ideal's *The Accursed Drug*, pitched to its audience as a "story with a strong moral punch, packed with sensational scenes" and to theater owners as a feature "that will increase your bank account and make a name for you."

Then came *Dope* (1914), based on a stage hit of the same name and partially directed by D.W. Griffith; *The Narcotic Spectre* (1914); *The Devil's Assistant* (1917), and *Black Fear* (1915), in which Satan "sends Miss Cocaine into the world."

In an attempt to protect the poor and infirm of resolve, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, like John D. Rockefeller before her, did her part by launching a campaign to "educate" the public on the evils of cocaine. Her anticoke crusade was represented by *The Drug Terror*; or, *The Underworld Exposed* (1914), produced under the auspices of the "Sociological Research Film Corporation."

Written with the "assistance and approval of the director of public safety and the police department of Philadelphia," and billed as "the World's Greatest Film," *The Drug Terror* spun the familiar yarn of an upwardly mobile

DOPE IN THE CINEMA: PART I

young couple's harrowing descent into the netherworld of cocaine abuse, a descent hastened by their association with unsavories like toothead "Dopey" Smith. Ads for the film carried the usual quota of earnest endorsements from concerned clergy and medical authorities—a trapping already *de rigueur* for films of the public-spirited sort. "Mrs. Vanderbilt and her associates in New York are doing a divinely beautiful work in saving children from the deadly cocaine and other drug habits," raved Reverend John P. Brushingham. "Turn the light into a rat hole and you spoil it ever afterwards for rat-hole purposes."

By far the most lavish and widely circulated of the early dope operas was Triangle's *The Devil's Needle* (1916), with Tully Marshall as an artist introduced to morphine by model Norma Talmadge, who assures him: "It kindles the fires of genius. It is inspiration ready made." Needles to say, it does, and is, and then isn't, and the deluded pair must suffer many a chastening experience before making good their reformation.

Despite the black-and-white world view *The Devil's Needle* expounded, the industry itself maintained an ambivalent attitude toward these early antidrug dramas. Read from a movie-industry trade paper, *Wid's Daily*, 1916: "Most everyone knows that we have such a thing in this world as an individual afflicted with the craze for dope. Some people think a depiction of the troubles of a dope fiend is interesting stuff. Some people think it very repulsive. I figure that you will have to study for yourself your own audience and decide about what their attitude might be."

"For my part, I believe that this can be safely played anywhere, since the reformation of both the 'dopes' gives this story a good moral tone."

External and industry censors now began moving to thwart the exhibition of heavily high-oriented film fare. Pennsylvania passed the first specific anti-dope-film statute in 1915. The Maryland Board of Censors bounced movies showing

the "use of opium and other habit-forming drugs." The Ohio board denied *The Devil's Needle* an exhibition permit before being convinced of the film's effectiveness as a valid deterrent to the molecular menace.

In Britain, a censorship report filed in 1915 urged the elimination of references to "the drug habit, e.g., opium, morphia, cocaine, etc.," and effected a pronounced shift in industry approach. While earlier films like *Lieutenant Lilly* and *the Splodge of Opium* (1913) treated opium use lightly, the subject was sketched in somber tones in *London's Yellow Peril* (1915) and *the Case of the Doped Actress* (1919). Antimorphine melodramas like *Morphia*, *the Death Drug* also proliferated, and censors successfully pressured the producers of *Cocaine* (1922) to change the film's title to the more innocuous *While London Sleeps*.

Germany and Scandinavia reflected similar repressive trends. An odder fate befell the Danish *Opium Dream*, which was banned in Paris not for its simulated opium visions but for a prolonged kissing sequence. Both at home and abroad, the film industry was showing signs of taking its responsibilities "seriously."

Despite isolated efforts of state and local censors, no official industry guidelines governing the depiction of dope use would be formulated until the early Twenties, and the early studios were not without mavericks. The most notable aberration during the teens was Keystone's *Mystery of the Leaping Fish*, a deft Sherlock Holmes parody, and, one suspects, a casual dig at dope dilettantes of the film community itself. A surreal slapstick farce, *Mystery* (1916) starred Douglas Fairbanks as "Coke Ennyday," a master sleuth with a nose for blow, out to rout a band of oriental opium smugglers. The film was packed with head humor, and Keystone adjudged it sufficiently bizarre to require an explanatory epilogue in which the script editor rejects the preceding screenplay and advises author Fairbanks to "stick to acting."



The Mystery of the Leaping Fish (1916)



The Mystery of the Leaping Fish

In *Broken Blossoms* (1919), D. W. Griffith, with *For His Son* and *Dope* already under his belt, offered an unusually sympathetic portrait of an opium-smoking Chinaman. Hero Richard Barthelmess, still handsome in yellow face, rescues white waif Lillian Gish from the clutches of her alcoholic father. But unlike the majority of screen "Chinks," he doesn't save her for a fate worse than death. He treats her with the sort of selfless chivalry normally reserved for Caucasians, a cinematic lapse rarely to be repeated in the decadent decade just dawning.

Other films of the teens depicted funny pharmacology: *Easy Street* (1917), in which Charlie Chaplin, late of *Laughing Gas* (1914), performed coke-fortified feats of strength, and Edison's *Morpheus Mike*, an animated opium reverie with special effects by young Willis O'Brien, who later designed the marvelous effects of RKO's *King Kong*. Buster Keaton's *Sherlock Jr.* (1924) offered a brilliant film-within-a-dream-within-a-film sequence that he wryly credited

to "Veronal" Films—the brand of tranquilizer favored by Hollywood filmmakers—to convey the stoned logic of that sequence.

At a time when products generously laced with opium, cocaine, cannabis, morphine, barbiturates and heroin were peddled legally and inexpensively as "pain-killers," "cough mixtures," "consumptive cures" and "women's friends," filmmakers kept up a steady output of slapstick comedies that either exaggerated the effects of these liquids, powders and pills or concocted imaginary potions and narcotic notions of their own. Among the long list of exotic liniments: Elixir of Bravery, Instantaneous Nerve Powder, the Jovial Fluid, Kleptomaniac Tablets and even Love and Good Fellowship Pills. Of the hundreds of silent films detailing the effects of phony potions, one of the oddest is the French *In the Grip of the Vampire* (1909), in which the title cad administers a dose that reduces an heiress to a state of idiocy. After myriad antidotes fail, her sanity is at last restored by a movie!

DOPE IN THE CINEMA: PART I

The silent period's most popular plot hangers—aside from drug abuse—were mistaken identities, dual roles, domestic trauma and pretty girls' valiant attempts to find great success on the stage, to name the classics. Sometimes these elements were combined with a chemical catalyst. *Foolish Matrons* (1921) (part of the "Foolish" series, including *Foolish Husbands*, *Foolish Wives*, etc.) recounted the Big Apple adventures of three women from different social strata, one of whom finds great success on stage. She later weds the man of her dreams, who, due to her subsequent neglect, takes refuge in the needle. The problem is solved when our heroine sees the light and sacrifices her theatrical career to their "mutual" happiness. What qualifies her as foolish is not clear.

In *Reputation* (1921), a woman (Priscilla Dean) deserts her young daughter and finds great success on stage, only to be usurped by a young look-alike (Priscilla Dean) who stands in for her and finds even greater stage success. The older actress turns to dope, commits homicide and plots to pin the rap on the upstart. In the course of the murder trial, the now-addicted actress learns that her hated successor is the daughter she'd earlier abandoned. Swelled with remorse, she owns up and ends it all.

Sowing the Wind (1921 again) begins when convent girl Rosamund realizes that her mom, "Baby" Brabant, is a notorious gambling queen. Shattered, Rosamund renounces her mom and pulls a familial fade. Despondent, mom seeks solace in the dream pipe. Rosamund recovers from her shock to find great success on stage and to hook up with Ned, foster son of a rich man who advises the youth to treat her "as a plaything" because she's beneath his station. At film's end, the father learns that Baby is none other than his former wife (silent film characters had a knack for losing track) and Rosamund, his daughter. This established, Baby passes beyond the pale, leaving Rosamund and Ned to consid-

er any number of quasi-incestuous possibilities.

In *Worldly Madonna* (1922), convent novice Janet (Clara Kimball Young) agrees to impersonate her terpsichorean twin Lucy (Clara Kimball Young), who mistakenly believes she's inadvertently offed a local politician. In the course of investigating the matter, Janet finds great success on the cabaret stage. The politico turns up alive and well enough to woo Janet away from the nunnery, while a confused Lucy confesses to a secret habit and proceeds to "find peace as a nun."

Meanwhile, back at the opium den, the Chinatown myth was ever bolstered in films like *Idle Hands* (1922), in which the Travis Sisters—Gloria and Marjorie—journey to New York in hopes of achieving great success on the stage. Their plans are derailed when Marjorie, the junior, vanishes while on an ill-advised Chinatown lark. Informed long distance of her daughter's disappearance, Mother Travis "dies of shock." Sister Gloria takes the case to the mayor, who entrusts it to the vice commissioner, who secretly runs the underworld. After many misadventures involving the commissioner's opium-fiend son, Marjorie is rescued and the mayor asks her to be his wife.

The occasional filmmaker to treat the Chinese with a modicum of sensitivity received little thanks for it. Marshall Neilan was one such auteur. In his semiexperimental *Bits of Life* (1922), Neilan dealt with the domestic traumas of an opium den proprietor and his wife, a move that prompted the owner of Centralia, Kansas's Electric Theater, to assert, "I can tell you that Chink stuff of that kind won't do if we expect to stay in the game."

Not that the Chinese took this continued abuse lying down. Throughout the silent era, Chinese-American organizations lodged protests complaining of Hollywood's kneejerk racism. When the film crew for Thomas Meighan's *Pied Piper Malone* marched into Chinatown, cameras at the ready, they

The Dividend (1916)



The Mystery of the Leaping Fish

were repelled by flying stones, vegetables and shoes.

Smuggling has been a cinematic staple since the ever-exploited Elaine, celluloid rival of the ever-imperiled Pauline, routed a band of illicit opium importers in the 1915 serial *The New Exploits of Elaine*. Morphine and opium, with the emphasis on the latter (attributable to its ever-popular "yellow peril" slant) were usually the culprits. Only one silent film, *Yellow Contraband* (1928), dealt with heroin smuggling. The major motion pictures to exploit this theme were Tod Browning's *Drifting* (1923), John Ford's *The Blue Eagle* (1926) and *Quicksands* (1924), produced and penned by young Howard Hawks.

Since much of the morphine and opium filtered into the U.S. by way of Mexico and Canada, smuggling naturally figured in a number of silent Westerns and Mountie adventures. Such famed, near-famed and obscure sagebrush stars as Tom Mix (*The Drift-*

er), Hoot Gibson (*The Loaded Door*), Jack Hoxie (*Border Sheriff*), Leo Maloney (*Loser's End*), Fred Thomson (*Hands Across the Border*) and Wally Wales (*Skedaddle Gold*) took turns collaring dope traffickers, while square-jawed members of the RCMP got their pusher men in the likes of *Duty First*, *Dangerous Trails*, *McGuire of the Mounted* and *The Devil's Masterpiece*. Equally vigilant were IRS agents (*The Devil Within*), Secret Service men (*Through Thick and Thin*), Texas Rangers (*Crashing Courage*), the Army (*Quicksands*), Coast Guard (*Harbor Patrol*) and even the Postal Service (*Air Mail*). Of all the tireless movie border guardians, only one was Chinese (in 1929's *China Slaver*). Americans still cast that race of "foreign devils" primarily in a villainous light.

While smugglers, peddlers and fiends went about their evil-doing in various silent tear-jerkers, dope did not be-

The Whole World is Behind
Mrs. Wallace Reid

HUMAN WRECKAGE

Human
Wreckage
(1923)



The Pace That Kills (1928)

come the target of a concentrated crusade until the release of *Human Wreckage* in 1923. At the time, Hollywood high-lifers were freely availing themselves of the pleasures of opium, cocaine and all manner of exotic mind cuisine—as well as bootleg hooch, expensive playthings, each other and whatever other decadent desiderata sudden riches might buy. Studio dealers had long been a part of the Tinseltown scene, and while their presence provoked some arch intraindustry comment, it stirred little public protest—few outside the film community had any idea what was shaking inside Eden.

Then, in the early Twenties, the ODs of several cherished celebs sparked hostile emotions in a public betrayed by their idols' excesses. Panicked studio heads moved quickly to appease.

Coincidence was not at play when five fiercely antidope films—*Human Wreckage*, *The Drug Traffic*, *The Greatest Menace*, *The Drug Monster* and *The Little Girl*

Next Door—saw release in 1923 alone. That was the year that witnessed the demise of one of Hollywood's most popular stars, Wallace Reid, who went to his reward while undergoing morphine withdrawal at a private sanatorium. Not long before, Olive Thomas—Mary Pickford's sister-in-law and a former Ziegfield Follies headliner—had suffered a fatal combination of morphine and poison. In fact, for a time, there, Tinseltown was Snuff City, with starlets Mabel Normand, Barbara LaMarr, Alma Rubens and Jeanne Eagels all signing off via accidental or deliberate overdoses.

According to several silent-screen scholars, Reid, LaMarr and Rubens were all introduced to drugs by the same studio pusher, an elderly thespian nicknamed "The Count" in a nod to his dignified bearing. Said silent-film director Eddie Sutherland, "Everybody who took drugs in the industry was started by him."

But it was often difficult to determine what held greater

responsibility for their deaths—the chemicals themselves or the scandals and harassment that attended their use. Alma Rubens, after several arrests and more than one sojourn in a mental institution, seemed almost to have willed her death rather than face a life of professional disgrace or resort to the anticlimax of a self-administered overdose.

Though clearly inspired by such lethal Hollywood high jinks, the industry took care to set the new wave of antidope dramas in locales other than film city itself. In *The Drug Traffic*, it is a renowned medico who, wearied by the hectic social life he and his fiancée are leading, begins taking drugs in order to maintain a steady surgical hand; in *The Greatest Menace*, it is a budding young writer who descends into the nefarious nightworld of the slums in search of novelistic inspiration. In *The Little Girl Next Door* (a.k.a. *You Are in Danger*), allegedly based on an Illinois vice commission report, the title heroine rescues her fallen beau from the influence of a Chicago opium ring and persuades him to opt for a more conventional existence in the supposedly saner environs of Harmony, Illinois.

So profitable was this second onslaught of silent dope operas that the 1916 *Devil's Needle* was reissued, replete with revised title cards that, among other things, shifted the blame for Norma Talmadge's morphine addiction from a simple case of unrequited love to "an heritage of shattered nerves from wartime service as a nurse." Norma's former artist's-model role was too professionally similar to that of an actress.

The unchallenged blockbuster of that seminal season of fervor was *Human Wreckage*, a project sponsored by the shrewd widow of Wallace Reid at the encouragement of morals mogul Will Hays, a Presbyterian elder and president of the newly created Motion Pictures Producers and Distributors of America Inc., an intraindustry watchdog organization that promised to brook little nonsense on the

part of dream factory workers.

Reid's troubles were said to have begun with his flirtation with Lady Cocaine—ascribed by some to the grueling production schedules of racing, or "speed," pictures he was doing. His affair with Sister Morphine started soon after, possibly in an attempt to ease the pain inflicted by a serious job-related head injury. In any case, Lady Luck would have no more to do with young Wally, who allegedly had to be propped up before camera in order to complete the last scene of his final film.

In 1922, the dope-de-throned "King of Paramount" was forcefully pressured by Hays and nervous studio execs to commit himself to a sanatorium where he might exorcise his vile habit. To further counteract negative publicity that was already costing Paramount a pretty penny, the cooperative Florence Reid—who sometimes emoted under the screen alias Dorothy Davenport—issued daily reports on her spouse's noble struggle to lick his addiction, while the sanctimonious Hays publicly advised: "The unfortunate Mr. Reid should be dealt with as a diseased person—not to be censured, shunned."

On January 18, 1923, Reid, 30 years old, died at the sanatorium under mysterious circumstances. One rumor even had it that he'd been ordered "put to sleep" by embarrassed industry heads.

"Wally was cured but terribly debilitated," offered his enthusiastic, if not downright merry, widow. "Only a return to the drug under control could have saved his life. He refused."

Following the funeral, Mrs. Reid's first public act of conscience was to reveal to authorities the names of those Tinseltown lowlifes who, she insisted, had started Wally down the road better not taken. That out of the way, she got down to fashioning herself a tidy career as a professional widow cum exploitation-film producer by officially declaring a personal war against the mind-changing menace.

Here she is in the Silver

Sheet, in 1923: "I am going to make a motion picture. In that motion picture, I hope to offer to the people of America a great lesson. I hope to show them the menace of drugs, the insidious poisonous serpent that has wormed its way into the bosom of our nation and is feeding upon the best of our talent and youth. And I hope, too, to show them some of the remedies that the wonderful men and women who are attempting to check this evil have evolved. They need only the support of an aroused public to carry these through and to stamp out the white plague that threatens us."

"It was not my idea to make a picture."

"I am very, very tired."

"For two years I have waged my own little battle against this thing, alone and too often in darkness of ignorance. That battle ended in a glorious moral victory robbed of its joy by the loss of my husband...."

"Through no fault of my own—through circumstances that are tragic enough, God knows—I have been placed in a position to carry the banner in the antidrug war. It has been flung to me, as Wally's wife. For his sake and for the sake of the thousands like him who are suffering from this hideous disease, I cannot—I dare not—lay it down."

The Los Angeles Anti-Narcotics League, the mayor, the police chief, the parks commissioner, a U.S. federal judge, a retired IRS official, the president of the University of Southern California and Brigadier Boyd of the Salvation Army—all agreed to appear in the motion picture it was not Mrs. Reid's idea to make. She set busily about scripting and supervising *Human Wreckage*. Exhibiting the same hyperbolic flair Mrs. Vanderbilt had a decade earlier, Mrs. Reid billed the film as the "greatest production in the history of motion pictures," endorsed by the "biggest list of the biggest and best organizations and individuals in the country."

Human Wreckage is the story of a well-heeled but overworked lawyer's struggle to overcome a morphine habit contracted when a doctor prescribes the painkiller to help

the barrister over the rails of a nervous breakdown. Though transparently based on the Reid case, the film coyly avoids mention of the film community. Another fictional element is that the lawyer not only enjoys a "glorious moral victory" but lives to tell the tale, though other of the film's characters do not fare nearly so well.

Incidentally, filmmaker Thomas Ince, whose company released *Human Wreckage*, was himself the fatal victim of a scandal; but this one was covered up by its perpetrator, William Randolph Hearst. In the course of a yachtboard revel, Hearst went gunning for Charlie Chaplin, whom he suspected of having gamahucked his mistress Marion Davies, but accidentally plugged the innocent Ince instead. The Hearst papers dutifully reported the cause of death as heart failure—partially induced, no doubt, by a bullet in the brain—and Citizen H. escaped unscathed. Those same papers would later prove valuable allies of Federal Bureau of Narcotics head Harry J. Anslinger, granting considerable space to his antidrug sermons in the Thirties.

If nothing else, *Human Wreckage* was the most overwrought dope film of the silent era. Employing fevered *Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* style, the film depicted The Pusher as a ghostly, superimposed hyena. The extended hallucination sequences—replete with distorted sets, deranged camera angles and extreme shifts of shadow and light—bore such darkly whimsical titles as the "Ballet of the Addicts" and the "Sea of Dreams." All of which prompted one contemporary critic to opine that the film "might appeal to an audience of those who need narcotics, but to the average person is not pleasing."

The same critic went on to note that though the goods were stashed in hollow shoes, books and pieces of candy, the dopesters "make so much fuss about getting the little piece of paper that through their suspicious conduct they might be more easily detected than if they brazenly took the drug by a shake of the hand."

Other reviewers were more agreeable to the purpose of the picture.

Mrs. Reid, whose onscreen presence might best be described as chilling, cameos as a social worker who rescues a baby from its morphine-mad mother. She also accompanied the film on tour, delivering post-screening lectures. Her involvement in the Cinema of Sleaze didn't end with *Human Wreckage*. Widow Reid's career spanned well over a decade in which she successfully exploited juvenile delinquency (*Broken Laws*, 1924, *Road to Ruin*, 1928, remade in 1934); white slavery (*The Red Kimona*, 1925), and syphilis (*Human Wreckage*, 1934, a title of which she was obviously—and understandably—enamored).

While on the subject of the Reid ordeal, we should mention an unusual entertainment staged by underground filmmaker, self-appointed Hollywood Homer and all-around necrophiliac of the stars, Kenneth Anger. A mixed-media event entitled "Films from Hollywood Babylon" premiered at Berkeley in September 1975. Employing a rock sound track, elaborate props and clips from early dope films like *Mystery of the Leaping Fish*, Anger assembled a blackly comic paean to the perversities of vintage Tinseltown that devoted much of its time to recounting the tawdry behind-the-scenes story of *Human Wreckage*. Since all that remains of the "greatest production in the history of the motion picture" is a single still, Anger was unable to screen it, but eyewitnesses attest that the event was an inspired exercise in high-energy necrophilia nonetheless.

After *Human Wreckage*, and after Hays and crew had tightened the screws on Hollywood hedonists, the industry's antidrug obsession noticeably lessened, thus avoiding the sequel syndrome and sparing us *Son of Human Wreckage*. But there were occasional exceptions to this de-escalation.

Two years after *Human Wreckage*, in 1925, the first explicitly antimarijuana

movie, *Notch Number One*, was released. A Ben Wilson production starring Ben Wilson, a minor action hero of the day, the movie, like many of the era's smuggling yarns, was set out West and dealt with the efforts of a concerned ranch foreman to steer his hired hands clear of the devil's weed.

In one scene, Wilson, extending a reefer for the scrutiny of an unseasoned cowpoke, warns: "They're marijuana, a devilish narcotic. And if you smoke them, you go bughouse, loco and want to raise H— in general." Which is precisely what the heedless hand proceeds to do. Another antiweed Western, *Death Weed* (recently rereleased for its considerable camp value by New Line Cinema under the title *High on the Range*), starred former stuntman and still-active second-unit director Yakima Canutt, billed "The World's Greatest Cowboy," as a wrangler who rues the day he ever met up with mary jane.

Wild Oats Lane (1925), an adaptation of George H. Broadhurst's 1922 play, sported a story line similar to that of the twice-filmed *Little Girl Next Door*. This time girl's efforts to save boy backfire. He winds up an addict, she a prostitute, until both are eventually reformed by the same priest, after which they vow to straighten up and fly right. In 1927, Sierra Pictures reissued *Was He Guilty?*, a 1919 addiction drama, to cash in on the current celebrity of actor William Boyd (not the Hopalong William Boyd).

That same year, the Code of the Motion Picture Industry drew up a list of "Don'ts and Be Carefuls" that incorporated sanctions against "the illegal traffic in drugs, use of drugs" and the "deliberate seduction of girls" (accidental seduction presumably okay). All three strictures were promptly violated in *The Pace That Kills*, an anticocaine polemic of 1928 that would achieve greater notoriety when it was remade as part of narcotics-bureau head Harry Anslinger's world antidope war. But therein lies a tale that must wait until next time to be told.

Next Month: The Talkies. ■

A connoisseur chooses the champions of contraband aircargo. By Dave Noland



TRAMP FREIGHTERS Of The SKY

For several years the small private plane has accounted for a considerable share of the dope imported by the U.S. But successful smugglers are now dealing in tons instead of kilos, and the little Pipers and Cessnas just can't hack the big loads of today.

Increasingly, aerosmugglers are turning to battered, obsolete, propeller-driven transports and bombers from the Forties and Fifties. Though they've served on the front lines from Tokyo to the Bay of Pigs, thousands of these old tramp freighters of the sky are still flying every day, doing the shit jobs of aviation, hauling auto parts and cattle, ladies' underwear and newsprint—and, they say, a little dope now and then.

When fitted out for legal, profitable commercial service, many of the old tramps still command a good price. But if they've been out of commission for a while, prices can sink to near giveaway levels. A DC-7 sold for \$1.5 million when it was the pride of United's fleet, but nowadays an airworthy DC-7 can be had for \$35,000.

The economics of Big Dope and old airplanes thus makes it feasible—indeed, very profitable—to buy a four-engine transport, use it to haul one load and then abandon it. As a result, smuggler pilots can plan controlled crash-landings in remote forest clearings, swamps or deserts, vastly reducing the chances of a bust.

Here, then, for the Big Loads, are the Ten Best Tramps, based on availability, price, payload and speed.



HOWARD 500

Payload: 10,000 lbs

Range: 1,200 miles

Price: \$50,000 to \$100,000 Speed: 300 mph

For a brief period in the early Sixties, the Howard 500 was the hot shit of the business fleet, a plush, 5,000-h.p. spruced-up version of the old World War II Lockheed Ventura patrol bomber. But the jet age happened fast in private aviation, and only 22 of the beasts were built. Pratt & Whitney R-2800-CB17 engines, the peak of piston-engine art, enabled the Howard to fly 350 mph for six or seven hours with a five-ton payload, performing better than the turboprop Grumman Gulfstream that "obsoleted" it. Eight-



een Howards are still flying, most of them immaculately maintained by doting owners.

For all its style and performance, the Howard can be a killer if an engine fails at low altitude. "It'll reach up and grab you by the gonads before you know what hit you," warns one Howard pilot.



DOUGLAS DC-6A

Payload: 35,000 lbs

Range: 2,000 miles

Price: \$100,000 to \$250,000 Speed: 300 mph

Although the DC-6 looks very much like the DC-4, it is a much more sophisticated airplane. With its four 2,400-h.p. Pratt & Whitney R-2800s, it can lift nearly 20 tons, 75 percent more than the DC-4 can handle. In addition, the Six is pressurized, which means the crew does not have to wear oxygen masks at high altitudes. It is also fitted with thermal de-icing equipment on the wings, tail and windshield, a major plus for foul-weather flying.

A DC-6A cargo plane or a DC-6B "baby-type" passenger model converted for cargo use can command a quarter of a million dollars. (A straight DC-6B can be bought for much less than that, but the conversion to cargo configuration—front and rear loading doors plus a strengthened floor—can cost \$150,000.) Because of its excellent reliability and high payload, the DC-6 is probably better suited than any airplane for hauling large payloads at low cost.

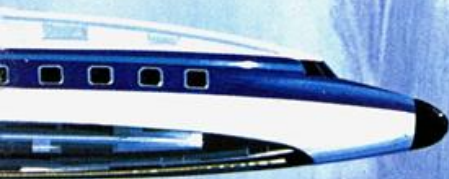
SPECIAL BONUS SUPPLEMENT—NAVIGATION GEAR

The long range and relatively high cruising speeds of these aerial tramp freighters present special navigational problems. How do you find your way at night, in bad weather, from an unmarked strip in Colombia's Guajira Peninsula over 1,500 miles of open water to a landing field chopped out of the woods on a West Virginia mountaintop? The navigation gear in most of these old junks is likely to be antiquated at best, and the remote airstrips most suitable for smuggling rarely have instrument landing systems.

The answer: a miracle \$30,000 gadget called the On Trac II. It'll tell a pilot precisely where he is (within 0.1 mile) *anywhere in the world under any conditions*. The pilot need only punch the latitude and longitude of his destination into the On Trac's computer keyboard to get an instant readout of the heading, distance and time-to-fly to the destination.

The On Trac locates itself by analyzing signals from the U.S. Navy's seven VLF (Very Low Frequency) transmitting stations scattered around the world. Unlike standard radio waves, the ultra-long-range VLF signals propagate through any type of weather or terrain.

An On Trac may double the cost of your smuggling bird, but for the price of an extra 50 pounds of Colombian weed, it's an unbeatable bargain.



LOCKHEED 1049H SUPER CONSTELLATION

Payload: 50,000 lbs **Range: 2,500 miles**
Price: \$50,000 to \$100,000 **Speed: 300 mph**

For aesthetically minded smugglers, there is no better choice than a 1049H Super Constellation. Many aerobuffs consider the serpentine, triple-tailed Super Connie the most beautiful airliner ever built—and its 50,000 pound payload and 5,500-cubic-foot cargo capacity ain't too shabby, neither. Unfortunately, Connies are rather rare and are powered by fearsomely complicated Wright R-3350 turbo compound engines, which have poor maintenance and reliability records. The R-3350 also requires 115/145 octane fuel, which is not widely available.

There are a few Connies around—at very depressed prices—that are not equipped with cargo doors. Although unsuitable for commercial operation, a passenger Connie would do dope smugglers just fine if they had an air stair and didn't mind loading slowly.



CESSNA CITATION

Payload: 1,500 lbs **Range: 750 miles**
Price: \$500,000 to \$900,000 **Speed: 400 mph**

For well-heeled smugglers with brass balls, a small business jet offers speed, decent range and, above all, *respectability*. What bust-crazed narc is going to look with suspicion upon the pilot of a 500-mph executive board room of the air?

Perhaps the bizjet best suited for smuggling operations is the Cessna Citation, which has the lowest price and best short-field capabilities of any private jet. The Citation, loaded to the roof, can safely fly out of runways as short as 3,300 feet. The Citation is also certified by the FAA to use dirt and gravel runways.

Other popular bizjets include the Lear jet (fantastic speed and climb, but needs a lot of runway), Lockheed Jetstar (four—count 'em, four—engines), Rockwell Sabreliner, Jet Commander, DH-125, the French Dassault Falcon and the ultimate, the six-million Grumman G-II.

If the Citation is too small or slow for you, consider the Dassault Falcon. Federal Express, a freight airline, operates a fleet of 32 Falcons that log 25 million miles a year. "No other jet is even remotely comparable in terms of payload and cubic footage per dollar," Federal Express chairman Fred Smith told *High Times*.

LOCKHEED P-38L

Payload: 1,000 lbs **Range: 250 miles**
Price: \$25,000 to \$100,000 **Speed: 400 mph**

The P-38L is a legendary WWII fighter, designed by Lockheed genius Kelly Johnson (same guy who designed the CIA's U-2 spyplane). It was feared by *Luftwaffe* pilots, who called it *gabelschwanz Teufel* ("fork-tailed devil").

Because of the small, podlike fuselage, only compact, high-value dope shipments can be economically carried. Spacious camera bays in the noses of photo-reconnaissance versions of the P-38 make them preferable for

smuggling operations. Optional 300-gallon drop tanks under the wing provide an extra 40 cubic feet of storage.

Only P-38L and later models should be considered. Earlier types did not have hydraulic controls and required extremely high stick forces. The superchargers on the liquid-cooled Allison V-1710 engines are notoriously unreliable, although at high rpm and full boost they make one of the sweetest sounds ever to reach the eardrums.

The P-38 is very difficult to control if an engine quits. An abrupt engine failure during an overloaded max-performance takeoff normally causes the aircraft to execute an immediate double-snap roll and dive into the ground, despite all pilot wishes and efforts to the contrary.

Despite its shortcomings in range, payload and safety, the P-38 is unsurpassed for raw style. If you want to flaunt it, flaunt it in this one, the symbol of *High Times* airpower.



GLOSSARY

PAYLOAD The maximum weight of dope an airplane is able to carry with reasonable safety (20 percent more than the legal maximum FAA-certified payload). If large amounts of fuel are carried for extremely long flights, the payload may have to be reduced.

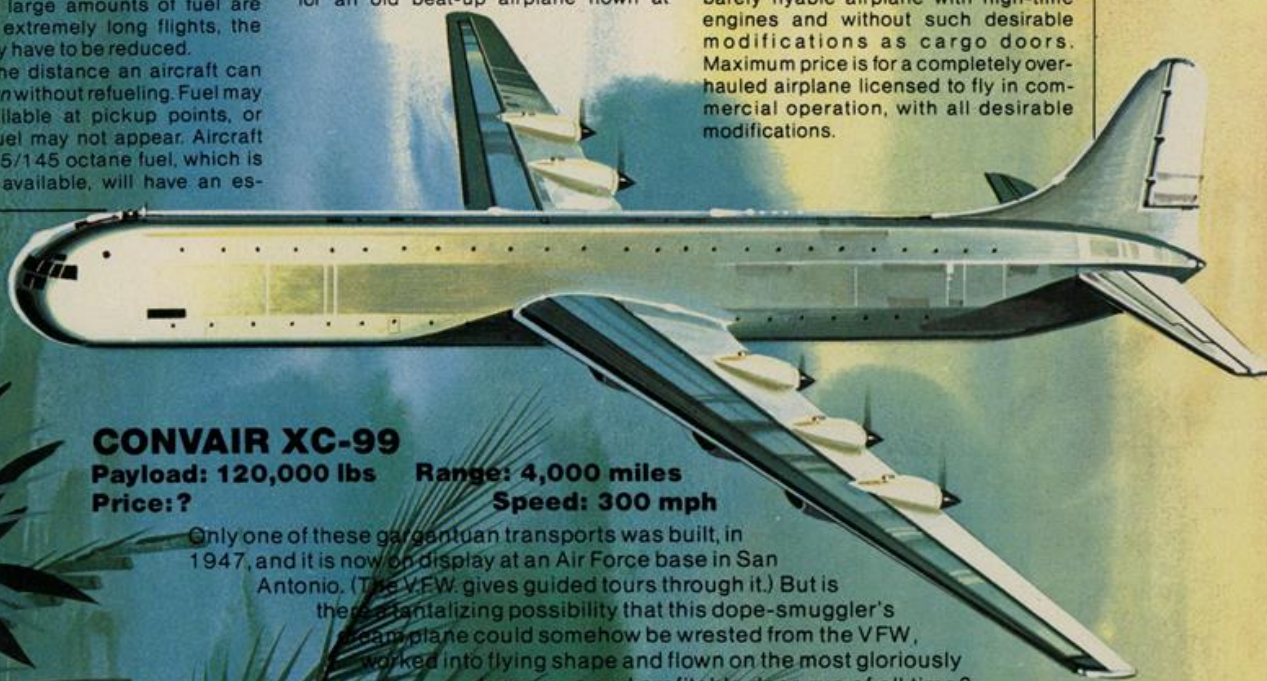
RANGE The distance an aircraft can fly and return without refueling. Fuel may not be available at pickup points, or promised fuel may not appear. Aircraft that use 115/145 octane fuel, which is not widely available, will have an es-

pecially difficult time getting fuel at the pickup point. Range figure does not include fuel reserves carried by commercial aircraft.

SPEED Realistic airspeed estimate for an old beat-up airplane flown at

economy-cruise power settings. These figures are lower than the manufacturers' claims for new airplanes under optimum conditions.

PRICE The lowest prices are for a barely flyable airplane with high-time engines and without such desirable modifications as cargo doors. Maximum price is for a completely overhauled airplane licensed to fly in commercial operation, with all desirable modifications.



CONVAIR XC-99

**Payload: 120,000 lbs Range: 4,000 miles
Price: ? Speed: 300 mph**

Only one of these gargantuan transports was built, in 1947, and it is now on display at an Air Force base in San Antonio. (The VFW gives guided tours through it.) But is there a tantalizing possibility that this dope-smuggler's dream plane could somehow be wrested from the VFW, worked into flying shape and flown on the most gloriously dangerous and profitable dope run of all time?

The XC-99 would certainly be up to the task. Its six four-row, 28-cylinder, dual-supercharged Pratt & Whitney R-4360s are the most powerful gasoline engines on earth. Its cargo bay encompasses 30,000 cubic feet, enough for literally millions of lids of grass. In fact, with its long, tubelike fuselage filled with loosely packed grass, the XC-99 would closely resemble a huge flying joint. High society needs the XC-99. Who will make the first move?

CONVAIR PBY CATALINA

**Payload: 15,000 lbs
Range: 1,500 miles
Speed: 100 mph
Price: \$50,000 to \$100,000**

The Navy's sluggish old PBY amphibian patrol boat adds a whole new dimension to dope-smuggling logistics.



Beaches, lakes and rivers become potential pickup, unloading and refueling points; a PBY can even rendezvous off-shore beyond the three-mile limit with courier boats.

Water-flying is a high art, however, and a smuggler is advised to have a bona-fide PBY pilot for any clandestine water operations. (Smuggler Ken Burnstine discovered that the hard way; Burnstine's PBY now rests in pieces at the bottom of the ocean.)

Many PBYs have been modified into luxurious flying yachts. One, in fact, is reportedly furnished with the interior of Captain Nemo's submarine *Nautilus* from Disney's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*. Jacques Cousteau uses a PBY for undersea exploration.

Check carefully for corrosion before buying; salt water can eat away the innards, no matter how shiny the exterior.

CANADAIR CL-44

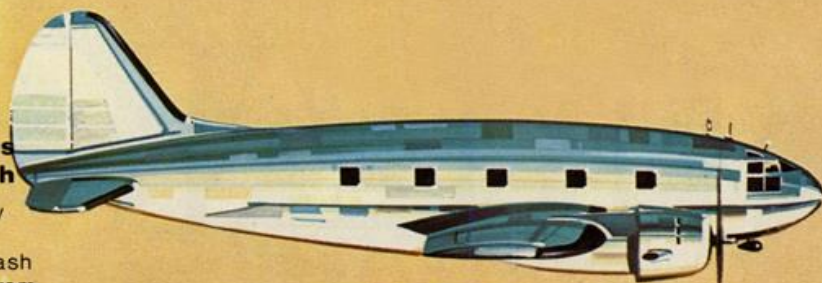
Payload: 80,000 lbs

Price: \$1 to \$1.5 million

Range: 2,500 miles

Speed: 350 mph

If you seek the ultimate tramp freighter and you have many dollars, abandon all further search. This Canadian-built turboprop cargo plane will haul 40 tons of Afghani hash (street value in New York, \$150 million) nonstop from the fields to the users.



The CL-44 is custom designed for lightning getaways. The entire rear section of the fuselage swings open, revealing a gaping maw that swallows trucks like a speed freak pops bennies.

A CL-44 is difficult to come by these days, because it takes at least a million-five to pry a good one loose from the cargo airlines. The Bristol Britannia, a less powerful transport version formerly operated by BOAC and the RAF, is much cheaper, but it lacks the swing tail.

DOUGLAS DC-4 (C-54)

Payload: 20,000 lbs

Range: 1,500 miles

Price: \$40,000 to \$80,000

Speed: 200 mph

Douglas Aircraft was introducing its DC-4 airliner when World War II came along, so they began turning out a C-54 military version by the thousands. After The Big One, some 500 C-54s found their way into civilian hands, and many of them are still flying. Most have been converted for cargo use; they offer excellent payload per dollar.



NORTH AMERICAN B-25

Payload: 6,000 lbs

Range: 1,000 miles

Price: \$5,000 to \$15,000

Speed: 250 mph

You saw 'em in *Thirty Seconds over Tokyo* and you saw 'em in *Catch-22*. A handful of these World War II medium

CURTISS C-46

Payload: 18,000 lbs

Range: 1,000 miles

Price: \$35,000 to \$75,000

Speed: 200 mph

The Curtiss C-46 never achieved the legendary status of the C-47, but it will carry twice the load and has more volume in its bulbous humpbacked fuselage. The C-46 gained fame flying "the Hump" from Burma to China, for both its airlifting feats and its terrible safety record. The C-46 was considered so dangerous under single-engine operation it was never approved for commercial passengers.

Nevertheless, hundreds of C-46s are still used as cargo planes, many of them flying between Miami and South America. This fact makes the C-46 an excellent cover plane for Caribbean smuggling operations. A battered C-46 arriving at Miami International from South America would cause no more stir than a 727 from New York.

The C-46 is not a good short-field airplane, however, and its poor single-engine performance makes good engine maintenance imperative.

The DC-4's strong suit is its short-field performance—much better than the later, more powerful DC-6. One DC-4 has already become a media star because of its ability to haul dope into tight places. In 1975, the famous "Polk County Pot Plane" landed with 3,200 pounds of marijuana and 85 kilo bricks of hash on a makeshift 1,000-foot strip hacked out of the Georgia woods.

The DC-4 has somewhat limited range and speed and is not suitable for high altitudes, but it will carry ten tons of Colombia's finest out of a short jungle strip at a very low cost. It may be the best choice for high-volume, medium-range smuggling operations.

bombers are still flying. Some are meticulously restored, flying museum-pieces, but others are ratty enough to sell dirt cheap—cheaper, in fact, than any plane on our list.

The B-25 has features that DC-6s and Connies lack: nice little smuggling options like .50 caliber machine guns in the nose, tail and dorsal turret. Firepower like that will not only knock the border patrol's Maule M-5 patrol planes right out of the sky but also will significantly increase the smuggler's macho rating among Latin dope lords.

The B-25's bomb bay can also be an asset in case of a suspected double-cross or bust. A stash of several tons can be carried there; and if a pilot suspects he's being shadowed, he need merely flip a lever and (shudder!) dump the shit into the wild blue yonder. ☐

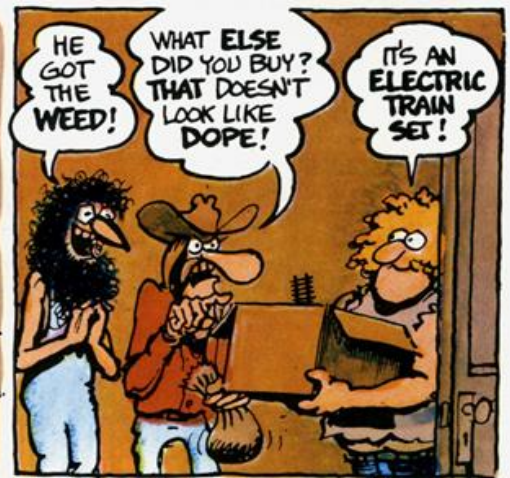
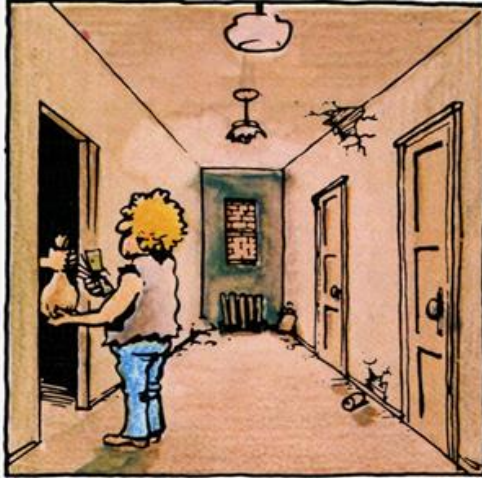
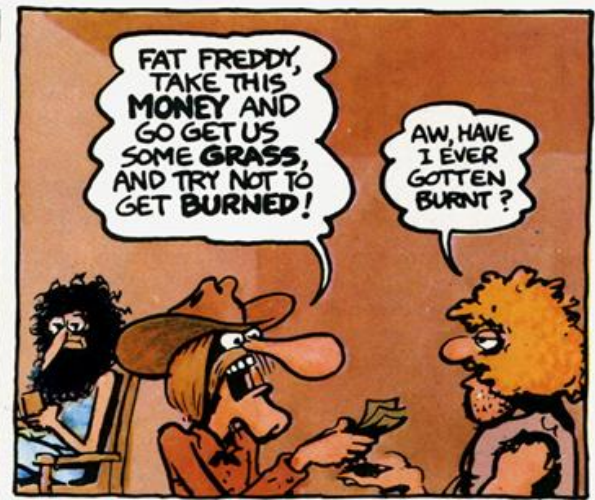
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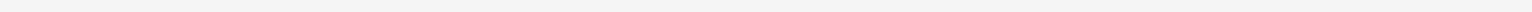
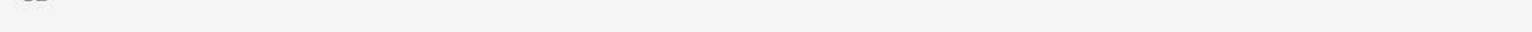
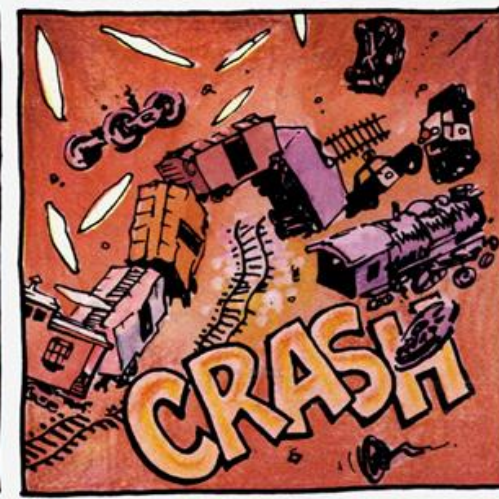
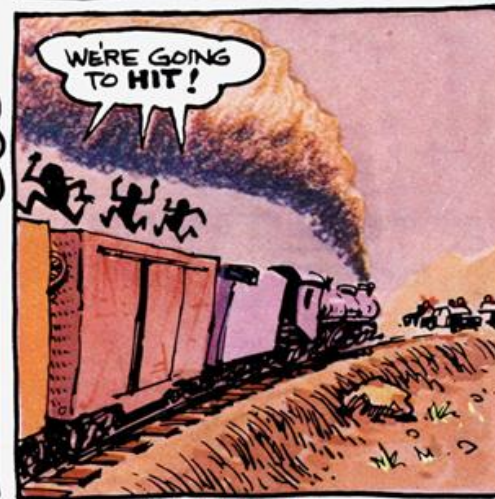
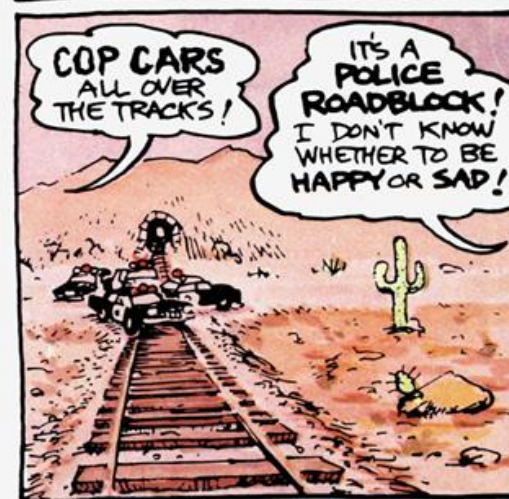
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Dope Dictators

(continued from page 58)

ice (the Customs people were particularly provoked by the DEA's trick of smuggling drugs in under their noses to bust the buyers by entrapment) and the agency's general incompetence and dereliction of duties. Several high-ranking DEA officials were even caught abusing their telephone credit cards in the manner of hippie "phone phreaks."³

Such was the legacy of the Plumbers to the DEA. Even its first chief administrator, John Bartels, was powerless to resist the Watergate approach to drug law enforcement, although he later showed a keen grasp of what Kissinger wanted. Bartels was finally forced to resign in June 1975 for his own alleged role in DEA corruption and cover-ups, but his purchase of the "right stuff" was clearly demonstrated by his inclusion on the White House Domestic Council Drug Abuse Task Force.

Now, pay attention. The chairman of the White House Domestic Council was Vice-President Rockefeller. Rockefeller, as the world knows, was Henry Kissinger's sponsor for many years before Kissinger's rise to fame, recognizing early that Kissinger's Spenglerian visions of the balance of power were tailor-made for the needs of Rockefeller as leader of the entire neo-colonial system. Thus Rockefeller, Kissinger and Bartels were the true authors of the Domestic Council Drug Abuse Task Force's "White Paper on Drug Abuse," which was presented to President Ford on September 7, 1975.

A stupefyingly boring document, the white paper raised a few eyebrows by recommending low-priority enforcement for pot (a concession to the present decline in antimarijuana attitudes, made in the hope that antiheroin fervor, and therefore the Dope War, will remain acceptable to the public). On the whole, however, the media managed to contain its enthusiasm for the white paper, which embodied the first and only full policy statement on the ways and means of exporting the Dope War, as follows:

No matter how hard we fight the problem of drug abuse at home, we cannot make really significant progress unless we succeed in gaining cooperation from foreign governments, because many of the serious drugs of abuse originate in foreign countries. . . .

In order to encourage the greatest possible commitment from other governments on this joint problem, the task force believes that narcotics control should be discussed at the highest levels. . . . These discussions should deal not only with illicit opium, but with other drugs as well. . . .

The key objectives of the international program are to gain the support of other nations for narcotics control, and to strengthen narcotics control efforts and capabilities within foreign governments. These objectives can be achieved through internationalization of the drug program, cooperative enforcement and enforcement assistance, and control of raw materials. . . .

In many countries, drug abuse is still seen as principally an American problem. Many countries are unaware of the extent of their own drug abuse. . . .

The report stresses the importance of holding other "victim countries" to their obligations under the U.N. drug treaties

and recommends that the U.S. help expedite those obligations through technical and equipment assistance, formal training of enforcement officials and aid in crop destruction or substitution. It is crucial to understanding these recommendations to realize that the equipment to be given includes guns, defoliants and Vietnam-tested "Huey-type" Bell helicopters and that the police forces to receive them are often the de facto standing armies of their nations. The equipment is to be accompanied by special advisers and instructors. Above all, the entire program is directed not against the fabled "kingpins" of heroin traffic but against the opium- and marijuana-growing farmers, who profit least from the drug trade. The report hopes that the farmers will eventually discover other cash crops but virtually ensures a standing antinarcotics army and police force in either case.

Armed with a doctrine of national security and full diplomatic and military support, the DEA has two other powerful weapons. One is the CIA. From its beginning, the DEA has enjoyed the benefit of 64 former CIA agents' membership in the intelligence section alone and has sent an unknown number of narcs for training by the CIA. As late as October 1975, a known 41 DEA narcs were still on the CIA payroll, and George Bush, the former U.N. representative, remains on the CCINC in his present capacity, director of the CIA—

3. For full accounts of alleged DEA mischief, see Frank Browning, "An American Gestapo," *Playboy*, January 1976; "Keystone Narcs," *New Republic*, Nov. 22, 1975; and ongoing coverage in *High Times*.

MICHAEL MANLEY

Jamaica: ganja

JOSÉ LOPEZ PORTILLO

Mexico: marijuana, heroin

GENERAL OMAR TORRIJOS

Panama: marijuana

GENERAL KJELL LAUGERUD GARCIA

Guatemala: marijuana

GENERAL JUAN ALBERTO MELGAR

CASTRO

Honduras: marijuana

COLONEL ARTURO ARMANDO

MOLINA

El Salvador: marijuana

GENERAL ANASTASIO SOMOZA

DEBAYLE

Nicaragua: marijuana

DANIEL ODUBER QUIROS

Costa Rica: marijuana

LYNDEN O. PINDLING

Bahamas: marijuana

ERIC WILLIAMS

Trinidad and Tobago: marijuana

J. M. G. ADAMS

Barbados: marijuana

ERIC MATTHEW GAIRY

Grenada: nutmeg

FORBES BURNHAM

Guyana: marijuana

HENCK A. E. ARRON

Surinam: marijuana

VALÉRY GISCARD D'ESTAING

French Guiana: marijuana

GENERAL ERNESTO GEISEL

Brazil: marijuana, cocaine, yagé

JUAN MARIA BORDABERRY

Uruguay: marijuana

ALFONSO LÓPEZ MICHELSEN

Colombia: marijuana, cocaine

ADMIRAL ALFREDO POVEDA

BURBANO

Ecuador: marijuana, cocaine

GENERAL FRANCISCO MORALES

BERMUDEZ

Peru: cocaine

GENERAL HUGO BANZER SUAREZ

Bolivia: cocaine

GENERAL AUGUSTO PINOCHET

UGARTE

Chile: cocaine

GENERAL JORGE RAFAEL VIDELA

Argentina: marijuana, cocaine

GENERAL FERDINAND E. MARCOS

Philippines: marijuana, heroin

GENERAL ALFREDO STROESSNER

Paraguay: marijuana, cocaine, heroin transshipment

GENERAL TANIN KRAIVIXIEN

Thailand: opium, marijuana

QUEEN ELIZABETH II

Hong Kong: heroin

KING BIRENDA BIR BIKRAM SHAH

DEVA

Nepal: hashish

ZULFIKAR ALI BHUTTO

Pakistan: hashish

SULEYMAN DEMIREL

Turkey: opium

GENERAL IDI AMIN

Uganda: marijuana

BALTHAZAR JOHN VORSTER

South Africa: marijuana, general narcotics transshipment

MRS. SIRIMAVO BANDARANAIKE

Sri Lanka: cannabis, general narcotics transshipment

EMPEROR HIROHITO

Japan: general narcotics traffic

GENERAL SUHARTO

Indonesia: marijuana, heroin

which, as he modestly told the House Select Committee on Narcotics Control and Abuse, is "not impotent" in matters of drug law intelligence and enforcement.

Finally the DEA has the controversial "buy-and-bust" system at its disposal. The system allots the DEA a substantial budget (\$9,900,000 for fiscal year 1976) to buy drugs from "dealers" whom it then busts—a classic instance of institutionalized entrapment. As used by the DEA in the U.S., "buy-and-bust" has some drawbacks: the high prices offered by narcs anxious for busts virtually force ordinary users to become dealers, while professional dealers smell trouble and stay away; agents have been known to traffic in confiscated drugs; and the infusion of DEA capital actually stimulates the growth of the illicit drug industry itself. Thus as a law-enforcement tool, "buy-and-bust" is far from perfect.

Why, then, does the DEA persist in defending it, despite constant criticism? Would it not be reasonable and prudent to jettison this obsolete precinct-house practice, at least for appearance sake? On the contrary, "buy-and-bust" is a diplomatic instrument of great subtlety, for lo, it brings forth a "drug problem" where there was none, or no major one, before. Equally important, it gives the DEA access (through resale) to funds that do not have to be voted by Congress, thereby freeing DEA executives from the messy chore of explaining their "covert operations" and dirty tricks to thrifty legislators.

In fact, its relatively small budget makes the DEA look innocuous, on par with, say, Fisheries and Hatcheries. (The whole con was perfected by the CIA years ago: the "front companies," "Delaware corporations" and "proprietarys," whose innocent-looking activities give cover to agents, channel funds to CIA-backed unions, parties, guerrillas, etc., and generate millions of unaccountable dollars that may be put to unspeakable purposes.)

Hoping we have not dwelt overlong on the mechanics of the Dope War, let us now turn to those stable allies, our friendly friends the Dope Dictators, and see how they are faring in their gallant little stands against drug abuse.

Just as Hitler and Mussolini tested the blitzkrieg in Spain in 1937, the DEA fought the first skirmish of the Dope War in Jamaica in 1973. As we have seen, one result of Operation Intercept was the discovery of Jamaica by marijuana smugglers. By 1972, Jamaican marijuana (ganja) exports rivaled, and possibly exceeded, Mexican exports. Indeed, ganja became the island's third largest industry at a time when the entire economy and political structure had reached a crisis unparalleled in its history. Jamaica's economy is controlled by U.S. corporations: Alcan, Kaiser, Alcoa, Reynolds, Anaconda and Revere, who are the chief miners and buyers of the island's principal export, bauxite, from which aluminum is made.

But the bauxite deposits will soon be exhausted. The tourist industry, run by British and American hotel chains, is increasingly hard put to attract tourists aware of Jamaica's growing reputation for racial tension, violence, poverty, martial law and drugs (not to mention the increasing probability of ordinary tourists being arrested and brutally interrogated as suspected smugglers). United Brands—formerly United Fruit—no longer owns plantations in Jamaica but buys most of the country's produce, thus dictating prices. The resulting futility of agricultural life has sent thousands of Jamaicans to Kingston to seek industrial jobs, but industry is abandoning Jamaica to seek bauxite in more stable environments. Jamaica's urban unemployed and rural workers have become the world's leading poverty group outside of India. The marijuana trade therefore offers the island a chance to achieve, for the first time, a decent standard of living.

Unfortunately, ganja is still very illegal in Jamaica, and the influx of money and guns⁴ has only made the smoldering racial hatreds and economic desperation more intense. The administration of Michael Manley, elected prime minister in 1972, seemed to offer the Jamaican people some hope, but Manley's sincere attempt to better the lot of the majority of poor blacks was of little avail in the face of the island's economic obsolescence. As the murder rate soared to 2,000 a year (on an island of 2 million), including political leaders of all parties and foreign businessmen and diplomats, Manley was forced to ban black power literature and leaders and enact a gun law providing for immediate incarceration for life of anyone caught with a firearm. But Manley's government in Kingston was still troubled by the Rastafarian religious sect, which controlled the countryside and the ganja trade. Though pacifists with a mellow back-to-Africa set, the Rastafarians were now in a position to clear themselves a little breathing space in "Babylon." In short, Jamaica was ripe to become another Cuba in 1974. Then the DEA launched Operation Buccaneer.

The first major DEA action abroad, Operation Buccaneer, lasted from June to December 1974 and involved the transfer to Jamaica of numerous U.S. aircraft, air surveillance devices (radar) and narcotics personnel. The DEA used the Jamaican police and military but retained vital control of planning. The DEA also coordinated U.S. Coast Guard and Customs surveillance of Jamaican sea traffic and supplied flamethrowers, helicopters and herbicides for the destruction of ganja fields. On his end, the generally left-leaning Manley in-

4. In Jamaica and other dope-exporting countries, growers have to fear counterfeit U.S. currency and often insist on being paid in guns, which are highly negotiable items in the Kingston slums. In Mexico, the grass-for-guns exchange has become the standard method of arming the growing number of rural guerrillas.

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troduced massive repression in the form of the Suppression of Crime Act (1974), which allowed secret trials, withholding of bail and indeterminate prison sentences for offenders. Americans and Jamaicans who were apprehended during and after Operation Buccaneer told lurid tales of torture (but nothing to compare with later DEA atrocities in Mexico, Colombia and the Philippines). In addition to massive roundups of suspects and the defoliation of ganja fields, the DEA destroyed the smugglers' mountaintop landing strips (mainly USAF leftovers from World War II) and even planted iron poles on the sides of highways to shear off the wings of aircraft. By December 14, Operation Buccaneer claimed the seizure and destruction of 730,000 pounds of ganja, plus hashish, marijuana seeds and 20 pounds of cocaine en route from Latin America. Numerous firearms, 10 aircraft, 17 vessels and \$143,000 in cash were also seized. Five hundred acres of ganja were destroyed and guards set over them. The Jamaican export ganja trade was effectively destroyed (although smoking is still near universal on the island).⁵

In the process, the Jamaican Ministry of Defense, as well as the police, were virtually converted to an auxiliary narcotics force—which, in theory, they remain, keeping a lid on the ganja growers with the help of the DEA. In effect, Manley now has unlimited military force as well as complete control of the judicial system, weapons that may be employed anytime the "drug problem" (it used to be communist subversion) gets out of hand. With Jamaica "stabilized," Manley became the first Dope Dictator.⁶

Unlike Jamaica, Mexico is among the more prosperous nations of the Western hemisphere. However, 95 percent of the nation's wealth is in the hands of 15 percent of the population and its commercial partners in the U.S. and Europe. Of a population of 58 million, 25 million Mexicans are peasants—4 million of whom have no land 66 years after the revolution of 1910, which was fought to win land for every Mexican peasant. The other peasants live on tiny *ejido* farms, generally too poor to buy equipment, grain and fertilizer and under constant pressure to sell out to agro-industrial landholders (who conceal illegally contiguous estates with dummy owners). Mexico's peasants also enjoy chronic underemployment, illiteracy and disease: while they can occasionally pick up two dollars a day as laborers on the large estates, the work is seasonal and many peasants have little alternative to the wetback route.

Mexican political power resides in the Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI), continuously in office since 1910 and very much the party of the bankers, industrialists, businessmen and foreign interests. The businessmen love their government and are fond of quoting the proverb "In

Mexico, government is business and business is government." Apart from enormous investments in Mexico, the U.S. has a vital interest in seeing a politically stable and economically secure neighbor on its southern border. As for the peasants, few are registered voters; the PRI candidates are the only ones on the ballot, and the ministries are corrupt and confusing bureaucracies. As in Jamaica, the short-term solution to the peasants' plight is marijuana; in the long run, only a political and economic reform so drastic that the PRI must regard it as revolutionary can help.

Until recently, the peasants who stuck to the marijuana trade were generally ignored. Gustavo Diaz Ordaz, president from 1964 to 1970, dealt strictly with the radical intelligentsia, jailing most of the leaders of the student movement in 1968 and massacring 300 students at the Plaza del Tlatelolco in Mexico City later that year (for the CIA connection, see Philip Agee's *Inside the Company: CIA Diary*). Dias' successor, Luis Echeverria (who, as minister of the interior, apparently directed the mass arrests and the Mexico City massacre), freed nearly 900 political prisoners in 1971 but continued to deal harshly with any opposition, suppressing one student march that year by killing 30 marchers. Echeverria then turned to the peasant rebels who had begun to finance their amateurish insurrections with profits of the booming grass trade.

During Echeverria's administration, the violence on both sides has increased to its bloodiest peak since the days of Pancho Villa. Hundreds of peasants and soldiers were killed in pitched battles in 1974 and 1975. Peasant leaders have been bought off as liberally as possible or, in cases like that of the now legendary schoolteacher-turned-guerrilla Luciano Cabanas, relentlessly pursued and assassinated. In one incident, in June 1971, right-wing "shock troops" armed by Mexico City police and businessmen with bamboo staves, automatic pistols and machine guns killed 13 or more antigovernment demonstrators. In retaliation, Mexican radicals kidnapped several U.S. and British diplomats during the next few years. U.S. Vice-Consul Terrance G. Leonhardy was abducted on May 4, 1973,

5. Smugglers responded by opening up the Colombian grass market. Many American dopers would not smoke Jamaican ganja now if they had the opportunity to do so.

6. Manley's troubles are far from over, though he can cope with them more forcefully. Violence and racial strife aggravated by the still plummeting economy led to the declaration of martial law in July 1976, along with massive cordon-and-search raids in Kingston, random arrests of suspicious-looking individuals and helicopter spotlight surveillance in both city and country. Manley has also flirted with Castro's "roadbuilding" Cuban Peace Corps (fresh from Angola) and now believes, to his surprise, that the CIA is stirring up the violence. Will they eventually find a Jamaican Thieu and Ky to replace Manley's wishy-washy Diem?



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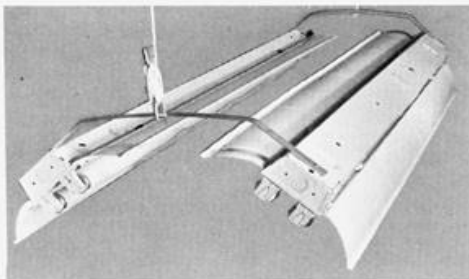
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DEALER ENQUIRIES INVITED

by the People's Armed Revolutionary Force. The remains of the most recent abductee, U.S. Vice-Consul John Patterson, were identified in a gulch near Hermosillo in July 1974.

Echeverria, whose term of office (1970 to 1976) coincided with the brief hiatus in Turkish poppy-growing that saw the birth of the "Mexican brown" heroin trade, was an enthusiastic supporter of the Dope War that Diaz had complained of at the time of Operation Intercept (long lines at the border were hurting the tourist trade and truck routes). In 1973 the DEA began a trickle and then a blitzkrieg of paramilitary aid that was to make Echeverria the second Dope Dictator of Latin America.

The cost of our Mexican Vietnam is impossible to estimate. It involves the use of hundreds of aircraft—for example, 28 Huey-type Bell helicopters given to Mexico to spot pot and poppy fields and spray them with defoliants cost the DEA \$800 an hour to operate, not counting flight pay. Other DEA-donated helicopters are equipped with heat- and movement-sensitive tracking equipment; troop-carrying landing choppers plus the training machines used by DEA special advisers to recruit local pilots add up to a sizable and costly air force. North of the border at least 89 Customs pursuit planes scramble night and day to intercept homeward-bound smugglers, while the Air Force's NORAD (North American Air Defense) radar system has switched from missile-monitoring to spotting the unscheduled flights of pot pilots.

In Mexico City, DEA special advisers train the *federales* in Vietnam-style search-and-destroy tactics. Others accompany the U.S.-made-M-16-toting Mexican narcs to the fields and prisons, which the DEA runs as brutal interrogation centers for Mexican and American prisoners alike. As in Jamaica, the entire Mexican police and military are being retrained to fight the Dope War.

One of the most frightening developments in the Dope War in Mexico is the use of the herbicides 2, 4-D and 2, 4, 5-T, which combine to form a defoliant known as Agent Orange. Agent Orange was banned in Vietnam after it was proved to cause birth defects. Another DEA weapon is paraquat (commercially known as Gramoxone), a nonselective poison that shrivels any leaf it touches—poppy, pot or not. Critics of the Mexican war crimes estimate that as much as 20 percent of the arable land in Mexico could be ruined by the DEA's indiscriminate deforestations? Whether the Dope War can quell the Mexican peasantry in the long run is doubtful; after all, they have little to lose. And the more the pot-consuming public in the U.S. grows aware of the pressures on the growers, the more the importers will seize the opportunity to raise their prices, which DEA agents will routinely double in order to buy and bust. Meanwhile, Echeverria, despite some friction with businessmen

over devaluation of the peso and token appropriation of some large estates, has continued the gracious Mexican tradition of accommodating the gringos wherever possible—for instance, by refusing to join OPEC in 1973 and by holding a ceiling on Mexican oil prices. And shortly before leaving office in December 1976, he admitted that the grass trade has been taken over by guerrillas who exchange their crops for weapons.

Former Finance Minister José Lopez Portillo, who succeeded Echeverria as president (under Mexican law, a president may not succeed himself but may appoint his successor; with no other parties on the ballot, the PRI remains in power), had to deal with a certain amount of dissatisfaction with Echeverria in the business community. Two days after his inauguration, *federales* expelled 3,500 peasants from large estates that Echeverria had expropriated for their use two weeks before, graphically demonstrating Portillo's allegiance to the business community. However, the tensions between the government and the landless peasants have only been aggravated, so the Dope War seems likely to enjoy a long run in Mexico.

In Thailand, the recent right-wing military coup cleared the slate of government for a beautifully pure, laboratory sample of Dope Dictatorship. In retaliation against the October 14, 1973, left-wing coup that forced the remaining U.S. troops out of the country, U.S. aid to Thailand in the last three years has been cut from \$39 million a year to \$17 million. The resulting economic chaos in Thailand created the unrest and riots that were finally crushed in the coup of October 6, 1976—carried out by a junta underwritten by the U.S. to the tune of \$150 million. In the next two weeks there were over 5,000 arrests. On October 31 the U.S. announced that it would give five Huey helicopters to the junta "to track down opium caravans and locate crops and heroin factories." And on November 15 the Washington Post reported that the U.S. embassy in Bangkok had sought Thai permission to reopen the old Army "spy base" at Ramasun, used throughout the Vietnam War to monitor

7. The DEA's well-publicized defoliation program has given new life to the perennial doper's rumor that somebody somewhere is spraying the smoke with something. Agent Orange in particular is said not to destroy the plants but merely to wither them, leaving them fit for harvesting and export. Whether they are fit to smoke, and what effects smoking the damaged leaves may produce, are still unknown. However, a good case can be made that a quasidefoliation campaign instead of a real one serves the DEA's dual purpose very nicely; the DEA may claim battlefield victories in a war that never ends. For a timely update of the environmental toxicity of Agent Orange, see R. Douglas Clark's "Ecological Russian Roulette," *The Nation*, November 20, 1976. Needless to say, the leading manufacturer of defoliant 2,4,5-T is Dow Chemical.



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radio communications all over Southeast Asia with its football-field-sized antenna.

One would have to be very naive to believe that these helicopters and bases are being underwritten by American taxpayers solely to police the narcotics traffic in Thailand. Indeed, with communist-held Laos and Burma churning out smacklike hot cakes over yonder in the Golden Triangle, how much longer before our stable friends in Thailand become our allies in a whole new Southeast Asian war? Come to think of it, the DEA isn't about to let the marijuana peddlers of Vietnam go on threatening our national security, either.

Hong Kong is the financial, refining and shipping center of the Asian heroin trade, and the home of a quarter of a million addicts as well. And of corrupt police, slums and Bruce Lee-style gang warfare. If the British-held colony ever grows too hot to handle, the DEA, which already has a large staff in Hong Kong, will have ample excuse to increase its strength. That would make Queen Elizabeth the second English Dope Dictator (Queen Victoria was the first; in fact, Hong Kong was one of the spoils of the Opium War of 1841).

In August 1973, shortly after the formation of the DEA and the start of Operation Buccaneer, King Birenda of Nepal finally bowed to U.S. pressure to ban hashish. The marijuana extract was previously sold openly to thousands of hippies who flocked every year to Katmandu, now filthy with narcs. Nepal is the only Dope Dictatorship besides Hong Kong to share a border with the Communist Chinese (in Tibet) and has long been a jumping-off point for CIA-armed Tibetan Khamba nationalists.

King Birenda's other neighbor, Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto of Pakistan, may be the first Dope Dictator of the Moslem world. Pakistan has been a cherished U.S. ally since 1951—even after the secession of the Bengalis led to Pakistan's bloody and somewhat unpopular attempt to reconquer Bangladesh. Now, afflicted with Bangladesh-inspired separatists in other provinces, the chronic poverty of his power base in the Punjab, international tut-tutting about his 50,000 political prisoners and Soviet-allied India, increasingly belligerent under Ms. Gandhi, Bhutto is a needy recipient of U.S. aid but, at the moment, an unlikely candidate for senatorial sympathy. Ah, but Pakistan is rich in *hasheesh*...

Pakistan's neighbors to the north and east, Afghanistan and Iran, are interesting variables in the web of Dope Dictatorships. Throughout the Cold War, Afghanistan has trod a narrow line to obtain billions in military and economic aid from the Soviets, the U.S. and China, but this has not compromised the quality of its fine Mazar-e-Sharif and Kandaar hash; in fact, a good many of those sophisticated foreign weapons systems probably wind up in the hands of the large hash planters and trading tribes. As for Iran, its marginal hashishins⁸

are of little concern to the beloved Shah. Despite the Shah's penchant for torturing political prisoners and anyone else who questions his absolute domestic power, the combination of his oil, Kissinger's vain but evergreen hope that he will reverse himself to act as a moderate among other OPEC members on oil price rises, and judicious flirtations now and then with Russia ensures the Shah unlimited access to U.S. military aid—which he even pays for, with aristocratically indifferent cost-unconsciousness.⁹ Verily, the beloved Shah is a member of that club of statesman-dictators—along with Park Chung Hee, King Juan Carlos, Baby Doc Duvalier and Mayor Daley—whose power, like the divine right of kings, is a direct gift of God and an honor and privilege for America to defend.

Ironically, the whole Middle East is a sort of Paradise Lost for the DEA—a land

By staffing the DEA with CIA personnel, Nixon both expanded the CIA's capacity for domestic spying and laid the groundwork for an era when the DEA would supplant the CIA as the primary instrument of military intervention abroad.

so fabled for its quality smoke that tourists can convince themselves they're totally wasted on camel dung or worse. Whether the oil companies' decades of servility to the local chieftains date back to T. E. Lawrence's fool notions of Arab unity or to the pre-World-War-I détente of the colonial powers in the area, they created a monster known as OPEC, whose cooperation Kissinger was forced to buy with endless bribes of U.S. weaponry. However, if Carter intends to fulfill his campaign pledge (I seem to remember) of no more war toys for the tentheads, the DEA doubtless has a game plan on the option board. Meanwhile, they'll have to be content with establishing a Dope Dictator in Lebanon once the civil war there comes to some sort of decisive end. The particularly fertile Baqaa Valley, home of superpotent Lebanese Blond hashish, offers an intriguing challenge—a cohesive group of hash plantations maintaining huge mercenary defensive forces armed with the latest in black-market musketry. It should be interesting to see how long a resourceful Dope Dictator can manage to pit himself against them. The State Department has already urged a \$3 to \$5 billion aid program after the shooting dies down.

The Turkish situation is particularly delicate. In a sense, the Cold War began here.¹⁰ Since 1947, the U.S. has maintained army bases in Turkey, despite increasing domestic opposition and \$2 billion in U.S. aid. In 1972 the Turkish government accepted a \$35-million bribe, called a crop-substitution grant, from the Nixon administration that led to a complete and effective ban on poppy growing. Thus in 1973 "the street-level price of heroin in New York City quadrupled, while the purity was reduced by half."¹¹ The U.S. addict population declined nearly 60 percent from its 1969-70 peak. In Turkey, however, the government distributed only a small portion of the \$35 million to the poppy farmers, and every candidate in the general election of 1973 promised to lift the ban. The winner, Premier Bulevit Ecevit, promptly fulfilled his campaign promise, amid rumors that he also planned to expel all U.S. narcotics agents from the country.

"It is simply impossible to control the production of opium by a hundred thousand farmers on half-acre plots in Turkey," the DEA journal optimistically noted in 1974. But, as in Mexico, a sizable disbursement of military aircraft, personnel and funds, in addition to the several thousand Army personnel already present, might help. Is there a Dope Dictatorship (the foreign policy equivalent of a McDonald's franchise) in Suleyman Demirel's future?

Dope War will probably not reach sub-Saharan Africa for at least five years. It will take roughly that long for a delayed reaction à la Operation Intercept to send North American smugglers that far afield for sources of supply, once Central America and Brazil have gone through the increasingly familiar scenario of smuggler infestation and Dope War
(continued on page 108)

8. After Turkey, Iran and India are the world's largest producers of pharmaceutical opium. In both countries, however, opium production is a state monopoly and little of it finds its way to the black market.

9. The Shah most recently picked up an arms tab of \$5 billion in the U.S. There are also close to 24,000 American advisers in Iran and, according to a report by the Senate Subcommittee on Foreign Affairs, that number may rise to 60,000 by 1980. At least this time we ought to show a profit, though.

10. In Greece, communist guerrillas armed by the Allies during the German occupation now threatened to bring down the regime of King Constantine. On the Turkish border, a Soviet troop pile-up was being used to pressure Ankara into granting Russia a warm water port on the Dardanelles. For details, see "Legislative Origins of the Truman Doctrine," hearings, Senate Foreign Relations Committee, March-April 1947, published Jan. 12, 1973. Also Dean Acheson's memoirs, *Present at the Creation: My Years in the State Department*, New York: Norton, 1969.

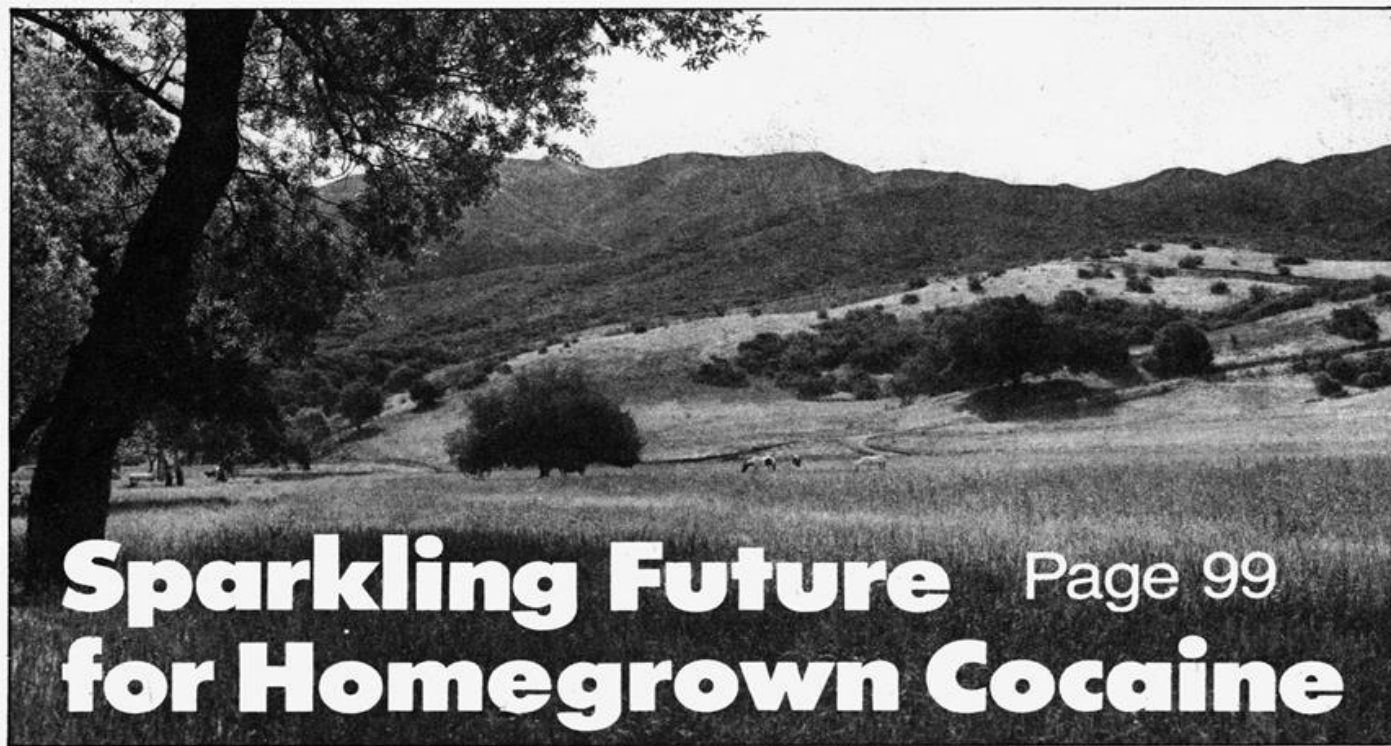
11. John T. Cusack, "Turkey Lifts the Poppy Ban," *Drug Enforcement*, Fall 1974.

NATIONAL WEED

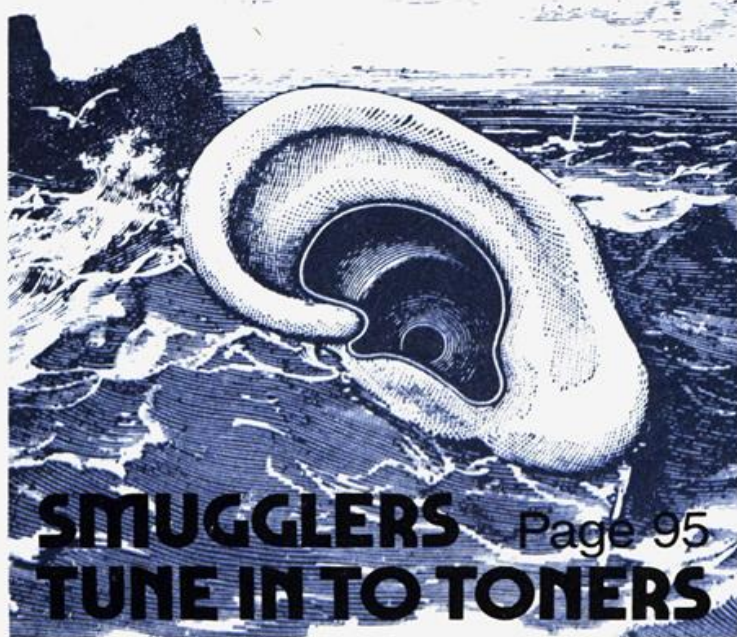
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Mar.'77

No. 19



Sparkling Future Page 99 for Homegrown Cocaine



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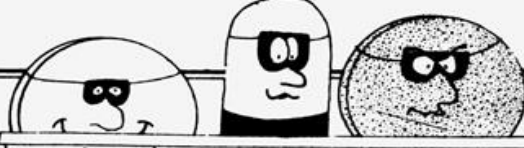


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MUCHO MACHO

• Men who spend their time fantasizing about women are more likely to have their fantasies come true, according to a member of the original Kinsey study who is presently studying male sexuality in Baltimore, Maryland. Dr. Leonard M. Giambra, a sex researcher, claims that men lost in sexual reveries score a lot more than their clean-minded counterparts. Further, the doctor claims, men who have kept company with seven or more sexual partners are "more likely to be found in the middle of the day with glazed eyes and smirks on their faces than those who have had five or fewer partners."

• Thomas Thompson, author of the documentary novel *Blood and Money*, plans to make a movie version of his book. A fascinating account of power, money and madness, the true story concerns Ash Robinson, a Houston shaker and mover who becomes obsessed with the belief his daughter was murdered by her husband. After three grand juries and a trial fail to satisfy Robinson's vengeance, the son-in-law is offed by a hit man. Although the hit man and other witnesses testify that Robinson is behind the murder, he is never even questioned.

Said Thompson recently of the real Robinson, "He's alive—80 years old. I told him I'd been thinking of Marlon Brando or Orson Welles to play him, and he said, 'Why not John Wayne?'"

• Insight, the quarterly of gay Catholics, has nominated St. Florian for canonization. The saint teaches "the value of a life devoted to discrete, proper, sensible service," say his promoters. They add that "because of his many years in the showers, St. Florian is the patron saint of baths. His symbol in art is a cruciform jockstrap over a metal closet door."

• A committee to free Scooter Herring has been organized in New York in hopes of bringing public action to help the hapless former road manager of the Allman Brothers Band. Herring received 75 years after Greg Allman testified that Herring had peddled coke to him. The committee,



Brando to play inflamed father?

organized by New York yuppies, may have to add "ad hoc" to its name, however: Herring's attorney has yet to give permission for the committee to raise funds for the defense. "It's unusual for a group in New York to be interested in what's going on in a little town like Macon," he said.

• ABC television will commence a series next fall based on John Ehrlichman's novel *The Company*. Referred to as "a dramatic portrait of past political power-broking in Washington," the series will feature an ailing president who retires in the midst of scandal. Among the pivotal characters is William Martin, director of the CIA, a man threatened by disclosure of a top-secret "Primula Report" about American assassination plans abroad.

• As if it weren't depressing enough to be out of work in Dover, New Jersey, several women who went to the Morris County Human Resources Agency for job counseling found themselves being urged by an agency staffer to consider prostitution as a career. Apparently, however, that wasn't the kind of retraining the government had in mind, and employment counselor Vincent Hicks was indicted for misconduct and solicited after giving his pitch to a policewoman dressed in plainclothes.

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SIDESHOW

Media Hacks Pat Backs at MORE Confab



LIKE LAUREL AND HARDY. CBS's "60 Minutes" team Morley Safer and Mike Wallace beam in anticipation of the A. J. Liebling award for journalistic excellence. As one conventioneer noted, "CBS wouldn't have covered MORE magazine's convention if they hadn't gotten the award."

Howard Berman



Howard Berman

NOSE FOR INSIDE NEWS. Liz Smith, gossip columnist for the New York Daily News, pontificates on grapevine journalism at the Fifth Annual A. J. Liebling Counter-Convention. Liz said she'd print gossip about anything but health problems. Copanelist Nancy Collins from Women's Wear Daily opined, "There are only five human desires—food, shelter, clothing, money and sex—and they're all fair game for the gossip columnist."

Jock Jailed in Hearst Case By Howard Berman

In 1964, Phil Shinnick competed as a member of the United States Olympic team in Tokyo. Today, 12 years later, Shinnick is in Allenwood Federal Penitentiary in Montgomery, Pennsylvania, for refusing to testify before a Scranton grand jury. The grand jury has been investigating the alleged harboring of Patty Hearst during her flight from the law in the fall of 1975.

Along with his friend Jack Scott, Shinnick founded Sports for the People, a progressive organization challenging the elitist and autocratic rule of most institutionalized sports. Shinnick incurred the wrath of the government when he refused to testify before a grand jury in California that was investigating Jack Scott's role in the Hearst case.

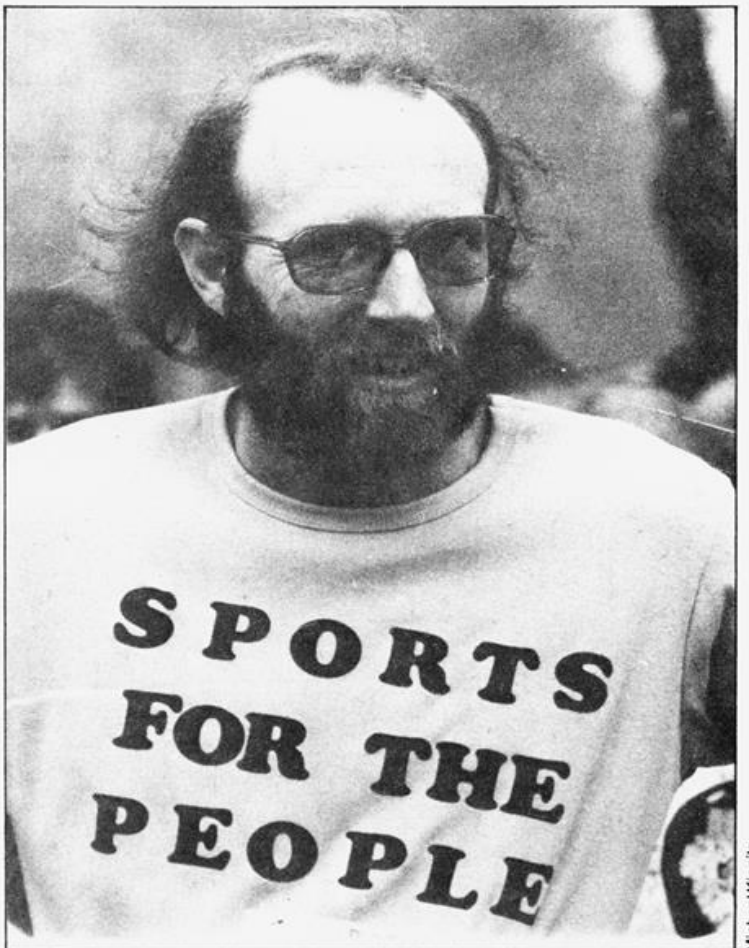
The Scranton grand jury, armed with Patty Hearst's "testimony of names," was convened following this refusal. Shinnick was asked to produce examples of his fingerprints, handwriting and hair to the FBI. Since the bureau cannot legally force him to turn over this material, the grand jury stepped in to demand it.

It is Shinnick's refusal to cooperate in this legally hazy tactic that has landed him in jail. "I cannot allow this hair to be kept in the possession of the FBI agents," said Shinnick. "They cannot be trusted. Even Clarence Kelly, the director of the FBI, admits he cannot verify that the bureau is not now involved in criminal behavior." It is Shinnick's belief that if he turns over the material he may be framed for more serious crimes.

Since Shinnick is not himself accused of any crime, he is not legally required to cooperate with the FBI. Yet, the government has launched an intensive campaign of harassment—including wiretapping, mail opening, false leaks to the press, pressure on Livingston College, where he teaches, to fire him and now imprisonment—to pressure him to talk.

Shinnick is the first victim of what many believe to be Patty Hearst's bargain with the federal government. He could be jailed without having committed a crime until July. Patty Hearst is now free on bail.

Further information or support for Phil Shinnick can be directed to Linda Gonzales, 116 Johnson Street, Highland Park, New Jersey 08904; (201) 246-8557.



Michael Kienitz

Phil Shinnick at the 1976 New York marathon.

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COCAINE CONFIDENTIAL

Cops Bottle Coke Caper

The long arm of the law has descended on ten people alleged to be part of a multimillion-dollar cocaine-smuggling ring run by University of Michigan students and centered in Ann Arbor, Michigan, according to DEA officials. The gangbust followed a three-year investigation by D-men into the unique smuggling method of disguising cocaine as whiskey.

The ten persons arrested are among 24 listed in a sealed indictment announced by Assistant U.S. Attorney Robert D. Sharp, shepherd of the Ann Arbor grand jury. Fourteen people are still being sought, among them three alleged leaders: Neil Ronald Ison, 27; his wife, Mary Schnelker Ison, 23, and Karen Jean Haas, 25. The Isons, both graduates of the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, took it on the lam a few months before the indictments, according to published reports.

Sources say that early in the Seventies Neil Ison befriended a student chemist who had developed a method for liquefying cocaine so it could be easily smuggled. The process involved straining a coke and distilled-water mixture. In 1975 a man-and-woman team of DEA agents infiltrated the group and set up Haas in Lima, Peru, where she was arrested with six pounds of fly. Haas, later released, is now underground.

Authorities say the liquid coke was put in green Cutty Sark and J & B Scotch bottles. They estimated at least 75 kilograms of the high had come to the Ann Arbor area through the outfit.

Two Colombians have been popped in Portland, Oregon, after D-men spotted them unloading suspicious-looking packages from a Colombian vessel. Booked on charges of possession with intent were William Henry Rengifo, 28, and Jaime Umberto Rayo-Montano, 21. DEA spokespeople said the men were arrested after a chase that began when police and DEA agents saw them pick up a package from the *Ciudad de Baranquilla* and speed away in a car. The package turned out to contain 16 pounds of coke.

Miami International Airport Customs agents suspected a Rhode Island man was pulling their leg when he declared no contraband. But when Anthony J. Vieira, Jr., 33, of Jamestown, Rhode Island, was nabbed with cocaine and pot in his pocket, the agents ordered a more thorough

search. The results: \$48,000 cash in an artificial leg.

Another victim of bad karma was John Kenneth Bolen, 28, of Jacksonville, Florida. Stopped by a cop for a traffic violation, Bolen turned his driver's license over to the arresting officer. Stuck to the back of the license was a small plastic bag containing a suspicious white powder that later proved to be cocaine. Bolen was charged with possession of a controlled substance and failure to have a motor vehicle inspection sticker.

Two Fort Lauderdale men have been charged with drug violations after police there pinched one and a quarter pounds of coke and 15,000 barbiturates. Gerald E. Desautels, 26, and Richard Attas, 26, roommates, stand accused.

A Hawaiian man is under arrest in Montreal, Quebec, on charges he attempted to import 11 pounds of blow into the country. George Bannet, 23, was arrested by the Mounties on arrival from Zurich, Switzerland.

A Scottsdale, Arizona, man is serving a nickel after refusing to testify against 22 alleged partners in a 12-pound coke pickup. Alberico Pietrocchio, 23, was sentenced to five years in the pen after refusing a plea agreement that involved ratting on the others supposedly involved in claiming the coke at Sky Harbor airport in 1975.

A Green Lake, Wisconsin, man arrested for possession and attempted sale of between two and three pounds of blow had his bail revoked and granted again after a

key witness was found to be suffering from delusions. Defendant Kevin Keller, 26, had already been thrown in jail when the witness, attorney Charles Wildermuth, fell down after leaving a bar and, after recovering in a hospital, seemed to believe he had been attacked in his office and warned not to testify. The case is still pending.

● Four Florida residents are under arrest for sale of a kilo of the snowy stuff after being set up by an informant. Fingering were Lou Castello, 33; Vincent Anthony Bernardo, 33; Jorge Blanco, 33, and an unnamed Miami woman.

● Rosemary Hannuspin and Alice Joyce Iseral, captured by Colombian police last year for allegedly transporting a pound of cocaine through Cali International Airport, have escaped from Buen Pastor prison and been secreted out of the country, according to Cali sources.

Buen Pastor guard commander Edgar Brinez believes that Hannuspin and Iseral could not have scaled the 14-foot prison walls and that posing as nuns was the only way an escape could have been carried out.

Worried over some 100 other Americans currently residing in Colombian prisons, officials have started an investigation to establish other means of escape.



Rico likes to sniff coke, too. Only he gets paid in steaks for pointing it out to Customs agent Harold J. Witt at the international mail facility in Oakland, California.

Radio Wave Smuggling

By Peter Pryor

Smart smugglers are relying more and more on the miracles of technology to outwit the ubiquitous D-man. A hot new item, tried and tested in the Pacific, is the timed radio tone. The type tested in the "National Weed" experiment was an Institut Dr. Forster Detector 4.016, manufactured in Grathwohlstrasse, Germany. Here's how it's used:

A plastic barrel is filled with contraband and attached to the side of a boat for open shipping in international waters (1).

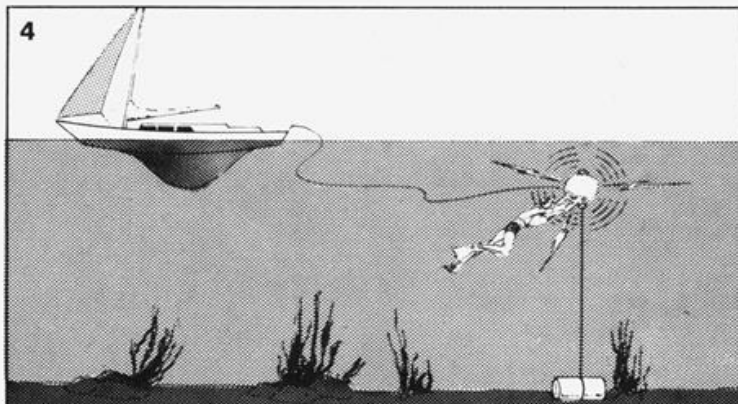
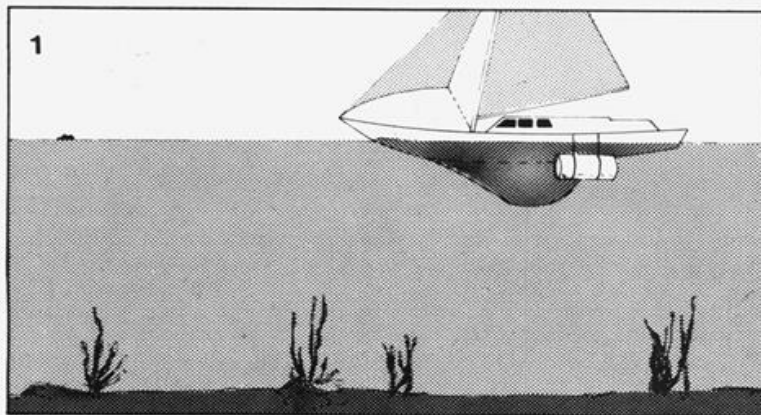
If a Coast Guard cutter should

approach the boat after it has passed within the 12-mile limit a special underwater buoy, which contains the sending device, is attached, by cable, to the barrel. The barrel is lowered underwater and out of sight (2). The Detector will register the jettison navigation points and measure the depth to which the barrel has sunk. All the while, the boat keeps moving. If they search the ship, they won't find a thing (3).

The Detector waits quietly underwater, preset to emit a single-frequency tone at intervals ranging from a few seconds to a few weeks. A strobe light, preset to flash simultaneously with the radio tone, is a recommended accessory.

The boat returns in a few days to the general area to wait for the signal. For the feds to pick up on the signal, they would have to listen to several hundred frequencies day and night and discern the single tone from the others—an almost impossible task. But the boat knows when and where to wait. When the tone is heard and located, a diver goes down to bring up the bounty (4).

And another load makes it to the marketplace.



HIGH CRIMES

Harried International Hash Market Suffers 8-Ton Loss

A series of spectacular busts on the international hash market has put a total of eight tons of primo smoke in cops' coffers. The biggest haul was taken by Egyptian coast guard officials near the "hash bowl" formed by the Mediterranean Sea. Police mariners tracked down and arrested a group of smugglers after a running gun battle off the coast of Sidi Abdel Rahman, an isolated resort area northwest of Alexandria. Cairo newspapers did not name the suspects.

- Another 7,000 pounds of "haschisch" were popped by Netherlands police on a farm in Hellvoetsluis, a small town 15 miles from Rotterdam. Six people were arrested. Netherlands officials said it was the largest seizure in their history. Again, as is the custom, according to the Netherlands consul general, names of the suspects were not released.

- In Montreal, 445 pounds lie a-mouldering in the evidence lockers after police there put the bite on three people, including a Pakistani. According to reports in the French press, the Royal French Police (GRC) had placed Abdul Rashid, 43, of Karachi, Pakistan, under surveillance. When he arrived in Montreal the police there were tipped off. Rashid was searched at his motel in Beauport, outside Montreal, and 45 pounds of hash were found in his valise. Also found was a key that led police to a motel west of Montreal. Police swooped down on the location and found another 400 pounds. Also arrested in connection with the incident were Yves Jacques, 21, of Beauport, and Pierre Jolicœur, 25, of Montreal. The French press described the hash as "Indian hemp with the aroma of fine perfume."

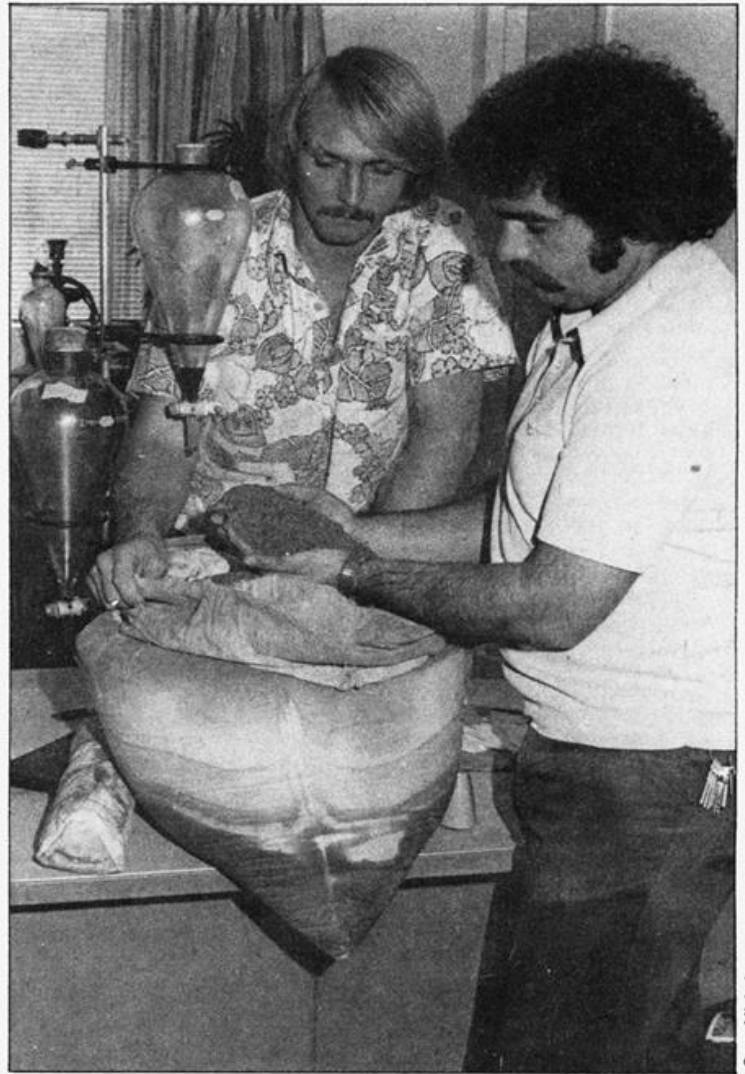
- Not to be outdone, Ottawa police took 465 pounds of hash from an apartment and charged six people with possession with intent to traffic. Those arrested were: Daniel Lynch, 28, son of newspaper columnist Charles Lynch, John D. Morrison, 26, Bruce Settle, 26, and Andre Giguere, 27, all of Ottawa; Guy Daoust, 31, of Cantley, Quebec, and Diane Seguin, 24, of Hull. Details of the arrest were not made available.

- And last but not least, Mississauga, Ontario, made it on the scoreboard when Wilhelm Christensen, 25, was arrested at the

international airport in that city with 5 pounds of hash oil. Christensen, a native of Denmark who has lived all his life in Zambia, Africa, was arriving from Copenhagen when detained by Customs agents. The oil was allegedly found strapped to his leg, inside one of his boots and concealed in a bottle of liqueur.

- Like the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, bales of colorful Colombian showered earthward from the clouds over Miami recently. It was not the magic of the rain gods, however, but the work of five men who are now under arrest for importation and conspiracy to import 4,500 pounds of marijuana.

A DC-3 cargo plane jettisoned the pot near a deserted airport west of Miami, according to Jim Dingfelder, public relations man for Miami Customs. Dingfelder said agents had been tipped off that the drop would be made. Two Customs surveillance planes spotted the DC-3 when it approached the remote, swampy terrain near the airport. The Customs pilots saw the pot fall, and one of the planes followed the DC-3 to Orlando's Herndon Airport where five men were collared. Charged were Robert H. Ellrich, 43, of Miami, a National Airlines flight engineer; Joseph Emile Fluet, 32, of Boca Raton, a Southern Bell safety supervisor; Gains Alfred Redman, 33, of Miami, a partner in a maintenance firm; Dale Allen



Hash-oil lab in Escondido, California, is disassembled by detectives. Three people were arrested; pot and hash oil were seized.

Stierwalt, 34, a Boynton Beach garage owner; and Kent Arthur Murry, 24, from Delray Beach.

- Chattanooga, Tennessee, police have arrested a high school teacher and coach, claiming he is "the number one supplier of heroin in Chattanooga." Joe Nathan Maffett, 29, a history teacher and assistant football coach at Kirkman High School, was charged with making two sales of heroin on the street. Maffett apparently was not selling dope in the high school, but, according to police mouthpiece Taylor Bettis, "The suspect is a major heroin trafficker in Tennessee."

- Florida police in Palm Beach and Broward counties are making life miserable for Joseph Mineo, 30, a Coral Springs real estate developer. Mineo was identified as the "head of a multimillion-dollar narcotics factory" after police discovered a laboratory to manufacture methaqualone in his Margate warehouse. A 500-gallon stainless-steel pressure cooker and more than a dozen smaller barrels partly filled with the drug, or with

chemicals used in its manufacture, were found in the warehouse. Less than two weeks earlier, Mineo and another man, William Eckard, 34, a commercial pilot from Fort Lauderdale, were arrested after they allegedly transferred 600 pounds of pot from a rented Cessna 310 to a pickup truck at Boca Raton Airport.

- Thirteen women took a fall at La Guardia Airport in New York when they tried to smuggle in 120 pounds of topnotch ganja from Jamaica. The unlucky 13 were nabbed after Customs officials arrested one of them during a stop-over in Atlanta. The woman told agents the names of the other 12. The women had about 10 pounds each taped to their bodies under loose-fitting dresses. Verona Kushnie, 32, the alleged mastermind, was not carrying any dope. The other women, unnamed, range in age from 18 to 23.

- Lawmen snared 2,640 pounds of marijuana following a blazing gunfight across the Texas range recently. U.S. Customs agents had been tipped off that two planes

filled with marijuana would be crossing the Mexican border into Texas. After the illicit cargo was allegedly transferred to a Ford van on a small landing strip near Krum, Texas, the police demanded that the van stop. It did not, and an 11-mile chase began. Cops finally shot out a tire, causing the vehicle to run off the road. Three men, one a minor, were arrested. Names were withheld.

● The brother of the late skier Vladimir "Spider" Sabich has been arrested by New Mexico State Police on charges of winging in a thousand pounds of reefer. Stephen B. Sabich, 30, of Aspen, Colorado, and Ronald G. Steinman, 28, of Manchester, Wisconsin, were charged with possession with intent to distribute after New Mexico State Police, acting on a tip-off from a park ranger, raided a little-used airstrip.

The ranger, Larry Turner, who has reportedly caught two other sky-smugglers under similar circumstances, became suspicious when he spotted the two men crossing the Navajo Dam early in the morning after landing at the airstrip. After Turner questioned the men, he contacted state police and dope officials. A search of the twin-engine aircraft, registered to Sabich's late brother and allegedly part of the skier's estate, revealed marijuana debris. After scouring the nearby area, fuzz found 28 bags full of weed and the men were charged.

● The pot market in the city of New Orleans took a brief dip after

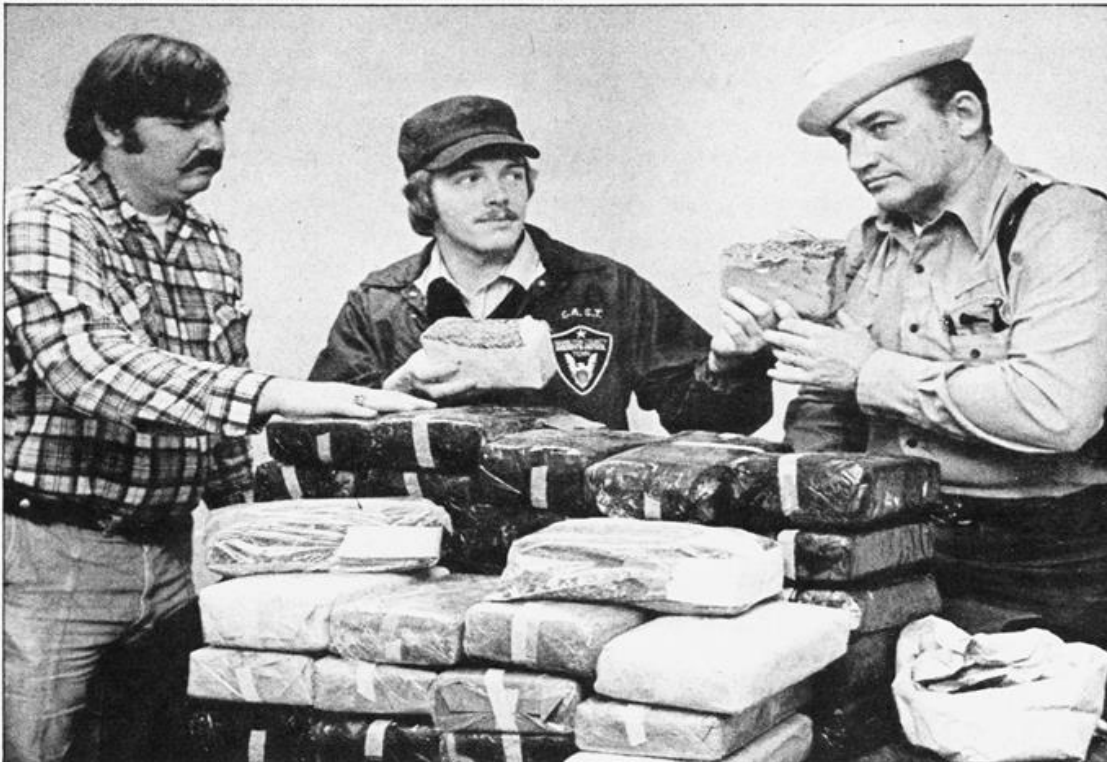
D-men there snared 755 pounds stashed in a warehouse and arrested four men. The ax fell after the four men, fingered by an unidentified informant, were placed under surveillance by local police and DEA agents and were seen moving the weed from the warehouse to a camper. Agents said they found it "very unusual" that a load of marijuana that large was brought, according to their information, from the interior of the country to a port city such as New Orleans. Booked were Jacob M. Hansen, 28, and Thomas Morgan, 28, both of New Orleans, and Anthony C. Albrecht, 28, and Steve L. Amundson, 29, both of Lawrence, Kansas.

● Three Texans were thrown in the Motley County Jail after narcs there raided a marijuana patch and seized the trio as they tended their plants. Harold Brentley, 54, and his daughter Camille Rankin, 27, both of Roaring Springs, and Darlene Jones, 25, of Denver, Colorado, stand accused of felony possession of pot. The pot crop, "one of the largest fields in West Texas," according to Motley official Tom Sullivan, yielded about 700 pounds of "high quality" smoke. According to narcs, the existence of the field, which could be reached only by walking a half-mile along a dry creek bed, had been known for a year, but a recent confidential tip-off disclosed the exact location. Justice of the Peace Roy Smith put the three in the pokey until they raised \$1,000 bond each.



Bill Renke

Authorities burn 5,300 pounds of prime Colombian that were seized on a lobster boat in the Miami River. Among the five persons arrested was dope journalist Chic Eder, who was swimming nearby.



W.C. King

Fuzz gloat over 225 pounds popped in Chattanooga, Tennessee. Joe Isenhower, 45, and Dewayne Wilson, 22, stand charged on the books with possession. Two grand in cash was also seized.

● D-men in Florida nailed 29-year-old Philip Reinersman on a charge of piloting a plane loaded with 1,000 pounds of grass. The plane was searched at the West Pasco Airpark near Odessa after DEA and Customs agents suspected it had transported pot. Seventeen bales were found at the end of the runway where the plane had paused after landing. A second man, Forest Sink, 24, of Tampa, is being sought on a warrant.

● An airplane mechanic has been charged with flying 800 pounds of smoke from Mexico to Mesa, Arizona. John Thomas Eddy, 24, was arrested by D-men after the pot was found in a van allegedly loaded from a single-engine Piper Cherokee.

● Four men were arrested recently by Tampa, Florida, authorities for allegedly flying in 584 pounds of top-quality Colombian marijuana. Men in a white van met the alleged smugglers' plane, unloaded the marijuana and drove away. Cops stepped in and arrested Richard Brainard, 33, of Safety Harbor; Fred Brizzi, 44, of Seminole; Darwin Salls, 25, of Tarpon Springs, and Jonathan B. Smith, 33, of Washington, D.C.

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*The South Dakota law becomes effective April 1, 1977. In a few of these states, the police have discretion to arrest or to give a citation in lieu of arrest. In all of these states, the penalty for possession of small amounts of marijuana is a fine, at most, with no imprisonment.

CALIFORNIA 'CAINE

Domestic Coca Crop Seen Next Year

By Robyn Johnston

It might not rival the product of the time-honored coas at Cuzco or the Huanuco Valley, but California cocaine could very well be getting your nose right in the not-too-distant future.

Fed up with skyrocketing prices, stepped-up international border and coastline surveillance by DEA authorities, South American lab busts and cocaine that is stepped on numerous times before reaching the buyer, a number of dealers and persons with an interest in domestic coca production have been looking for an alternative. They now acknowledge the strong possibility of transplanting coca plants to the Sierra Nevada.

The low-lying areas of the 500-mile range forming the natural boundary between most of California and Nevada provides climatic and soil conditions suitable for limited coca production.

Coca grows best at an elevation of between 1,500 and 6,000 feet. It prefers a humid environment, with mean temperatures between 64° and 68°F. Porous soils with good drainage protect the delicate and fibrous roots of the coca from rot. Borrowing techniques from Andean Indians, farmers can minimize drainage problems by terracing steep slopes. Volcanic in origin, these "vista" soils are mostly decomposed basalt and granite and, in some prime areas, clay and sand.

Countless slopes collect enough night fog to moisten the plants after the heat of the day. A short dry season is optimal for drying out the leaves (in damper regions, this is achieved in drying sheds).



Peruvian coca plants, developed by scientists during World War II at the U.S. Plant Introduction Station in Miami to make cocaine.

The moisture content of the coca plant figures strongly in the quality of the refined cocaine and in the ability of the plant to withstand higher temperatures. Coca can tolerate temperatures up to 86°F if it is supplied with enough water. Therefore irrigation is a possibility. A network of springs and underground streams flows

through most California mountains. These waters were tapped by early settlers to irrigate marginal farmland during gold-rush days. There are also many dams, lakes and creeks in the foothills. Winter rainfall is ample.

One of the main problems of coca growing is that seed acquisition and planting must be accom-

plished within 15 days of seed maturation. However, cuttings from plants begun in the rainy season can be used.

Coca now grown in the United States comes almost entirely from greenhouses. Seeds are sprouted and potted indoors. When the plants are six months to one year old, the growers will transplant them outdoors, in secluded areas protected from birds and deer. The Sierra foothills are noted for their ability to support a large number of seemingly incompatible plants. Coca bushes, which can grow up to ten feet high when untended, blend easily with the thick native foliage of poison oak, thistle, cedar, alder, pine, oak and manzanita. In more populous areas, combining the coca plants with another crop, such as potatoes or fruit, has a twofold advantage. Not only will it protect the plants from birds and other animals but it will conceal them from view.

Fungus and insect pests, such as grubs, moths and ants, can be controlled by the use of organic and other pesticides.

Occasional light frosts can be countered by covering the plants at night.

The foothills are sparsely populated, with few roads and no national parks—affording privacy for the grower. Plans are on the drawing board for clearing numerous flat areas for small airstrips.

But don't start polishing your spoons quite yet. Plants begun this year must grow two more years before the first harvest. It will be some time before you're snorting Sierra Snow or California 'Caine.

Wide World

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FREAK BROTHERS ON SILVER SCREEN

By Clark Peterson

Those *Fabulous Furry Freak Bros.*, long favorites of underground readers, will soon make the leap from cartoon to celluloid as *Gone with the Weed*, a full-length, color film based on the comic strip. The creator, Gilbert Shelton, has sold the movie rights to InterGalactic Audio-Visual Systems, Inc. which will use real people instead of animated drawings. *Gone* with the *Weed* will feature the *Freak Bros.* in a tangle with Norbert the Nark. *Fat Freddy's* cat will be dosing up on appetite stimulator (a bag of dope he's tossed into), and the boys will attempt to liberate their confiscated stash from the local cop station. The suspense-comedy promises to be the cannabis caper of the year.

"National Weed" asked Shelton about the upcoming movie and his plans for the future.

Weed: How much is *Gone with the Weed* based upon your *Freak Bros.* strips?

Shelton: It's some old strips taken directly out of the comic books and tied together with a new ending just for the movie. Paul Badu wrote the ending. He's producing.

Weed: Do you have veto power over the screenplay?

Shelton: At the writing level I get veto power, but once the production is actually started, I don't want to have anything to do with it. And they probably don't want writers messin' around with it.

Weed: It reminds one of the movie that was made of R. Crumb's *Fritz the Cat*. He hated it, by the way.

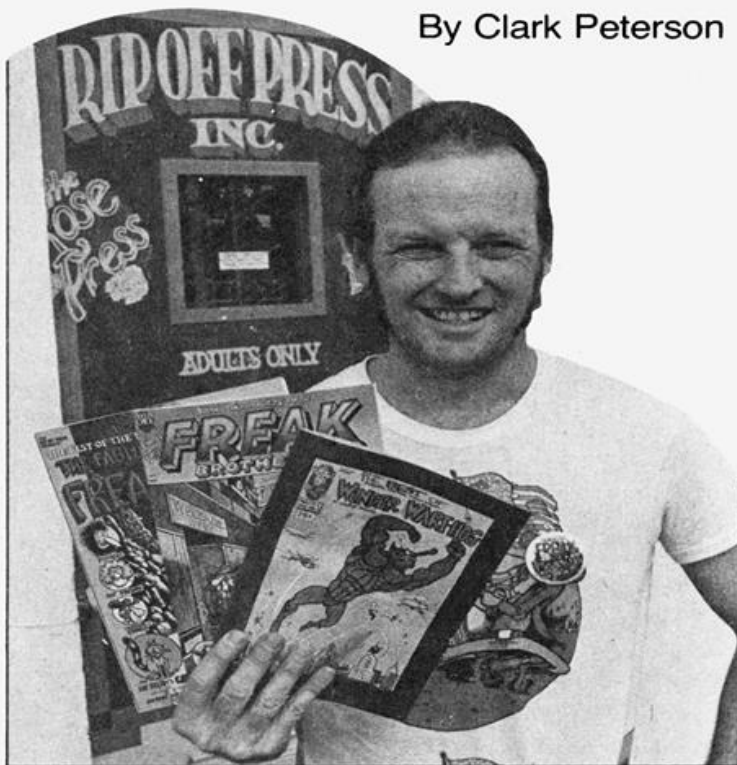
Shelton: Crumb had next to nothing to do with the movie, maybe nothing. I can see why he didn't like it. It was kind of good as a movie but if you had read the book or were a Crumb fan it was disappointing...

Weed: ...and like a Hanna-Barbera film.

Shelton: That, and the movie's attitude toward the characters was different from his in the book. *Fritz* was an asshole in the movie, but he had some sympathetic qualities in the book.

Weed: Do you think the *Freak Bros.* strip will lose anything in transition to film?

Shelton: It will lose some things and gain some things. It's just a different medium. There's been good movie representations of things and some bad. You could say *Batman* was a good representation of *Batman* comics. It certainly had a different approach. The movie producers hope to get the same *Freak Bros.* comics audience and the wider, regular movie-



Freak Brothers creator Gilbert Shelton: "Underground comics are more like art and less like comics."

going audience.

Weed: When *Peanuts* was made into TV specials, the voice track seemed out of touch with how you expected the kids to sound. It seems to be a common problem.

Shelton: That's what I thought, too. In the comic strip, the kids seemed to be like little adults. But when they made it into a movie, they gave them kids' voices. Their lines were really mature, thoughtful prose in the comics; spoken with kids' voices it didn't work so well. That's what's neat about comics—readers have a much higher level of participation. They fill in the blanks with their own imagination.

Weed: How long have you been cartooning?

Shelton: Ever since I can remember. I was in the cartoonists' club in high school in Houston. I did comic books for the Boy Scouts when I was a member, and I was editor and art director for the *Texas Ranger* for two years. They couldn't find a new editor so they appointed me even though I didn't have the qualifications. There aren't too many college humor magazines. It was already a dying tradition when I did it, and then it eventually withered away altogether. I drew posters for the *Vulcan Gas Company* in Texas and then moved to San Francisco.

Crumb and I drew cartoons for *Help* magazine. It was published

by Harvey Kurtzman and later another publisher in New York. I did some for *Arcade*. Now I'm doing four pages a week for this newspaper syndicate. Some of the strips are continued, with only one episode per week. That's weird in the first place—you don't see much of that. It's hard to write a story and keep the interest up when you only see six pictures a week. Crumb did that for the *Voice* (and the *San Francisco Bay Guardian*), but he said he wasn't going to do Mr. Natural anymore. He's killed off *Fritz the Cat* and now he's apparently committed Mr. Natural to a mental institution. Locked him away.

Weed: Do you have any plans to stop doing certain characters or resurrecting others?

Shelton: I like to change 'em after a while. There's such a thing as pushing something too far. I'll do the *Freak Bros.* for at least a couple more years. I'm not exactly tired of them, but they're hard to do because you have to draw three of 'em all the time and it makes it three times as hard. We've started doing it for *High Times* in February—three pages of *Freak Bros.* each month.

Weed: Do you do as much dope as the *Freak Bros.* do?

Shelton: Nah, not that I've ever done a lot. Nobody could do it like they do and still get anything done. Coffee is the writer's and cartoon-

ist's drug, but I don't drink much coffee. *Weed* is kinda good for making you want to sit still if you don't feel like it otherwise. It doesn't really help the creative flow, but it might make you feel the ideas you have are better than they are.

Weed: Are the *Freak Bros.* patterned after anyone you know? There was a *Freewheeling Frank* in *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* by Tom Wolfe.

Shelton: Not really. If they were, the people would probably rather remain anonymous to maintain their image.

Weed: Do you ever put yourself into your characters?

Shelton: I try not to. It probably slips through, but it's a trend in underground comics that I'm not particularly fond of. Tom Wolfe just wrote something funny about that—the "me" generation.

Weed: How many comic books have you done of the *Freak Bros.*, *Wonder Wart-Hog*, *Oat Willie* and your other characters?

Shelton: Hundreds, probably less than a thousand. I keep finding old stuff that I'd forgotten about.

Weed: How long does it take you to draw a page of cartoons?

Shelton: A day or two. When it happens spontaneously, that's nice, but you can't sit around and wait for it to happen. You have to force it out when you've got a deadline. Crumb is the quickest of all the cartoonists. A comic book to him is 36 pages, and he can do that in a month.

Weed: Can an underground cartoonist make, say, \$20,000 a year?

Shelton: It's not out of the question, but it's more than I make. An artist can have a lucky hit and make thousands of dollars a day. Also an artist can save up old stuff and sell it.

Weed: What cartoonists have influenced you?

Shelton: I try not to copy other people. That's how I learned. I copied so many different people that I've lost track of them all. There was a time when all cartoonists had to draw like Don Martin, with the long, hanging fingers and the toes that wrapped around the edge of the curb. Jack Davis, Will Elder, Harvey Kurtzman and Wallace Wood all influenced the cartoonists who read *Mad*. Then Crumb came along with a traditional approach. His stuff comes out of comics from the Thirties and Forties that have pretty much died out. Underground comics are more like art and less like comics.

FEMME FATALE

By Terez Coe

Heirs of blues singer **Bessie Smith** have filed suit against CBS and Columbia Records in Philadelphia's U.S. district court, charging that racial discrimination was used to deprive her of payment for her recordings. Her son, Jack Gee, Jr., also charged that many singers who recorded for Columbia's black record series were inordinately exploited and that CBS and Columbia's predecessor companies never paid Smith more than \$200 for any song recorded between 1923 and 1933.

• Even nymphomaniacs need bread—that's the moral of today's career-girl success story. Actress **Susan Blakely** will receive the highest salary ever paid a woman for appearing in a television film: \$180,000 for a two-hour ABC movie entitled *Secrets*, in which she plays a nympho, natch. Oddly enough, the script was written by a woman, **Joanna Crawford**.

• United Nations delegate and songstress **Miriam Makeba**, now representing Guinea in the General Assembly, has voiced opposition there to the "pseudo-independence" of the Transkei, an area of South Africa recently set up as a separate nation. Makeba believes the existence of the area is merely a political bid to perpetuate apartheid and white tyranny in South Africa.

• **Louise Lasser** has a bead on portraying the first woman mayor of New York in a feature film. *The Running Mate* is the title, and **Nessa Hyams** plans to direct.

• According to policewoman **Sherry Pavone**, the New York City budget cuts are hurting in more ways than one. Now that more of the fair sex are committing crimes and being arrested to boot, and in most cities women prisoners must be guarded by only women police, the latter are complaining about the "menial task" of working as prison matrons. And you can't blame them either. If you're in prison all day, what's the diff which side of the bars you have to face?

• **JoAnne Carner**, the third leading money-winner (\$86,908) on the 1976 women's pro golf tour,

says she's seriously contemplating playing in the U.S. Open, a men's event, in June. While no woman has ever played in the Open, there's no explicit taboo on gender—it merely entails 1,000 yards more than the women's courses.

• In Saudi Arabia, where the veiled smothered female citizenry is forbidden to drive automobiles and is largely protected from such corrupting influences as high school and college, **Princess Rima**, 18, is making history by going to the University of Houston. Well, actually, the University of Houston is coming to her. The princess has convinced her father, Prince Talal, brother of King Khalid, to let her enroll in a degree program "customized" by the school to conform to the unique standards of harem life.

Through its "Open University" program, the school has been shipping books, tapes, films and



Bessie's ghost haunts Columbia Records.

two college professors into the princess's living quarters at the palace for private freshman courses in English, humanities, literature and psychology. Univer-

sity administrators praise the prince for his openmindedness, calling the exotic arrangement a "milestone" in the advancement of Arab women, but declined to disclose how much they're going to make daddy pay for all this.

• **Elizabeth Ray** is still riding high. Chicago radio station WLS is rewarding the Woman Who Busted Wayne Hays and Lived to Tell the Tale with a gab show. What with appearing in *Playboy* and all ... ah, ladies, when you're hot, you're hot!

• The writing has been on the wall for some time, and a survey in the Midwest has revealed a decisive shift in human behavior. In an examination of the bathrooms in four large schools, it was found that girls write *four times* as much graffiti on the walls as do boys. It was also found that the most erotic inscriptions were found in schools in the most affluent areas.

• **Jackie Bat-Isha** of Bristol, England, has successfully fought her own case of sex discrimination in employment, winning £3 for a wasted journey, £15 for a loss of opportunity and £20 for injury to feelings. She was denied a job of cave guide by Cheddar Caves, owned by Longleat Enterprises, having been told by her prospective employer that "women look good in gift shops; men look good in the caves." But you can't look a gift shop in the mouth.



Louise Lasser, TV's Mary Hartman, is two inches taller than New York's Mayor Beame.

Underground Comix Boom in Europe

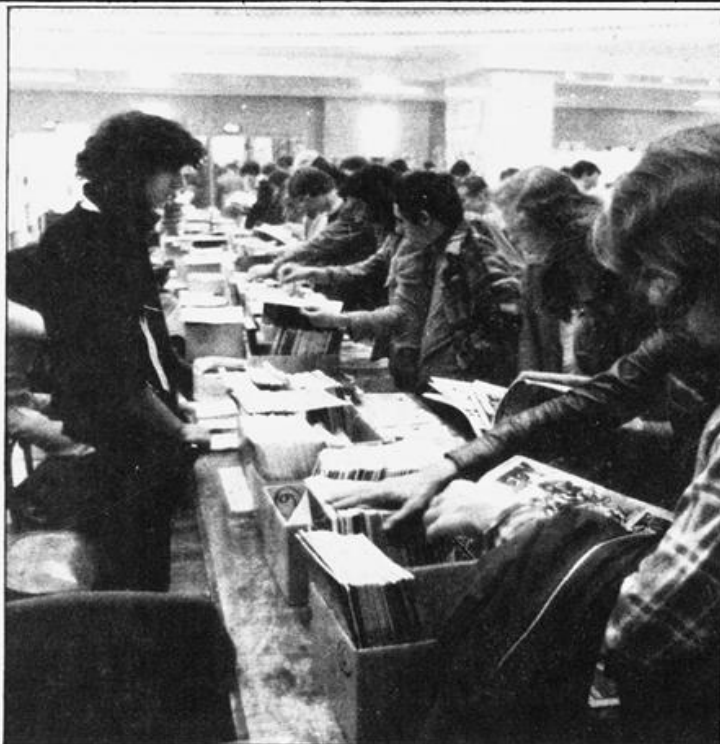
By Steven Rosenkranz

While underground comics activity has simmered to a slow boil here in the States, the fat's on the fire in France and Holland, where some of America's talent is looking for publishers, inspiration and a few good yuks. Cartoonists published in Europe within the last year include Harvey Kurtzman, Wally Wood, Robert Crumb, Gilbert Shelton, Ralph Reese, Jeff Jones, S. Clay Wilson and Richard Corben.

The Dutch are busy both keeping in circulation the grand old masters of the comics form and breeding cartoon talent among their own young artists. The most professional Dutch comic book is *Tante Leny Presenteert*, edited by Evert and Leny Geradts. With more than 20 issues of TLP under their belts, the group has come a long way since its first encounters in the underground newspaper *Aloha*. The Dutch government thought highly enough of their work to give them a grant of several thousand dollars last winter for a month-long exhibit in Rotterdam.

Although the circulation of *Tante Leny Presenteert* hovers around 4,000, its readership extends to comics aficionados throughout the world. Denis Kitchen of Krupp Comic Works in Wisconsin plans to publish a translated edition of the best of *Tante Leny* in the near future.

In Paris, comics activity is hot and heavy—in many ways, like the American peak in San Francisco in '72 and '73. New French artists are still joining the scene, and established cartoonists have all the work they can handle. A recent comics convention in Paris has shown how popular the French comic has become. Press photographers and filmmakers re-



Comic freaks pore over fare in the Futuropolis display at Paris's comics convention.

corded the bustling event as mobs of fans crushed into a huge but still inadequate hall. All of the bookstores, publishers and big dealers had tables piled high with old and new examples of the art.

Another hot event in town the same week was the publication of *Ah! Nanna*, the first French comic book done entirely by women. The book was edited by Edith Dionnet, wife of Jean Pierre Dionnet, successful publisher of *Metal Hurlant*, *Le Barnard Fou* and other science fiction titles. *Metal Hurlant*, his main magazine, has jumped from a first-issue circulation of 12,000 to the present 70,000 for the eighth issue.

Another successful publication is *L'Echo des Savanes*, done for

the first several issues by three cartoonists who have since gone their separate ways. The magazine continues under the editorial control of M. Mandryka and has published many pages of new comics by Harvey Kurtzman and Wally Wood and a widening circle of new French talent.

A rival camp of cartoonists, photographers and writers resides in the small Rue des Trois Portes offices of Editions du Square. Harakiri, the oldest of their three publications, has appeared monthly for over ten years. The other two magazines are *Charlie Mensuel* (monthly) and *Charlie Hebdo* (weekly). The monthly is a 100-page mag full of comics from France, America, Holland, Italy,

India, Germany and England. Reprints of Segar's *Thimble Theatre* from the 1930s appear together with Schultz's *Peanuts*, the British Andy Capp, Italian Guido Crepax's sadomasochistic *Valentina* and a French sex farce by Wolinski and Pichard. The weekly *Charlie* deals swiftly and mercilessly with current events, politics and religion.

Watching and commenting on all of this activity are the fanzines and their comics critics, such as Yves Fremion, who uses the nom de plume *Théophraste Epistolier* and publishes the fanzine *Le Petit Mickey*. Marjorie Alessandrini edits the *Graffiti* collection, a series of paperback books on cartoon artists. The latest of these, *Mr. Schultz and His Peanuts*, has unleashed an unexpected storm from King Features Syndicate. The syndicate at first denied the French publisher the right to use any of Schultz's drawings, although the book's attitude was generally favorable. When Alessandrini then commissioned several other cartoonists to do the illustrations, King's reaction was even worse. Upon publication of the book last spring, the syndicate sent a representative to Paris to demand that it be destroyed and that the publisher, Albin Michel, pay damages. The French government has declined to comply; a court trial will begin in December. Meanwhile, the notoriety has boosted sales.

Nevertheless, the Ministry of the Interior has decided to do something about comics. Through official interdiction, the ministry can either ban a publication outright or put restrictions on its sale and display. This was applied recently in cases involving *Metal Hurlant*, *Surprise* and *Mormoil* (a magazine that had already been dead six months). The wily publishers are already planning ways to circumvent the interdiction.

LA VENGEANCE DES MOLAIRES



NORML

FORMAL

By Ken Landgraf and Michael Chance



AND THE PARTIES TRADE INSULTS BEFORE LEAVING IN A HUFF (A POPULAR 3 WHEEL NEW YORK TAXI).



Man Smokes Reefer in Polling Booth



Michael Chance

Taking up a storm in the ballot booth, Ben Masel, Y.I.P. organizer, fears no one. A federal law that prohibits arrest while in a voting booth allowed Masel to enter, light up, smoke a joint, eat the evidence, vote for president and leave unmolested while polling officials looked on helplessly. Masel holds the world's record for political arrests: 46. And he's only 21.

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OTHER SCENES

Parties Andy Warhol Didn't Go To

Back in the pop-art days of the roaring Sixties, the hottest name on every publicity flack's list was Andy Warhol. His attendance at any public event guaranteed press coverage. Accompanying him and his entourage to a movie premiere on one of those early occasions, I noticed that some people didn't even know which one Warhol was. The theater manager kept addressing the poet Gerard Malanga as "Mr. Warhol," and, going along with the joke, nobody chose to enlighten him.

Since those days Andy's public appearances are limited to mingling at society parties with other famous people rather than with the art groupies and sensation seekers of the earlier days. But Andy's engagement diary is as stuffed with invitations as it ever was (probably even more so), and when I dropped around to his Broadway loft the other day he invited me to pick out what I wanted. Being an incurable party freak, I grabbed a handful of cards and letters. What follows is a brief summary of the parties Warhol didn't go to—my social life for the next three or four days.

Health Spa Opening

Pushing my way through the fat ladies in pants suits, I emerged from the black light of a chromium tunnel into a glass-floored disco jammed with pneumatic-chested models and lean, hungry-looking men. Ample buffet, dominated by raw cauliflower and carrots, which seems to be the fashion these days; unlimited booze. No celebrities but—"Ooh look!" said one lady to another, "there's that man who does those driving school commercials on TV!" (Later I saw his car parked outside. It had a round couch and two refrigerators.) Beside the whirlpool bath I discovered Farah, the Egyptian belly dancer, all veiled and (dis)robed for her show-stopping number. "I'm really American," she confided, "but my ancestry is Middle Eastern." As I was leaving, someone handed me a card describing the place. "It transcends any health facility, any club, this century has yet offered. From the Clockwork Orange-type attire of its personnel to its avant-garde Calisthenium with ultramodern equipment, the 21st Century Leisure Spa is an unforgettable experience."

New York Yacht Club

William Buckley invited his smart friends to celebrate the publication of his book *Airborne* (Macmillan), which happens to be about sailing, hence the stuffy venue. The doorman was reluctant to allow me in without a tie but finally said okay, and I tried to make myself unobtrusive in a swarm of elegantly dressed ancients who dripped money from every pore. The buffet was fantastic, and while on my second glass of excellent wine, I was joined by Casper Citron, a long-time acquaintance who conducts a TV interview show and who rarely misses a party. "Jesus," he said, "I haven't seen so many celebs for a long time. There's Claire Booth Luce with Teddy White, Otto Preminger, Tammy Grimes, Tom Wolfe..." At one point I found myself standing next to Buckley himself and told him we had been swapping subscriptions to our various magazines for ten years (which is true) but he gave me the glassy look of a politician and opined he'd never read *Other Scenes*. (I always read *National Review*, seeing as it comes free, but dislike it almost as much as I now dislike its publisher.) Andy turned up at this party, without a tie, and seemed pleased I'd put his invitations to use.

Fashion Show

A tiny bar called the Sahara staged the fashions of a certain Delia Doherty. It was so crowded that all I could see was the top of a model with foot-long fingernails and a plastic champagne glass on her head. I left immediately.

Art Museum Gala

The Whitney Museum had announced its annual gala to coincide with a current show of Alexander Calder mobiles, but Calder died two days before the party, so I gave it a miss.

Movie Press Conference

How could anybody pass up a 2 P.M. party at the Waldorf Astoria? I skipped lunch in anticipation of good grub, and the gamble paid off: hot shrimp, chicken livers, paté, smoked salmon and an open bar. The conference announced that Broderick Crawford would play the lead in



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- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1/4 cup saké | 2 tablespoons soy sauce |
| 1/2 lbs. ground chuck steak | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 1 egg, beaten | Ground black pepper |
| 1 cup chopped scallions | 1 cup wheat germ or bread crumbs |
| 1/2 cup chopped green pepper | Lettuce, sliced tomato and buns |

In a large bowl, combine all ingredients except the lettuce, tomato and buns. Mix well and form into 8 patties. Broil until done. Serve on buns with lettuce and tomato slices. Serves 6-8.

The Private Files of J. Edgar Hoover, and as we waited for the star, reporters joked that his car must have been towed away. Meanwhile, Crawford's supporting actors (Rohee Blakley, Rip Torn, Dan Dailey) read anti-Hoover diatribes, and director Larry Cohen explained that it was the first movie to be made about the FBI without its approval.

Book Party

I arrived at F.A.O. Schwartz, Manhattan's famous toy store, as the party for *The Book of Magic* (Harry Abrams) was ending. I asked a pretty photographer what I'd missed. "Nothing," she said. "That's Andrea Marcovicci over there in the granny dress, and I hear that George Savalas was here. As for that creep in the Pink Panther suit—I don't know who he is but if he pinches my ass just once more I'm going to hit him with my camera." Kids and adults played with mechanical toys and an occasional sloppy drunk spilled booze on a stack of Monopoly sets. In a deft motion I slipped a book under my jacket, but when I got home, I discovered I'd ripped off the wrong one. It was priced at \$20, so maybe it's only fair to mention its name: *The Great Book of Magic* by Wendy Rydell and George Gilbert, also published by Abrams.

Cocktails with the Baroness

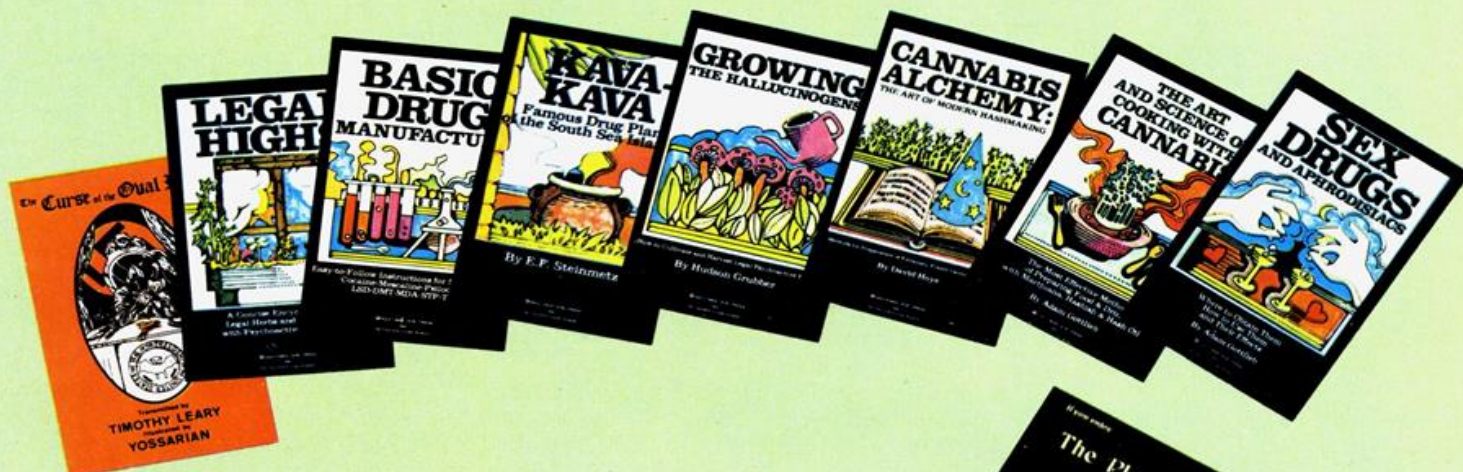
A party at the chic disco Regine's "to meet Baroness Nadine de Rothschild... honoring Yatagan pour Monsieur, the new Caron fragrance" was a disappointment: lots of well-dressed elderly folk, deafening music and drinks and food obtainable only from infrequently circulating waiters. Not a word was said about the product—that's pretty cool—but everybody was presented with an expensive package of it. It smells pretty good.

Saké-Tasting Session

Saké punch, a Japanese rock group, a cooking demonstration by a comely English blonde and lovely ladies in gorgeous kimonos—all added up to the best party of the week. Everybody was given an enormous bottle of Chiyoda saké along with pourer and cups. That's class!

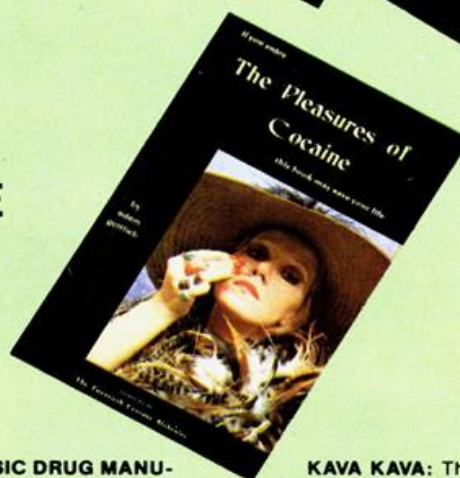
When I dropped around to thank Warhol for the invitations, I found he was in Seattle for an art opening in his honor at the museum. The invitation to that one read: "Meet with Andy, have cocktails with Andy, have dinner with Andy and dine at Andy's discotheque." It's nice to know that there are some parties even *he* has to go to.

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Dope Dictators

(continued from page 90)

retaliation. When the smugglers do arrive, they'll probably head for Zaire, where Black Congolese Bangi marijuana is, as Jean-Pierre Hallet recounted in his anthropological classic *Pygmy Kitabu*, pretty much the staff of life. Kenya, too, is rich in so-called "Savannah" grass, popular among hippies who stray off the road to Katmandu as far as Nairobi. The Sudan, Tanzania, Malawi, Uganda, Swaziland, Angola and many other African states offer high-potency, high-yield cannabis strains. Virtually any "drug of abuse" can be had for a price in South Africa. In short, the Dark Continent will become the Narc Continent... sooner or later.

In Sri Lanka, "the next best thing to the Garden of Eden," the embattled government of Mrs. Bandaranaike is ripe for Dope Dictatorship. Despite the 15,000 dissenters publicly massacred in 1971 (with arms supplied by the U.S., the U.S.S.R., Britain, India, Pakistan, East and West Germany—Mrs. Bandaranaike is a winsome figure at the negotiating table), her Sinhalese paradise on the Indian Ocean is still beset with internal troublemakers, not to mention a constant stream of Western hippies for whom hash and other drugs not of domestic manufacture are in constant cheap supply. If someone wants to be the Graham Greene of the Dope War era, Sri Lanka would be an excellent place to gather material.

On October 28, 1976, Tokyo police announced the arrest of 2,489 persons in nationwide drug raids. If dope—everything from pot to glue—is to be one of the results of Japan's increasingly claustrophobic national, industrial and ecological despondency, the government could find no better tool to use against all enemies of the Rising Sun. It would be only fitting for Emperor Hirohito to add the Order of Dope Dictator to his honorable chest in the sunset of his career.

President Suharto of Indonesia recently released 2,650 political prisoners who had been held without trial since the alleged communist coup attempt of 1965: 29,000 prisoners still remain in Indonesian jails. To them can be added many of the foreign pleasure-seekers who flock to Bali every year, only to fall afoul of the tropical paradise's little-known drug laws, which recently increased from three months in jail and a fine of about \$200 for possession to death, life imprisonment or 20-year sentences at the government's discretion. As a Dope Dictatorship, Indonesia is one of the West's most lucrative allies in Asia, in hock up to its ass to Western rubber, oil and tin firms, as well as to the Inter-Governmental Group on Indonesia (IGGI), a Western diplomatic cartel that oversees the mortgages on national revenues held by the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund and the Asian Development

Bank. Indonesian economic policy is directly controlled by the "Berkeley Mafia," a group of U.S. advisers who hail from the University of California campus there.

The nastiest Dope Dictator on the scene today is President Ferdinand E. Marcos of the Philippines, which, in 1898, was America's first Vietnam. Marcos, who seized power in 1972 after three straight years of crop failures and political turbulence, has cracked down hard on all dissidents—among them the Maoist New People's Army and the Moslem Moro separatists. A special DEA unit is on hand to oversee the prosecution of Hong Kong-based heroin couriers and native marijuana growers, and such undesirables are sent to their reward without benefit of trial.¹² For less distinguished enemies of the regime, Marcos provides the best torture in the free world. Amnesty International has documented hundreds of cases of stripping, beating, sexual abuse, electric shock, hot-iron and cigarette burning, toilet immersion, genital mutilation, induced miscarriage, forced water sports and Russian roulette.¹³ The senators who, along with the World Bank, underwrite Marcos will eventually be forced to protest his brutality, but when his victims become "heroin merchants," who's going to worry, or even care?

Eastward ho the "heroin trail," bringing us back to Latin America, where you can hardly fire a .44 Magnum without disemboweling a marijuana farmer or a military dictator. In Latin America, "drug problems" and vital U.S. interests are intimately related. Does the coincidental nomenclature of Panama Red and a certain Canal suggest anything? If the U.S. is to maintain de facto control of the waterway despite the probable formal loss of the Canal Zone, Brigadier General Omar Torrijos will probably soon become a Dope Dictator as well.

Although Operations Intercept and Buccaneer drove most of the northbound grass smuggling to Colombia, other states of Central America and the Caribbean offer strains of pot that, while not as potent or plentiful as Colombia's, are still nothing to sneer at. These banana republics are firmly in the grip of military dictators: General

12. See "The Philippines: How One Country Solved Its Heroin Problem," a sidebar to Alfred W. McCoy's article "The New Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia," *Oui*, December 1976. Although McCoy's 1972 book *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia* dramatically exposed the CIA's role in heroin trafficking by way of supporting its allies in Laos, Thailand and Cambodia during the Vietnam War, the *Oui* follow-up piece four years later reads like a DEA press release and even names the disgraced John Bartels, who reigned in 1975, as the present administrator of the DEA (actually it's Peter Bensinger).

13. Come to think of it, the same issue of *Oui* also features a lesbian travel pictorial called "Naked Europeans in the Philippines: Manila Float." That's strange.

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Kjell Laugerud of Guatemala, distinguished for the extreme violence of his antiguerrilla campaigns; General Juan Melgar Castro of Honduras, a Dale Carnegie alumnus and pawn of United Brands, the largest foreign investor in Honduras; Colonel Arturo Armando Molina of El Salvador, who "assumed" office in 1972 and rules on behalf of El Salvador's "14 families"; General Anastasio Somoza, a West Point graduate described by Jack Anderson as "the barrel-bellied dictator of Nicaragua, the world's greediest ruler," who presides over a government so corrupt that one official described it as a "kleptocracy"; and President Daniel Oduber of Costa Rica, a vague political figure but a warm host to United Brands, Standard Brands and Robert Vesco. In the Caribbean, Lynden Pindling of the Bahamas, Eric Williams of Trinidad and Tobago and J. M. G. Adams of Barbados are all committed to the protection of U.S. and British companies; although rum is the prevailing recreational substance in these islands, all offer local marijuana to the dedicated browser. There is also considerable inter-island commerce in Jamaican ganja. The indirect U.S. military presence in the Dominican Republic is so irresistible that a sideline like the Dope War will probably never be needed to "maintain order." Likewise Puerto Rico, where the predominantly rummy population recently voted for continued union with the U.S.; and Haiti, where Baby Doc's gentleman dictatorship is unimpeachable, to say the least. As for Cuba, the Dope War started a decade too late. If Lucky Luciano were still in bed with Batista, the DEA could have had a field day.

Whether opposition to U.S.-backed regimes in this area will ever require a dose of serious Dope War is doubtful, but the stage is set if it's ever needed. Personally, I sort of like Eric Gairy, prime minister of Grenada, for the next Caribbean Dope Dictator. In power since 1951—he became P.M. when he declared independence from Britain in 1974—Gairy stays there with the help of his "Mongoose Gang," a secret police force not unlike the Tonton Macoute of Haiti. Gairy rules from his bedroom, whence he issues decrees based on his Ouija board revelations and his dreams; impossibly vain, he once stayed home from a Commonwealth Conference in London because he had nothing to wear. Does Grenada have any dope, though? Well, it is the world's leading producer of nutmeg, which, if you remember *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*, produces a mild buzz when dissolved in water. The DEA stops at nothing.

To the south, Venezuela is the home of a superb equatorial marijuana, which, however, is more easily obtained in neighboring Colombia. President Carlos Andre Perez smoothly nationalized Exxon, Gulf and Shell holdings after joining the OPEC oil cartel in 1973, but strong economic ties still link the U.S. to Venezuela. Perez's

moderately leftist government ensures a sufficiently high standard of living, for South America, to prevent any serious threat of revolution. There's one on every continent. Similarly, Prime Minister Forbes Burnham of Guyana is a Marxist who was installed by the CIA and British Intelligence in 1964 as a lesser evil than another, more radical politician; Burnham has dealt firmly but gently with Reynolds Aluminum and other heavy U.S.-British investors. Along with Guyana, Surinam is replacing Jamaica in the bauxite trade and is controlled indirectly by Prime Minister Henck A. E. Arron on behalf of Alcoa and other U.S. firms. French Guiana, between Surinam and Brazil, has the largest domestic marijuana crop of the three, for the most part growing wild in the rain forest that covers 90 percent of the French colony. Whether any of these four states on the northern Atlantic coast of South America will ever require the imposition of Dope Dictatorships to secure American, British and French holdings is, again, doubtful; but you never know. They're all ripe for it if and when the time comes.

Brazil is another case entirely. With the DEA lowering the boom on Colombia, Brazil is the next logical port of call for smugglers in the never-ending search for fresh weed. And in addition to the increasing quantities of cocaine that pass through en route to the U.S. from the Andean states, Brazil harbors untold vegetable wealth in the form of mysterious Amazonian vines and herbs, like yagé, that are increasingly in demand among sophisticated American dopers. General Ernesto Geisel, the latest entry in a long series of military dictators, is a typical movie-banning, book-burning, press-censoring, prisoner-torturing, Indian-exterminating Latin American puppet of the many U.S. and multinational firms that own the country. The CIA's international policy academy trains Brazilian police leaders, and the Pentagon trains the army. If the present drought of Colombian weed doesn't let up soon, Geisel will be having high-level meetings with DEA advisers by spring. His neighbor to the south, Uruguay, is another marginal but interesting marijuana producer, but the drastic steps taken to suppress the spectacular guerrilla Tupamaros in 1973 (including a CIA-backed junta that dissolved Congress, imposed press censorship and outlawed communists, socialists and the national labor union) have probably made a Dope Dictatorship unnecessary for another ten years.

For 3,000 miles, from Colombia to Argentina, stretch the Andes, cradle of the Incan empire, where the world's finest marijuana reaches up to the sun from the highest peaks, yielding to the hardy coca shrub on the lower slopes and to the dense Amazonian jungle on the eastern side and the Pacific on the west. From its mountain fastnesses in Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chile and Argen-

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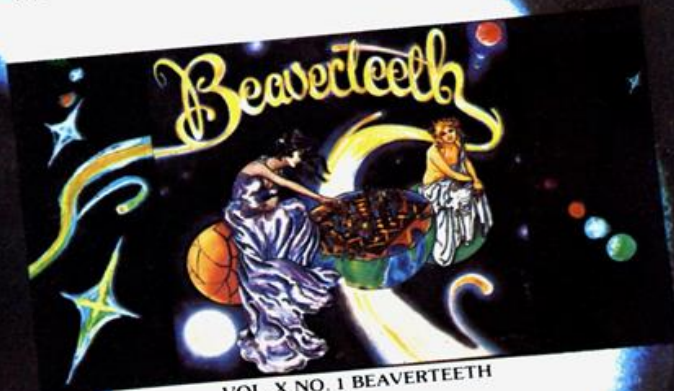
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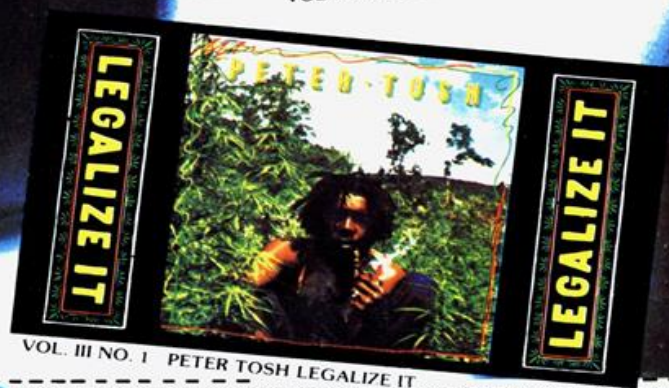
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tina comes most of the world's cocaine, boon to industry, the workingman's friend, healer, comforter, energizer, without which this article, etc., but a controversial commodity nonetheless, and likely to remain one long after marijuana is decriminalized in the United States.

The northern Andean nations, Colombia, Ecuador and Peru, are among the least harsh of the Latin American states. President Alfonso López Michelsen of Colombia is one of the only democratically elected presidents on the continent today, although he rules, as is the custom, on behalf of the national elite and the U.S. (\$1 billion aid since 1961 and such investors as W. R. Grace & Co., ITT, IBM, Socal, Phillips Petroleum, Dow Chemical and Ralston Purina). Dominated by coffee growing, Colombia supplies 90 percent of the world's emeralds, which made it a smuggler's paradise long before marijuana exports grew to their present level. The DEA has been present in force since its inception in 1973, and although Michelsen has occasionally protested their Gestapo tactics to Kissinger, they have been generally encouraged to promote law and order and have trained nearly 600 native Colombian narcs. Most Colombian pot now arrives in this country by freighter, which has given rise to a spectacle off the Florida and Georgia coasts reminiscent of the Rum Rows of Prohibition, when freighters from Canada and the Caribbean would anchor outside the three-mile limit and off-load to bootleggers' speedboats. Since the DEA began to direct the Customs and Coast Guard blockade, the supply of Colombian has dwindled sharply, but the high demand and prices it commands stateside are still irresistible to smugglers. Dope Dictator Michelsen has ensured a long run for the DEA's presence by fiddling a quasi decriminalization into effect, so smugglers can benefit from some precarious loopholes in Colombian law (it is also legal to counterfeit U.S. currency here). Colombian cocaine, called *chiche*, is marginal but definitely a growth area.

Ecuador is one of the four major cocaine-exporting countries (the other three are Colombia, Peru and Bolivia), and South America's only OPEC member besides Venezuela. Vice-Admiral Alfredo Poveda, the chief of a three-man junta that took power early in 1976, is the only Dope Dictator with a naval background. The junta ensures that Ecuador's oil income is spent primarily on armaments—which, along with the CIA and DEA, guarantee the continued well-being of such multinational investors as Gulf and Texaco. Nearly half of Ecuador's 6,800,000 population are impoverished, disenfranchised Indians, many of whom live in pristine Stone Age conditions. They do grow a prodigious amount of coca, most of which is chewed domestically as Indians have done since pre-Incan times. Although coca is a stimulant that gives incredible stamina to laborers, it is also a "drug problem" that

justifies the permanent DEA presence.

Ostensibly in recognition of these ancient Indian traditions, coca is legally grown in both Peru and Bolivia. Peru, the major exporter of illicit cocaine, sells most of the world's pharmaceutical coke (to the Merck Corporation of Germany) as well as the coca leaves that are still used to flavor Coca-Cola after the cocaine and other alkaloids are removed. Indeed, the coca shrub is engraved on all Peruvian currency. Dope Dictator Francisco Morales Bermudez is chief of the military junta that in 1975 bloodlessly deposed the left-leaning junta of Juan Velasco, who in 1968 nationalized the holdings of Peru's three leading foreign investors: Cerro Corporation, International Petroleum and W. R. Grace. Although Morales has made some gestures toward promoting the medicinal benefits of cocaine in the U.S., he has begun to work with the DEA in solving the "problem" of "abuse." Like Echeverria, he has fudged the central national issue of land reform while slowly moving Peru back to a pro-U.S. policy.

Along with Uruguay, Paraguay and Brazil, the Andean states of Bolivia, Chile and Argentina constitute the "southernmost six" Latin American states, where democracy and human rights are held in contempt by the rulers—whose affinity for kidnapping, torturing and murdering their opposition is the highest in the hemisphere, according to such groups as Amnesty International, the International League for Human Rights and the Inter-American Association for Democracy and Liberty. Penny Lernoux, The Nation's South American correspondent, has quoted Chilean and Uruguayan officials who are "unhappy about recent cutoffs in U.S. military and economic aid, which they blame on 'puritanical' Democratic congressmen who are 'excessively concerned about human rights.'" But excessive concern about human rights is not an American weakness where narcotics are concerned, and where overt military and economic aid have been withdrawn, the DEA and CIA traditionally get to work. There are well-documented cases of DEA-led kidnappings and torture of "suspected" (later proven innocent) narcotics traffickers in Chile, Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay. The DEA's presence in the "southernmost six" has little to do with their marginal drug traffic but a lot to do with maintaining the stability of six military dictators, each more vicious than the last. The beauty of the Dope War is that there is some kind of high to be had in each of these countries, though you could more easily find Martin Bormann than score decent weed in Argentina, for instance.

Thus General Hugo Banzer Suárez's joint statement with Henry Kissinger (June 7, 1976) on fostering international cooperation against cocaine traffic, formalizing the DEA presence and making Banzer the Dope Dictator of Bolivia, went a long way toward stabilizing Banzer's junta,

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which came to power in 1971 after ousting the junta that ousted the junta that murdered Che Guevara in 1967. The U.S. has given Bolivia \$500 million in foreign aid since 1951 and is the nation's largest foreign investor.

The tale of Kissinger's and the CIA's engineering of the Chilean coup that murdered Marxist President Salvador Allende in 1973 need not be repeated here. Since then, the CIA has maintained its connections with the brutal junta of General Augusto Pinochet, while the DEA has attached itself to the national police as a trouble-shooting squad to provide additional interrogational services to Pinochet's fledgling Dope Dictatorship. Pinochet recently made headlines by agreeing to release most of his political prisoners, but critics of the regime believe that the decline in the prison population is due to a rise in clandestine executions.

In Argentina, General Jorge Rafael Videla led the coup of March 1975 against Maria Perón and since then has ruled with spectacular violence, directed against political refugees from Uruguay, Brazil and Bolivia, as well as against the domestic urban guerrilla terrorists, the Monteneros and the People's Revolutionary Army. Anti-Videla activists in the Berkeley-based Solidarity Committee with the Argentine People (SCAP) have accused the DEA of backing the notorious Argentine Anti-Communist Alliance (AAA), a loose network of paramilitary right-wing "death squads" originally sponsored by the Perón dictatorship.

The DEA has not publicized its presence in Argentina, but Frank Manitzas, NBC News correspondent in South America, writes in the December 1976 *Harper's*, "I see the automobiles without license plates carrying the unidentifiable armed squads on, if you will excuse me, missions of death."

Finally, at the eastern foot of the Andes lies the happy landlocked state of Paraguay, where the "Iron General," President Alfredo Stroessner, has ruled without opposition since 1951—the world's oldest continuous regime next to President Tito's in Yugoslavia. In his 1963 book, *The Great Fear in Latin America*, journalist John Gerassi opened his chapter on Paraguay by simply stating that the country was "beyond belief." It still is. General Stroessner's friends, according to Ladislav Farago and other Nazi-hunters, include Martin Bormann and Franz Mengele, the Auschwitz doctor; another was A. J. Ricord, the Corsican kingpin of the French connection, whose extradition Stroessner resisted for 17 months until Washington closed down his credit lines. Although Paraguay has no significant indigenous "drug problem," the CIA has publicly named the nation as a key transshipping point for heroin, with Stroessner tolerating smuggling by his general staff (which also runs the world's largest smuggling circuit of U.S. cigarettes). Stroessner reportedly

divides heroin routes among his lieutenants like a Mafia don. However, there is no known DEA presence in Paraguay apart from the embassy attaché. (There is now a permanent DEA attaché at "virtually all foreign posts," according to Sheldon Vance, who replaced Egil Krogh as executive director of the CCINC, the warlord board of the DEA.)

Jimmy Carter's pledge to clean up the DEA's internal corruption and muzzle its more vicious agents isn't necessarily at odds with his remark that between Ford's foreign policy and his own "there will be continuity"; nor does decriminalization of pot—as there now is in six states—make it any more legal in Jamaica or Mexico or in smugglers' cargo holds. Unless Carter finds a way to make the multinationals responsible for their own security, the Dope War is likely to remain the enduring portion of the Nixon-Kissinger legacy.

One serious-looking threat to the policy of endless Dope War is the emergence of Third World unity, which Kissinger took seriously enough to appoint Patrick Moynihan to the U.N. after George Bush left to take over the CIA. Moynihan attacked the Third World leaders for their indifference to human rights and their vicious manner of suppressing dissent, without pointing out that the U.S. underwrites those very same dictators and their repressive methods. Still, the Moynihan outburst did imply that a bunch of second-rate military despots with ego problems would never be able to achieve significant economic and political unity among themselves (witness the bitter power struggle among the Rhodesian black nationalists at their very moment of triumph over white rule), but they would all, in the end, come back under the umbrella of U.S. finance rather than hand their regimes over to peasant councils and the dictatorship of the proletariat. Under these conditions, the Dope War will simply be the vessel, the conduit for the U.S. funds, arms and soldiers that have flowed so freely into the banana dictators' hands since Truman—in fact, since Teddy Roosevelt.

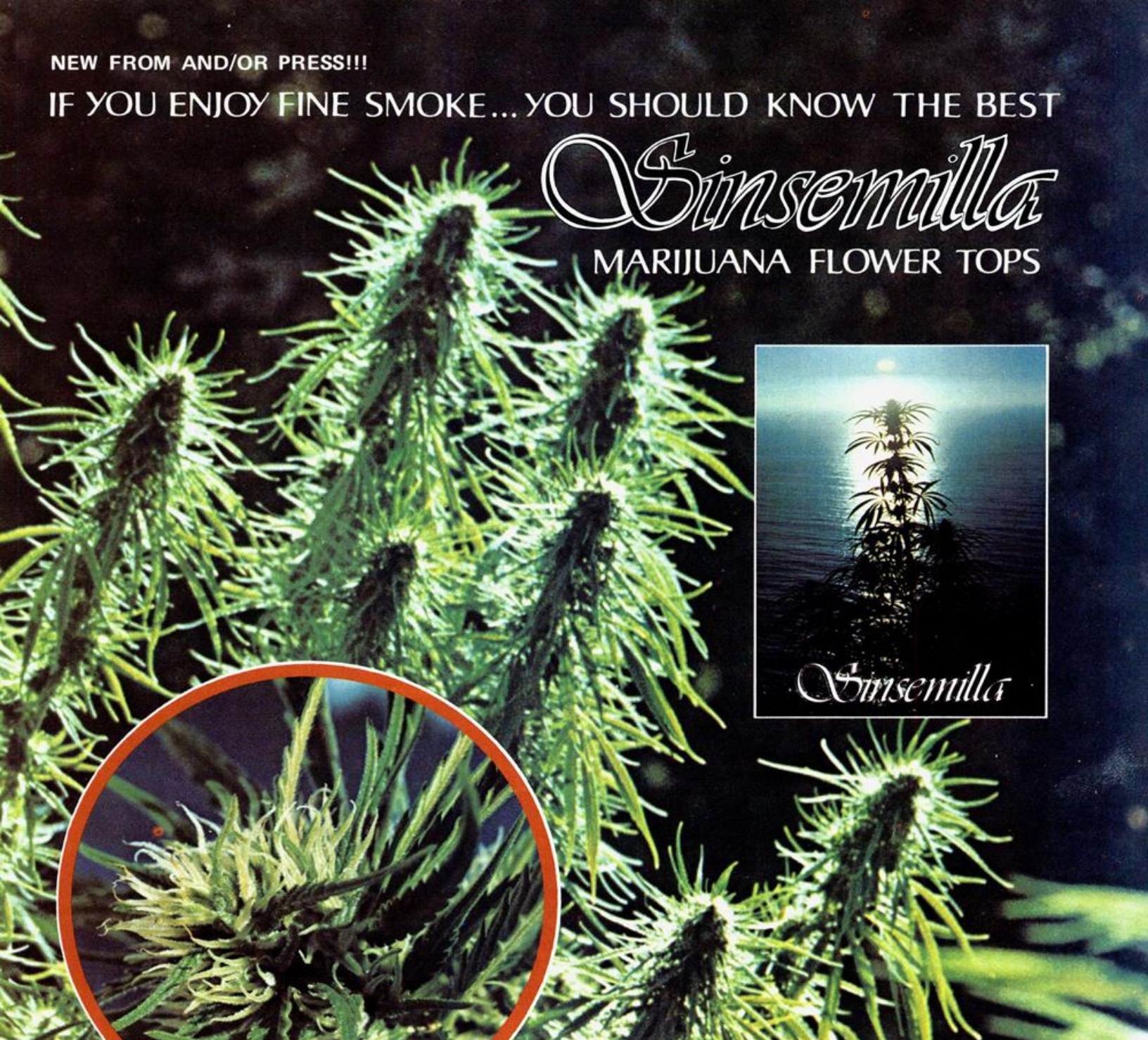
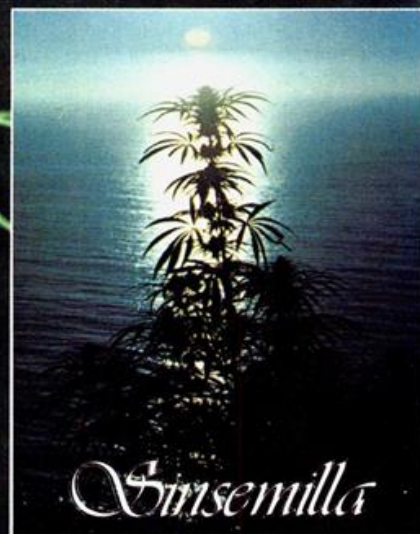
Nor is the continuing spectacle of DEA antics likely to enrage American voters, who consider attacks on the drug trade a laudable thing, particularly when heroin is involved, or is said to be. But there's not much chance of the press and public giving it that much attention; somehow "Drug Enforcement Administration" isn't a name with much newsworthy resonance. If the drug laws were not tied to foreign policy, it might be possible not only to decriminalize grass but to eliminate the influence of organized crime and begin to treat heroin addicts as patients instead of criminals. As for the unemployed narcs, why not put them to work digging an 8,000-mile-long oil well from Racine, Wisconsin, to the Mideast? By 1982, we could be pumping up 2,000 barrels of Arab crude a day. ■

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There is a version of Townes Van Zandt's “None But the Rain” that's heart-stopping, and “Daughter of McLeod” and “Give the Fiddler a Dram” are classics. Robin and Linda's vocal harmonies alone are worth the price of this LP, which you won't find at your local record rack. It's available from Symposium Music Productions, P.O. Box 4117, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55414.

These are the moments that a record reviewer lives for. I've been absorbed in this album for months, but I have never heard of the people who made it up in Moorhead, Minnesota. —Steve Weitzman

IN CONCERT THE BEST OF JIMMY CLIFF (Warner Bros. MS 2256); WAR IN A BABYLON, by Max Romeo and the Upsetters (Island, ILPS 9392). Jimmy



Cliff writes great songs, and most of them are on *In Concert The Best of Jimmy Cliff*. If you haven't heard “You Can Get It If You Really Want,” “The Harder They Come,” “Viet Nam” or “Many Rivers to Cross,” this album might be educational and entertaining. It's actually pretty good, but it suffers from “liveness” as only a reggae album can—the bass doesn't beat on your solar plexus, the hypnotic power of the dub sound doesn't take over and send you on a journey to the pleasure center of your mind. What's left is Jimmy Cliff's fine voice, singing his greatest hits, backed up by a pretty good band (produced by Andrew Loog Oldham, who didn't write the liner notes).

Although he got off to the best start, Jimmy Cliff is barely a contender in reggae today. Virtually the only reggae superstar who fails to praise Jah, Jimmy Cliff seems to have missed the boat back to Africa and the sound revolution that's happening in

all Black Star Liner ballrooms sailing toward Ethiopia.

The reggae pick of the season, meanwhile, is Max Romeo and the Upsetters' smokin' new platter “War Ina Babylon.” Max Romeo was actually one of the first reggae acts to attract attention outside Jamaica, thanks to his particularly rude style. In 1968 his “Wet Dream” was banned by BBC for its lyrics. Romeo explained to BBC that the song was about a leaky roof but the Aryan execs were not fooled for a minute. Later, such sides as “Mini Skirt Vision,” “Wine Her Goodie” and “Pussy Watch Man” quickly established him among Jamaican rudies and Limey skinheads as a writer to be contended with. He was the rudest of the rude.



War Ina Babylon is Max Romeo and the Upsetters' American album debut—all new material with smokin' production by Lee Perry. In the influential, circumspect and delightful opinion of this reviewer, this album is right up there with Marley's *Rastaman Vibration* and Burning Spear's *Garvey's Ghost* as the best revolutionary dance music of 1976, and I wholeheartedly urge any of the reggae fans in our viewing area to buy this disc.

Great Rasta rock contains more determination and mind-expanding power than anything we've seen since the height of psychedelic rock when Jimi Hendrix said, “You'll never hear surf music again.” Rasta reggae is even better than psychedelic because it has everything: the best beat—calm, clear, yet determined, insistent, unstoppable, as played on this LP's “One Step Forward.” It has the best theology and religious angle: living gods and heroism, as in “Chase the Devil.”

I'm gonna put on an iron shirt and drive Satan out of ear't
I'm gonna send him to outer space to find another race

It has divine plants, as in “Smoky Room,” which has some remarkable lyrics:

Meditating in a smoky room
Fire burning bright and ashes white
the dry is long, the weed is strong,
strong, strong
I plant the seed and grow the weed
What a weed, the Colombian weed...
Smoke from my nose
Cover me like a rose.

Max Romeo is truly far out and his music is megamondo-revolutionary. That the message of a song called “War Ina Babylon” would be revolutionary is not surprising, but the sound of the song itself is amazing: socially conscious street punks

chant “tribal war ina Babylon” over the catchiest good-time beat you ever heard, proving that it's possible to have a good time, get stoned, get laid on the beat and maintain correct political analysis while Babylon burns—represented by funky lead guitar as fuzzed out as Babylon's Stones. Yes, it's amazing but true—they are dancing and having a good time while exercising a comprehensive, devastating moral force—it's some sound. Makes you want to dance, makes you dance; makes you want to do it, makes you do it; makes you want a better world with herb in every garden and a banana in every boat.

—Glenn O'Brien

THE PRETENDER, by Jackson Browne (Asylum 7E-1079). Every so often, an es-



established songwriting craftsman gets a chance to produce a personal document, one that is relatively free of commercial “where-is-the-hook?” concerns.

Jackson Browne has been talented, successful and lucky enough to produce one of the most disarming and intimate music-lyric vinylizations in years. Certainly it is the most personal recording that this most personal of songwriters has ever done. But it avoids the obvious pitfalls of “personal”: it is wistful but never maudlin; it is extremely melodic but never banal; it is in vernacular but has no apparent clichés.

There is plenty of salty-eyed lost romance here—lord knows, there is plenty. But Browne has gone on to treat parents, brothers, life's great disappointments and paradoxes, the money race and a tragedian's bag of unanswered questions as epic terrain. It is almost as if Browne has died, seen his whole life pass before him and returned to sing about it.

Tunes like “The Pretender,” “The Only Child,” “Your Bright Baby Blues” and “The Fuse” speak of life's most wrenching turning points. They're enough to make you cry.

—Edgar Koshatka

WHAT A LITTLE MOONLIGHT CAN DO, by Betty Carter (Impulse 9321), and IT LOOKS LIKE SNOW, by Phoebe Snow (Columbia PC34387). Betty Carter



sings: “Have you considered what it does to your soul? You sell it when you play some other's role.” The price of her integrity has been obscurity, but her jazz art has thrived, and today she is the preeminent practitioner of a dying disci-

pline. This new reissue of two sets recorded in 1958 and 1959 remains fresh and pleasing. Betty's recent live stands show she's even deeper today.

The '58 session is the star here. Performing in a natural, loose jazz setting featuring charts and solos by Gigi Gryce, Ray Copeland, Melba Liston and Benny Golston. Betty is free to soar with her warm voice, hornlike phrasing, unerring ear and persuasive idiosyncratic way with words.

On the second date, Betty had to deal with standard charts written for a good studio band. This means competing with some corn, but most arrangements are solid and Betty creates classics on "Don't Weep For the Lady" (a touching tribute to Billie Holiday), "Jazz (Ain't Nothin' But Soul)," "For You" and the title cut.



Phoebe Snow, on the other hand, sings: "There ain't no music I can't use," which seems admirable in theory but makes for a rather unfocused approach. It

Looks Like Snow is a catalog of musical styles: she sings a funk foot-stomper, an acoustic blues, a Beatles tune with a calypso arrangement, a schlock standard in Fifties dress and several pop productions as fat and grandiose as Joe Cocker's Wagnerian period.

I like Betty Carter's assessment of the youngblood: "The sound Phoebe's got is great if they'd leave her alone. Give her time. Don't produce her and then tell her she's a jazz singer." —Bill Adler

FORWARD INTO THE PAST, by the Firesign Theatre (Columbia PG 34391).



The Firesign Theatre has recorded 14 LPs and two singles, they've made three movies, written two books and created a radio series.

An impressive history, but the Firesign Theatre is fast becoming an esoteric taste—mainly because radio has gone all but straight in the seven years the comedy collective has been together. The release of this anthology of bite-sized bits may remedy this unfortunate trend.

It's unfortunate because they are great satirists in any medium. They are historians, mythologists and archeologists—aware that any artifact reflects the values of a culture. In the 18 segments on these two discs, the Theatre examines consumerism, food, objectivity, high school, religion, sex, dope, capitalism, music, occultism, surveillance, politics and the military.

FT's actors and technicians place their satire in precise multimedia terms: "Happy Hour" newscasts, movies, TV game shows, late-night radio, pulp science fiction, Arthur Conan Doyle airplays, Raymond Chandler mysteries, Disneyland and commercials of every description. But it is



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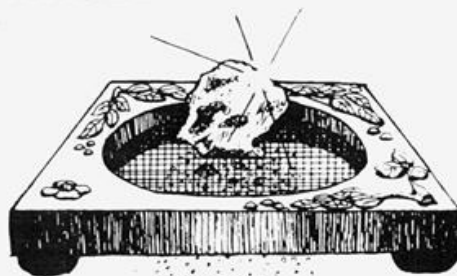
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never chaotic or incoherent. It is a unified vision of a battle fought on the front of Us and Them, between people who, in the words of Allen Ginsberg, "make love with their eyes open" and people who worship work and war.
—Bill Adler

THE GARDENS OF HARLEM, by Clifford Thornton and the Jazz Composer's Orchestra (JCOA Records LP—1008). This may be the most important



recording yet released by the prestigious Jazz Composer's Orchestra. *The Gardens of Harlem* traces primary African melodies and their rhythmic bases through the Caribbean, to the southern United States, to Harlem. Inspiration for the orchestral pieces ranges from an Angolan children's song to the cry of a South Carolina fruit vendor. Once the themes are stated, they're improvised upon by the whole orchestra to stunning effect.

Although the music is based on material indigenous to the areas black music has passed through, Thornton has sprinkled the authentic lines with contemporary harmonic devices without threatening the aesthetic integrity of the original inspirations.

The Jazz Composer's Orchestra is one of the only continuously stable, large ensembles recording original jazz orchestral works in this country today. Musicians on all JCOA recordings rotate from among the most gifted avant-garde jazzists. Some of the more prominent have been Carla Bley, Gato Barbieri, Charlie Haden, Michael Mantler, Dewey Redman, Don Cherry, Roswell Rudd and a host of others.

If your local record store does not stock JCOA Records, write to the company for the complete catalog of the 108 artist-controlled companies that JCOA distributes. JCOA Records, and New Music Distributors, 6 West 95th Street, New York, N.Y. 10025.

—Jim Brodey

HIGH LONESOME, by the Charlie Daniels Band (Epic PE-34377). A refugee



from the often humdrum world of country music, Charlie Daniels turned heads around in 1974 with "Uneasy Rider," a humorous account of a longhair driving through Mississippi. He was "smoking a number" when car trouble forced a stopover in a town where his kind wasn't exactly welcome.

It wasn't the first tune about the risks of traveling through alien territory, but the performer made it unique. Here was Charlie Daniels, Grand Ole Opry star and almost old enough to be your father, openly

embracing the skitkickin' wanderlust of his younger contemporaries. Charlie Daniels, whose occasional irreverencies are counterbalanced by some fine country fiddlin' that even your bible-totin' Granny would love.

It's been three years since "Uneasy Rider," and Daniels has become elder statesman of the so-called southern rock pantheon. His new status has brought a euphoric ease. The title track of *High Lonesome* pictures a man at peace with the world, "sitting by the mountainside/ watching the nightbirds scolding the mist/ thinking that he knows just where heaven is..." The cut is filled with slide-guitar riffs.

This "elder-freak-at-peace-with-the-world" theme pops up on other cuts, like "Carolina," which features Daniels and Tom Crain on lead guitar. This six-piece country band can really cook. Choruses of tasty, rinky-tink piano are scattered throughout along with the meshing of trapmen Fred Edwards and Don Murray.

Topping it off is Charlie's mid-range twang extolling the pleasures of home, the delights of country love and a story or two from the "Old West" for those Grand Ole Opry fans. Charlie Daniels straddles two generations. All in all, a breezy, flowing package.

—Russell Shaw

THE BEST OF PHAROAH SANDERS (Impulse AS 9229-2). One evening about



two years ago I asked a bitter Pharoah Sanders what his plans were now that he had left ABC/Impulse and was without a recording company. "What I'd really like to do," he said pensively, "is climb to the top of a mountain and play to nature."

Pharoah Sanders makes religious music, driving into unimaginable dimensions of feeling with his horn. It's no wonder—he achieved his saxophonic intensity playing alongside the undisputed master of that instrument, the late John Coltrane, during the last, most fervid period of Coltrane's career when he was recording works like *Cosmic Music*.

The recordings Sanders and Coltrane cut together are positively stratospheric. The two of them were actually out to hook up the listener with God, and on numbers like "Out of This World," they succeeded. The rush of their horns together could recreate the effects of 250 lysergic micrograms in the listener. In fact, acid helped spark their innovations.

While many find Pharoah's work with Coltrane difficult, his recordings as a leader, represented in this two-record set, are far more accessible.

By far the longest selection, "The Creator Has a Master Plan" is culled from the classic album *Karma*, featuring the singing

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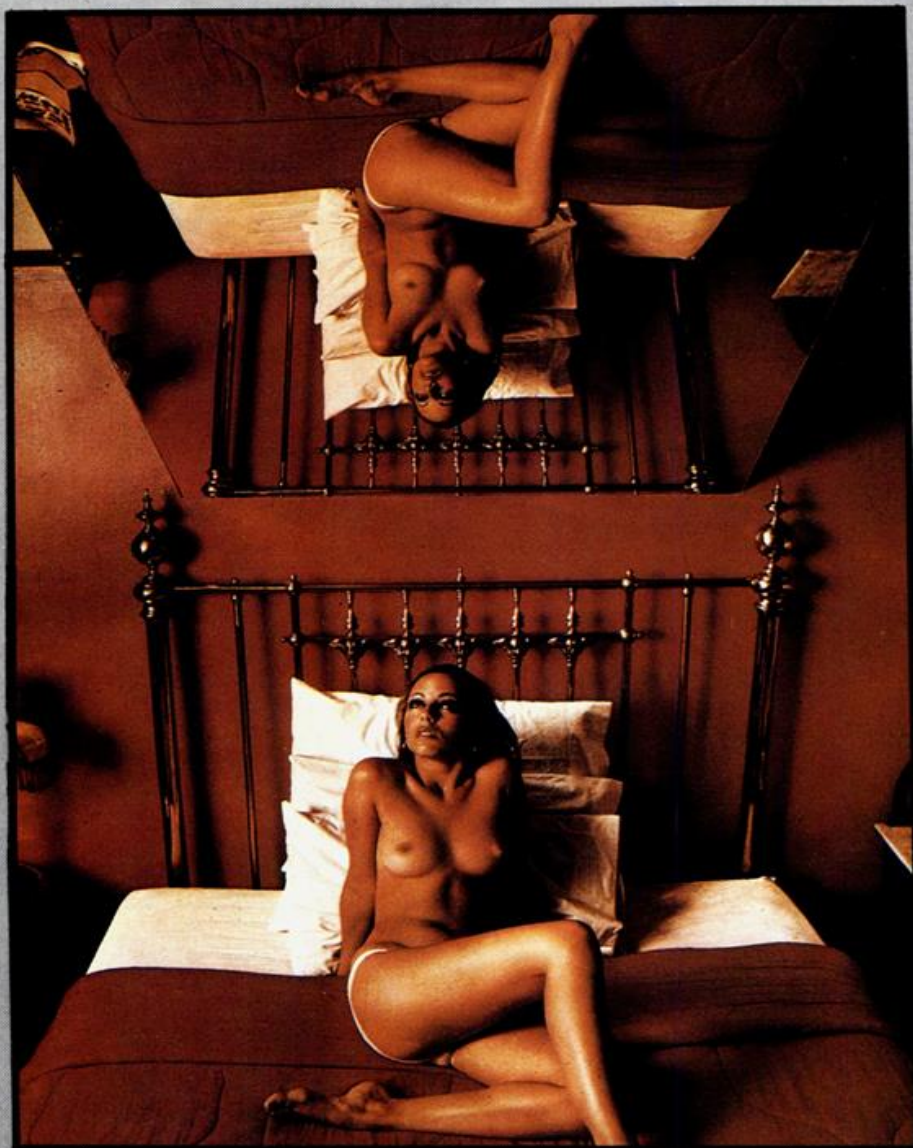
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of Leon Thomas. Leon's vocal feats are incredible. He gained some attention in the pop world two years ago with the release of Santana's *Welcome* album on which he sang lead. You've never heard anyone sing with this much control. Leon also sings on "Hum-Allah."

The other landmark cut on this collection is "Upper Egypt," from the album *Tauhid*. Original African percussion instruments build slowly into a crescendo; they are joined by the piano, then by Pharoah's piercing, splitting horn explosion, until all calms down into healing, polyrhythmic melodics.

If you're interested in discovering the most mind-expanding jazz, *The Best of Pharoah Sanders* is just the introduction to the outer limits.
—David Fenton

BLISTERING, by the Jimmy Dawkins Band (Delmark DS 641).



The blues may be a dying art form. Not only are the old masters passing fast, but the Kings (Albert, B. B. and Freddie) are becoming slicker with their soulful and disco ways.

Even Bobby Bland has dropped his middle moniker "Blue," apparently hoping to reach a wider audience. And it's true that record companies are telling new blues artists "Don't call us," so newcomers have to record for small, independent labels and play hometown bars.

Delmark Records is proof that the blues are alive and well in Chicago, releasing some of the best work since the demise of Chess records. *Blistering* is Jimmy Dawkins's third album on Delmark, and it's better than his first, which won the prestigious French Hot Club's jazz-album-of-the-year award, rare for a blues LP.

Once called "Fast Fingers" for his guitar speed, Dawkins has matured with intensity. You can feel him squeezing the blues in a rockin' cover of Chuck Willis's "Feel So Bad," featuring Sonny Thompson's terse keyboards and a rhythm section that never lets up. Dawkins is an eclectic inventor in a frequently repetitious genre as he revitalizes a Fats Domino chestnut, "Blue Monday," and the Staple Singers' gospel "If You're Ready." Dawkins also pays his debt to jazz on Kenny Burrell's "Chitlins Con Carne," his crystallized guitar leads recalling some of Jimi Hendrix's cleaner runs.

Dawkins sings others' blues in a gritty, emotional voice with the conviction usually felt only on original compositions. It shows on the destined-to-be-a-classic "Welfare Line." The instrumental run of Bobbie Gentry's "Ode to Billie Joe" will turn your ears around, and although I prefer Paul Butterfield's version of Little Walter's "Blues With a Feeling," Dawkins makes it sound like his own song.

Support the blues. (Delmark Records, 4243 N. Lincoln, Chicago, Ill. 60618.)

—Bob Crossweiner

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THE PUSH CART PRIZE: BEST OF THE SMALL PRESSES, edited by Bill Henderson (New York: Avon Books, \$5.95). From two thousand of the little



magazines around the country the editors of *The Pushcart Prize* have selected over 400 pages of short fiction, poetry, translations and essays. This anthology, which will be annual, is offered as an antidote to conglomerate publishing houses more interested in parking

lots than new authors.

Small presses are flourishing and most of them are being inundated with manuscripts. The editors of some of these presses nominated their favorites from their own and other small-press publications during the year. Anais Nin, Ishmael Reed, Joyce Carol Oates, Paul Engle and many other writers assisted Henderson in the final selections.

The Pushcart is a vigorous collection that balances the bizarre with the thoughtful, the moving with the nutty. Throughout the anthology the editor maintains the impetus and variety: there is no dominance of a particular region or style. Henderson says in the introduction that "the Pushcart Prize is awarded with the widest possible democratic participation." In looking over the table of contents, however, I noticed that of the 72 contributors, only 14 are women! This is a startling figure, given the quality and quantity of women's writings available to the editors, who otherwise balanced the subjects and tone of this book so well.

—Frances Mayes

COCAINE (A Drug and its Social Evolution), by Lester Grinspoon and James J. Bakalar (New York: Basic Books, \$15.00). Every drug policy-maker should



try this *Cocaine*: doctors, lawyers, narcs and dealers—anyone who has a connection to cocaine. Besides being the most definitive study available, this book uses the long history of cocaine and the coca

leaf as a model to illuminate the "Great Drug Misunderstanding" that has plagued societies for centuries. You may need a medical dictionary to get through some of the necessarily technical sections of the discussion, but you don't have to be a judge to appreciate the impact the book could have on future drug legislation.

Lester Grinspoon, a professor of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School, and James J. Bakalar, an attorney who lectures in law

at the university's school of psychiatry, have collaborated to deliver a one-two knockout blow at the logic behind our legal proscription of psychoactive substances.

Primitive societies have been peacefully coexisting with stimulant, narcotic and hypnotic plants for thousands of years; why we are still having so much trouble living with and understanding the effects of their chemical equivalents today is not easy to explain. Somewhere in the transition from sacred plant to wonder drug, the reputation of certain substances changed from blessing to curse.

Once the most prized sacred plant of pre-Columbian South America, the coca shrub was later condemned in the northern hemisphere as the mother plant of "drug fiends." With time as their scalpel and coke their corpus delicti, the authors probe history, searching for the root of all benign and malignant brain rumors about psychoactive substances in contemporary consciousness.

Coke is perhaps the least understood of all drugs in the illicit pharmacopoeia. Without the benefit of an accurate historical perspective, almost any position on cocaine can be supported by an array of authoritative opinion. Frustrated researchers like Grinspoon and Bakalar are finally abandoning the clinic and the courtroom and heading for the library's history collection in an attempt to separate the wonder from the dread in the dope controversy. On the force of the historical argument presented here, the medical-moral guidelines implicit in the Narcotics Act of 1914 are obsolete and indefensible.

The authors' most acute critique concerns the concept of treating the user as a diseased criminal. In the eyes of the law, anyone who chooses to use certain substances is dangerously ill and should be considered contagious. Without any clear, specific identification of either physical discomfort or mental or moral degeneration, the law demands that the patient-victim be quarantined.

The authors point out that when cocaine is concerned "the accepted definitions of harm become loose, arbitrary and tyrannical." By comparing drug use with gun use, the inconsistency of the law becomes apparent: "We might treat some drugs as dangerous instruments, like firearms, and prohibit or restrict their sale and possession. But even where restrictions on the trade in firearms exist, the use or misuse of a gun is treated as a free act, not a disease.... We should recognize, first, that drug abuse is not a disease in any sense (although it may cause disease), and, second, that there are no bad drugs but only bad uses of drugs."

The book makes no final pronouncements on the value of cocaine use due to a lack of clinical data on its physiological

and psychological effects. In an effort to supplement the information available, the authors insert what is known about the effects of chronic amphetamine use. Dr. Grinspoon, who also wrote *The Speed Culture: Amphetamine Use and Abuse in America* (1975), should know better than to risk adulterating the reader's estimation of cocaine with his knowledge of speed. True, both speed and coke are called stimulants, but anybody who uses either one can tell you that's where the similarity ends. Most coke users refuse to purchase a product if they suspect that it's been hit with speed. They differ in every way: in chemical structure, pharmacological action, physiological and psychological effects, even in legal classification. According to the law, coke is far more dangerous than speed, but forthcoming clinical studies may overturn this verdict. Nobody in the dope culture confuses these two and neither should future policy-makers.

Considering the scope and complexity of the subject matter, *Cocaine* is brilliantly conceived and surprisingly readable. Indeed, the clearest, most authoritative mandatory sentences handed down on cocaine lately belong to Grinspoon and Bakalar.

—John Graff

THE BEST OF THE RIP-OFF PRESS, Vol. II, The Fabulous Furry Freak Bros., by Gilbert Shelton (San Francisco: Rip-Off Press, \$3.95) and **R. CRUMB'S CARLOAD O'COMICS** (New York: Belier Press, paperbound, \$6.00). In his intro-



duction, which reads like Howard the Duck's fan mail, J. B. Rund tells us that in *Carload*, "You've got a copy of what might be called R. Crumb's Greatest Hits—although it isn't."

It is hard to apply record-chart standards to underground comix, since so many of their publishers kept an extra set of books to show the artists when the royalties were due to be computed, and, in Crumb's case, books with Crumb cover art often sell as well or better than all-Crumb productions. Still, it's hard not to think of comix in terms of rock: they were as close to the counter-culture as Jimi and Janis, and suffered a fatal blow around the same time. The only artists who made any real money off them were Crumb and Gilbert Shelton, who subsequently followed tracks laid down by John Lennon and Paul McCartney after the demise of the Beatles. Shelton hired a couple of pros to help write, draw, ink and sell the *Freak Bros.*, and settled down into a corporation, turning out more predictable hits than *Wings*, recycling the *Freak Bros.* with the showmanship of Norman Lear.

Crumb has practically gone into retirement, devoting all his energies to his Cheap Suit Serenaders, a jug band, and his record collection. The general assimilation, at least in theory, of feminist standards by both hip and straight worlds has taken most of the humor out of the idea of Crumb and his surrogates being assailed by steatopygian Jewish cowgirls, while the basic Crumb-formula parody of hippie aspirations to Nirvana and self-liberation has expired along with those aspirations; nobody has much left to lose when Mr. Natural punctures the existential pretensions of Flakey Foonth and Schuman the Human.

The Sixties did indeed take over the Seventies, but more in the spirit of Jann Wenner than Donovan; and while Crumb disdains the rock fatty utterly, he hasn't really got the heart to pick him apart as lovingly as he did the flower children who were, after all, Crumb's family. Now, Crumb feels they ripped him off, but he just doesn't care any more. He wants to be alone. And apart from one strip about a black blues singer in the Twenties, published in *Arcade* in 1975 and not reprinted here, he hasn't produced much recently.

But if you ever felt that Crumb knew exactly where you were at, *Carload* is bound to take you home again—to the days of Sunshine and Zap and EVO and Angelfood McSpade and Honeybunch Kaminsky and Keep On Truckin'. Not a word about Fritz the Cat, whom Crumb would like to forget about.

J.B. Rund, who published *Carload*, is at some pains to inform us that the book has a sewn binding, which is better than a glued one. It will last a long time, and you may want it to, since *Carload* is a nostalgia book, as quaint as an LSD issue of *Life* magazine. But a darn sight more fun to read.

—Eric Kibble

AN OCCULT GUIDE TO SOUTH AMERICA, by John Wilcock (New York: Stein and Day, \$10.00 hardcover, \$4.95 paperbound). *An Occult Guide to*

An
Occult
Guide to
South America

South America is not just another ancient astronaut snipe hunt, or a tour of Hispanic twilight zones. It is a down-home travel guide based on the winning formula of Arthur Frommer's *\$5 Dollars a Day* books, many of

which Wilcock wrote while associate travel editor at the *New York Times*. Wilcock, who frowns on package tours as a fettered venture for lame imaginations, guides the traveler through the villages of the Paraguayan spider-lace makers, the Pampa warriors of the Argentine outback and the innermost secrets of the Andean plateau. He even stops off at the Easter Islands.

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the Cartagena fortress, Wilcock leaves the armchair traveler with an itch to head straight for the airport.

Advice on hotels, streetside cafes and museums helps you follow the simplest route to Machu Picchu, Rimac, Cuzco and Iguassú. But Wilcock refrains from the usual barrage of toll-free reservation numbers, useless coupons and ritual sacrifices to travel agents; these would only hinder your voyage into the real mysteries of the continent. And he doesn't spare in offering hints to save you those few pennies for the ancient reed boat ride on Lake Titicaca you've always dreamed of.

"If I have reached any single conclusion at this point in my quest," writes Wilcock in the preface, "it is that natural energy can be tapped, stored and redirected in a variety of ways that we have come to describe as magic." The South American vision of the former Fleet Street reporter, Village Voice founding father and editor of the *Witches' Almanac* lies in the haunting jungles of the Amazon and the solemnity of the night in quiet villages.

—Darby Craig

MOON, MOON, by Anne Kent Rush (New York: Random House, \$7.95, paperback). The proper role of the moon in



religious worship has always been a vexing question for theologians. According to Anne Rush, leading Congolese soothsayers believe that "long ago the sun met the moon and threw mud at it, thus making it less bright. When this happened, there was a flood and people were changed into monkeys." The bushmen actually worship the moon, which they think belongs to the praying mantis, who made it out of an old shoe. The Hottentots worship the praying mantis itself, along with a "hero sorcerer" not of woman born, but of a virgin cow. Many feminists see the moon as a female symbol of the cuddly side of human nature. One thing is clear: the moon controls the ocean. The ocean is made of water. Ninety percent of your body is water. Much of your brain is water. Therefore the moon controls your brain.

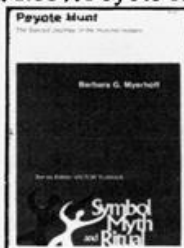
Opened at random, as it is meant to be, *Moon, Moon* is apt to strike the browser as a collection of place mats from Alice's Restaurant ornamented with philosophical apothegms from fortune cookies, Hallmark cards and *Titters*. The feminist bias of the book is stressed in chapters on "Womanscience" and "Reclaiming Our Lunar Roots," etc. In short, this is what you might call the Whole Moon Catalog. For women. From Random House.

The book is fashionably underedited, jostling moon poems by Yeats with essays on the "Menstrual Moon Ritual" and "Sea Goddess Ritual" by National Enquirer psy-

chics like Dion Fortune. Rather than making claims on your attention span, *Moon* is miscellaneous, with the idea of triggering the reader's imagination with its artlessly presented odds and ends. The reader will need a lot of imagination because Rush's powers of recapturing the poetry of primitive moon legends, let alone twisting them to her own feminist party line, are minimal, though she does seem to be quite a hand with the old encyclopedia. What she does offer to the female reader is the opportunity to think she's special because she was born to bleed. Why, looky here, Gloria, it says the ancient Assyrian moon worshippers thought God was a woman (and a lot of good it did them.) Guys I know have been getting the same result for years by telling their secretaries they have soulful ears. The gypsies have made quite a bit of money off it. And Rush doesn't have one single word about lycanthropes, either. How'd you like to wake up one full moon and realize that your hair and fangs are late this month?

—Bosco Neruda

PEYOTE HUNT: THE SACRED JOURNEY OF THE HUICHO INDIANS, by Barbara Myerhoff (Ithaca, N.Y.: Cornell, \$4.95). *Peyote Hunt* is an anthropological



text that traces the pilgrimage of the Huichol, one of the lesser-known Indian tribes of Mexico, across several hundred miles of desert from their native Sierra Madre to the sacred ground where they collect

peyote, the hallucinogenic cactus that contains mescaline. The Huichol believe that peyote has divine powers.

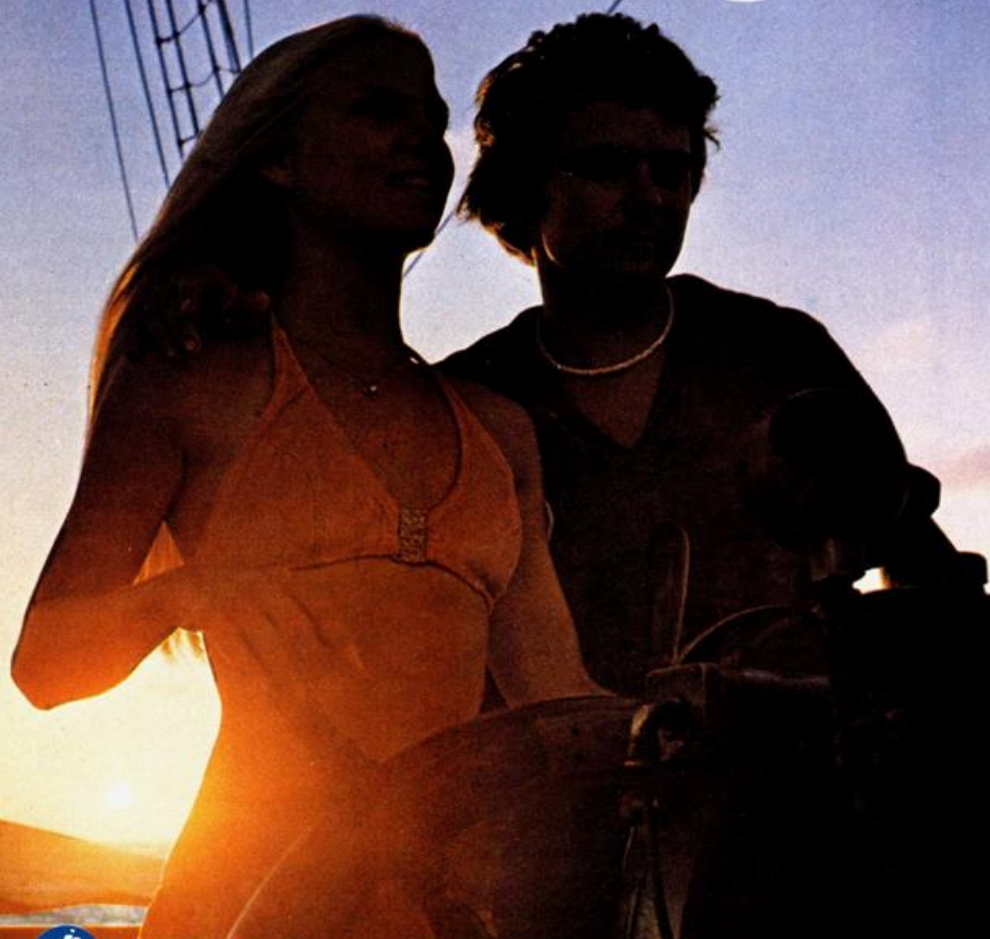
The Indians believe the destination of their "peyote pilgrimage," where the vision-producing buttons grow, was their original homeland, inhabited by the First People, ancestors and deities who possessed animal and cosmic traits.

According to Huichol mythology, in Wirikuta, that ancestral ground, all divisions dissolve—male and female, young and old, leaders and followers, human and animal, plant and demigod. Myerhoff shows in great detail how three symbols—deer, maize and peyote—become functionally interdependent. The deer designates the Huichols' past as nomadic hunters; the maize, their present as sedentary cultivators; and the peyote, a means by which they might obtain intimacy and a degree of personal vision into the true meaning of things: the order that separates humans from gods, earth from heaven.

Peyote visions are shared by the entire tribe, but spontaneity and privacy are retained within the framework of the ritual. The peyote hunt is the pivotal religious event during which the pilgrims believe they discard their humanity and become divine.

—Jim Brodey

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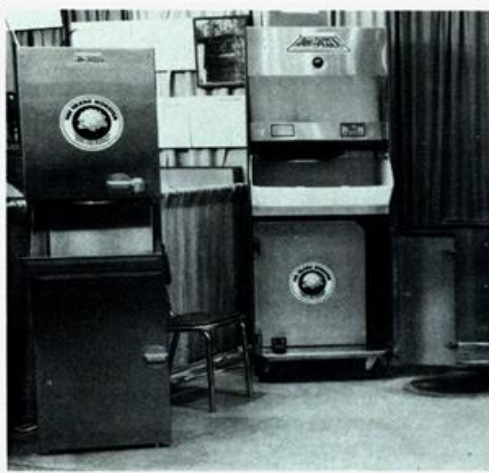


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Some pens will write under water, some under butter; this pen won't write under either. It won't write at all. But it will hold a roach or stash a few joints or what have you. Outwardly it's an ordinary felt-tip pen, with a pocket clip embossed "Feather-writer," but remove the cap to reveal a sturdy Japanese alligator clip ready to hold small cigarettes or masochistic nipples. The perfect gift for that boy in military school, a good Valium stash for the harried housekeeper. Only \$2.50 from Richard Ownes, 297 Graffenburg Road, New Hartford, N.Y. 13413.

The Covert Caché

The Stash Pouch is a big hit among the readers of *Easyrider*, the magazine of outlaw bikers. "Going into a heavy neighborhood?" the ad asks. "Protect your valuables with this Stash Pouch." The Stash Pouch is an arm- or leg-band of expanding, "living bra" fabric made to be worn invisibly under clothing. It has a pocket for valuables big enough to hold thousands of dollars or numerous grams of compact substances, closed securely by a flap and a Velcro seal. The *Easyrider* ad, with a chopper bopper that no one would care to meet in a dark alley, hips you that "You can jump, run, whatever and the Stash Pouch will stay in position—it does not slip down." Your stash is as safe as you are. If you lose it you are arrested or dead. \$3.95 from the Mackenzie Company, Box 29, Calabasas, California 91302.



Stash Compactor

When you're running cargo, volume can be more crucial than weight, and the tighter you pack, the richer you get. What better way to put big things in smaller places than a heavy-duty industrial trash compactor? Loose bales of vegetable matter can be bricked like a shithouse, crammed down to from one-tenth to one-fifteenth of their original size. A heavy-duty model from the Compactor Company will cost a mere \$875.50. It stands about four feet high and requires minimal floor space. Easy to operate, safe and it will compact anything from trash to hash. Contact Bev. S. Hall, National Sales Coordinator, 1401 South Floyd Road, Suite G, Richardson, Texas 75081.



Sari about the Seventies

Can't go out because you have nothing to wear? Tired of the mother earth denim look? A single \$48 dress could be the answer. Made of basic black crepe, this cleverly cut single-seam costume can be worn in 170, count 'em, 170 different ways! The secret is in the wraparound shoulder

scarves that can be tossed all over your luscious body, plunging neckline, backline, and slink and stretch fabric. This Swiss Army knife of evening dresses is available where you can find it or from the manufacturer—Parade Dress Co., Inc., 1400 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018.



Loco Ball

Tired of the calm, geometric precision of Frisbee? Here's a new game toy that combines the stoned quality of Frisbee with the aerial antics of badminton, the fast and furious pace of handball and the strange, atavistic overtones of polo and lacrosse. It's Loco Ball—a giant crested warbler-sized badminton birdie that you can swat, throw, knee, kick and head considerable distances through the air. Because of the odd shape of the leather-covered rubber tip, the Loco Ball bounces as crazily as the old pigskin spheroid does in the hands of the Seattle Seahawks. If you like stoned games, but Frisbee is too polite for you, Loco Ball is \$5.50 from Loco Ball International, Box 9234, Aspen, Colorado 81611.

"High Style" spotlights the latest accouterments of the high life, including playthings, paraphernalia, instruments of pleasure, gadgets for your work and for your home—anything that adds zest and style to your day. If you know of an item that should be reviewed in this department, please send it to the High Style editor. ☐

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Trans-High Market Quotations



AFGHANISTAN

Local Kabul hash	fair to good	oz	1-2
Water-pressed hash	better available	lb	50-100
Shirac hash	strong	oz	1-1.50
Mazar-i-Sharif hash	tremendous quality	kilo	30-50
		oz	3-6
		kilo	100-200
		oz	5-8
		kilo	1.25-2.50

AUSTRALIA

Domestic grass	OK	oz	20-30
Nepalese hash	some fingers	lb	200-300
Indian hash	and temple balls	oz	75-125
	poorly refined	lb	900-1050
Afghani hash	black w/white	oz	70-90
LSD	chunks	lb	900-1000
	blotter	hit	100-125
		100	1100-1500
Cocaine	fair to good	gm	2-5
		oz	100-200
		100	75-125
		oz	1600-2300

AZORE ISLANDS

Angolan grass	quality and quantity	oz	35-60
Mozambique grass	on increase	lb	450-700
Quaaludes	very good when found	oz	60-90
	seldom seen	lb	500-800
Dormadinos	pharmaceutical	one	2-3
		100	75-150
		one	1-2
		100	75-150

BELGIUM

Nigerian grass	fine smoke	oz	25-40
Chitral hash	excellent	lb	400-500
Lebanese hash	some tasty red	gm	2-3
Nepalese hash	occasional fingers	oz	45-65
LSD	blotter	lb	35-50
		lb	400-475
		oz	45-75
		lb	450-625
Cocaine	poor to fair	hit	2-5
		100	225-325
		gm	50-100
		oz	1050-1500

CANADA

Domestic	OK	oz	15-30
Regular Mexican	steady supply	lb	150-275
Top-grade Mexican	occasional high altitude	oz	15-40
Commercial Colombian	quality on upswing	lb	150-325
Connoisseur Colombian	supply increasing	oz	35-70
Hawaiian	green w/red hairs;	lb	450-625
	very tasty	oz	35-50
Afghani hash	thick black slabs; good	lb	400-550
Indian hash	poor to fair	oz	50-85
Kashmiri hash	excellent when found	lb	450-700
Afghani hash oil	strong	oz	175-275
Honey oil	tremendous high	lb	2200-3200
LSD	brown blotter	oz	125-200
		lb	1400-2100
		oz	100-145
		lb	1100-1500
Cocaine	rock and flake available	gm	150-225
MDA	around	oz	25-45
		100	400-550
		gm	30-50
		oz	450-650
		hit	2-5
		100	150-250
		gm	75-125
		oz	1400-1900
		gm	25-50

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta gold, red	very spicy	oz	5-10
Machu Picchu	excellent high	lb	40-65
Punta roja	delicious	oz	8-10
Colombian hash	poor to fair	lb	50-70
		oz	8-10
		lb	45-65
		lb	30-50
Colombian hash oil	OK	100 lb	2000-3000
LSD	scarce	oz	175-225
		lb	2000-2500
Mushrooms	abundant in countryside	hit	3-5
Cocaine	available	100	250-400
		oz	4000-6000
		lb	

DENMARK

Lebanese hash	supply drying up	gm	2-3
Moroccan hash	light green; OK smoke	lb	600-850
LSD	occasional blotter	gm	1.50-3.00
		lb	600-700
		hit	2-4
		100	125-200

ECUADOR

Colombian	good red;	oz	8-10
Ecuadorian red	some gold	lb	80-160
Cocaine	lip-smacking good	oz	4-5
San Pedro cactus	some flake	lb	60-100
	available	gm	20-30
		oz	450-625
		free	

ENGLAND

Moroccan hash	poor to good;	oz	50-75
Lebanese hash	OK supply	lb	600-750
Afghani hash	soft blonde; scarce	oz	70-85
Colombian hash	good when found	lb	800-925
Hash oil	poor	oz	85-130
LSD	black Afghani	lb	800-1200
Cocaine	several types;	oz	50-70
	some good	lb	600-800
	usually hit heavily	gm	25-35
Mandrax	available	oz	400-500
		hit	1-2
		100	75-175
		gm	50-100
		oz	1200-1800
		one	1-2
		100	75-150

FRANCE

Yamba	scarce lately	oz	40-60
Colombian	supply up	lb	400-600
Moroccan	decent	oz	35-65
Afghani hash	good to great;	lb	450-750
Chitral hash	fair quantity	oz	30-50
LSD	excellent find	gm	350-500
Opium	some blotter	lb	5-7
		oz	900-1100
		hit	50-70
		100	500-700
		gm	2.50-5
		oz	200-325
		gm	12-15

GERMANY

Lebanese hash	quality and quantity	gm	2-3
Afghani hash	on decline	kilo	1100-1250
Moroccan hash	several kinds;	oz	40-60
	most good	lb	500-700
Thai sticks	fair to good	oz	35-50
LSD	potent	lb	450-600
Cocaine	strong rock	one	10-12
		100	800-900
		hit	3-4
		100	200-300
		gm	60-100
		oz	400-650

HONG KONG

Mainland weed	OK	oz	10-15
Thai grass	strong smoke	lb	150-200
Thai sticks	some of the best	oz	50-100
Afghani hash	good when found	lb	700-1200
		one	8-12
		oz	75-150
		gm	8-15
		oz	75-150

ITALY

Colombian	poor supply;	oz	75-100
grass	fair quality	lb	600-850
Lebanese hash	supply declining	oz	100-125
Afghani hash	soft black;	100 gm	300-350
Moroccan hash	very good	oz	100-120
LSD	decent	100 gm	270-300
		oz	75-125
		100 gm	270-300
		hit	4-6
Cocaine	just OK	100	300-400
Speed	some decent meth	gm	40-60
		oz	900-1100
		gm	50-65
		oz	1000-1200

MEXICO

Torreon violet	tremendous high	oz	5-10
Guadalajara green	delightful	lb	80-125
Oaxacan tops	good to great	oz	5-10
Guerrero gold	quality on increase	lb	75-125
Pueblo	good smoke	oz	3-4
Magic mushrooms	good trip	lb	50-75
Cocaine	usually rock	oz	60-115
Opium	wonderful	lb	4-6
		oz	65-100
		lb	5-8
		oz	80-115
		gm	4-5
		oz	55-70
		gm	400-500
		lb	5000

THE NETHERLANDS

Senegalese & Congolese	supply drying up	oz	50-80
Domestic hash	usually fair; some good	lb	400-550
Moroccan hash	poor to fair	oz	20-40
Lebanese hash	rare	lb	250-350
Pakistani hash	quality and quantity stable	oz	50-75
Kashmiri hash	excellent	lb	400-550
Hash oil	some Afghani occasional	oz	50-80
Cocaine	OK	lb	500-600
Burmese opium	wonderful	oz	50-75
		lb	400-600
		oz	65-90
		lb	600-725
		liter	1800-2100
		hit	2-4
		100	150-225
		gm	75-125
		oz	1200-2000
		gm	3-5
		oz	60-80

TURKEY

Turkish hash	excellent when found	oz	5-8
Antonia hash	potent	lb	70-80
LSD	expensive trip	oz	8-10
Opium	very good	lb	100-150
		hit	5-12
		100	500-600
		oz	3-6
		lb	60-80

USA

Contiguous			
Regular Mexican	decent quality and quantity	oz	15-30
Top-grade Mexican	supply on increase	lb	100-300
Jamaican	usually poor to fair	oz	35-75
Commercial Colombian	improving	lb	350-800
Connoisseur Colombian	gold; red scarce	oz	20-30
Hawaiian	several kinds, good to great	lb	250-450
Thai sticks	good ones rare	oz	25-40
Nigerian grass	unavailable	one	20-35
Moroccan hash	soft green slabs; fair	oz	175-250
Lebanese hash	occasional	oz	40-60
Afghani hash	pliable black; good	lb	475-600
Nepalese hash	moldy fingers; strong	oz	75-100
Paki hash	fair	lb	900-1200
Lebanese hash oil	tasty but scarce	oz	100-150
Afghani hash oil	potent	lb	1000-1500
Honey oil	amber color; excellent	oz	120-190
THC	available	lb	1300-1800
LSD	all kinds; some good	oz	120-185
Psilocybin mushrooms	supply decreasing	lb	1350-1850
Cocaine	weaker than usual	oz	115-165
Quaaludes	rare	lb	1300-1700
		gm	20-30
		oz	350-475
		gm	25-35
		oz	350-475
		gm	25-45
		oz	400-600
		one	1-3
		100	75-150
		hit	1-3
		100	75-200
		oz	20-35
		lb	150-250
		gm	75-125
		oz	1200-1800
		one	3-5
		100	200-375

Alaska

Domestic	fair to good	oz	25-65
Regular Mexican	OK in all ways	lb	400-600
Connoisseur Colombian	still scarce	oz	20-40
Cocaine	decent flake	lb	250-450
		oz	50-80
		lb	500-700
		gm	75-125
		oz	1600-2300

Hawaii

Kona gold	very tasty	oz	75-150
Maui	excellent smoke	lb	1100-1700
		oz	100-150
		lb	1200-1800

High Times welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the areas, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope. ☐

POWER HITTER



The advertisement features a cartoon character on the left and a photograph of the product on the right. The cartoon character, Oat Willie, is a tall, thin man with a very long nose, wearing a yellow dress with red polka dots and standing on a blue barrel labeled 'OATS' which is mounted on a bicycle. He is holding a red 'Power Hitter' device. A speech bubble from him says: 'OAT, WILLIE'S POWER HITTER IS THE ULTIMATE SMOKING DEVICE!'. Another speech bubble next to him describes the device: 'THE POWER HITTER SAVES ALL OF YOUR SMOKE... CAN BE TOSSED AROUND THE ROOM WITH A LIT JOINT IN IT... ELIMINATES BURNS ON YOUR BODY, CLOTHES, AND FURNITURE... GIVES YOU A "SHOTGUN" WITHOUT STICKING A LIT NUMBER IN YOUR MOUTH... AND IT'S SAFE ON WATER BEDS OR IN THE TUB OR SWIMMING POOL!'. The photograph on the right shows a hand holding a red 'Power Hitter' device with a lit joint inside, emitting a blue flame. Another hand is shown holding a smaller red device with a lit joint. The background of the photograph is dark blue.

OAT, WILLIE'S
POWER HITTER
IS THE ULTIMATE
SMOKING DEVICE!

THE POWER HITTER
SAVES ALL OF YOUR
SMOKE... CAN BE
TOSSED AROUND
THE ROOM WITH
A LIT JOINT IN IT...
ELIMINATES BURNS
ON YOUR BODY,
CLOTHES, AND
FURNITURE...
GIVES YOU A
"SHOTGUN"
WITHOUT STICKING
A LIT NUMBER IN
YOUR MOUTH...
AND IT'S SAFE ON
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THE TUB OR
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Singer with His Holiness the Dalai Lama (left).

Where-Are-They-Now Department

High Times's resident expert on international politics, Robert Singer, got his start as a foreign correspondent when *High Times* published his epochal interview with the Dalai Lama in November 1975. In "The Rise of the Dope Dictators," Singer unravels the foreign narcotics policy of Nixon, Kissinger and Ford, exposing it as a scheme to transform our anticommunist Cold War allies into antidope police regimes. Not too hard,

since most of these countries are military juntas to begin with. Writing with an incisioness that Singer's heroes — Castlereagh, Bismarck and Metternich — might envy, he says, "In order to analyze Nixon's and Kissinger's master plan, I had to stand back and adopt their total cynicism, their complete indifference to human beings and their callous disregard of ethics and legality for the sake of political expediency." Bob should know. He used to be editorial director of this magazine.



A Wizard of Oz, in Gotham

Born down under, Richard Neville, author of "Along the Nomad Trail," stayed under when he moved from Australia to London and published *Oz*, perhaps the most spectacular underground magazine of them all. Neville made a big splash when the cover of *Oz* showed the editors urinating on the Pacific and Orient Building. He made an even bigger splash when he gave one issue of *Oz* to kid editors. Charged with corrupting children, Neville spent several weeks in stir before the baleen-whale-wigged jurists came somewhere near their senses and urged him to repair to exile.

Famous Long Ago

David Fenton, *High Times's* associate editor, who conducted our interview with Gil Scott-Heron, dropped out of high school to photograph the revolution during the late Sixties and wound up with the famed Liberation News Service. He edited the book *Shots: Photographs from the Underground Press* (Douglas, 1971) and then moved up to Ann Arbor, Michigan, where he was publisher of the weekly *Ann Arbor Sun*, directed the media campaign for the Free John Sinclair Movement (White Panther Sinclair was sentenced to ten years for two joints) and helped push through Ann Arbor's five-dollar-fine marijuana law.

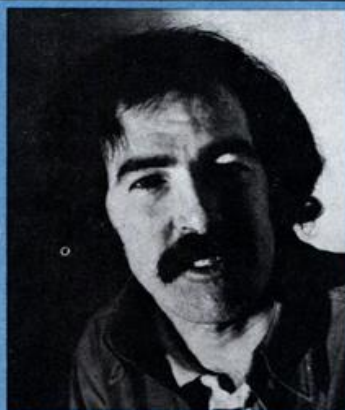


Kane Mutancy

High Times's history of "Dope in the Cinema," to be presented in several spectacular installments starting with this issue, will later be published as a full-length book by High Times Press. Its author, Joe Kane, is a film historian and freelance writer whose previous forays into the dark provinces of the Sleazy Cinema have appeared in *New Dawn*, *Monster Times*, *Touch and Take One*. He has also



written for *New York Ace*, *National Screw*, *Argosy*, *Oui*, *Apple Pie* and *International Insanity*. Kane removes his dark glasses only when watching films.



Our Man in the Hangar

Dave Noland, author of "Tramp Freighters of the Sky," a guide to large, contraband-carrying aircraft, was formerly editor of *Air Progress* magazine. He resigned in a dispute over advertising influence on editorial content. Dave also published *In For-*

mation, the first underground newspaper for the military, officially approved for post distribution only after Dave sued the Army with a little help from Senator Sam Ervin. Dave has a master's in journalism from Stanford, and writes for *The New York Times*, *More* and *High Times*. He wrote our guide to small smuggling planes (July '76).

He says, "It feels weird writing for *High Times* since I don't smoke dope or even drink." (That's what they all say, kid.) Dave's had a pilot's license for five years and once raced his wife across the U.S., his 1946 Piper Cub against her Volkswagen. She won. It took Dave 13 days and 47 stops. More recently, he tried barnstorming in the Midwest. He was a failure.

Cannabarristers

Michael Kennedy, the radical dope attorney interviewed in the January *High Times*, was a little embarrassed for us because we neglected to mention his partners, Messrs. Richard Hodge and Thomas Steele. Dick Hodge met Michael Kennedy at the Los Siete Trial—seven Latinos up for the murder of a L.A. cop. They were cocounselors, and all the defendants were found innocent.

Hodge worked on the Soladad Brothers trial, the Oakland Seven draft resisters and has defended many unpopular causes, including students, prison and gay activists, war protestors, drug offenders and other political defendants. He also handles pop-culture types, including such as Commander Cody, Boz Scaggs,



Steve Miller and Richard Brautigan—none of whom are criminals but all of whom need lawyers.

Thomas Steele is a specialist in civil rights and criminal law, presenting First Amendment defenses for sexy books and movies. ☐

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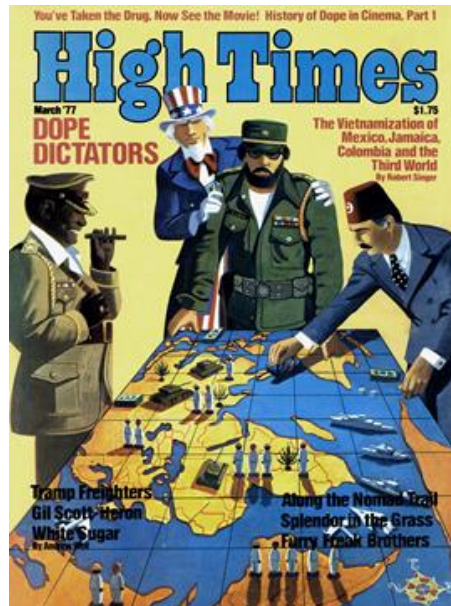
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